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# A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

## IN SCANDINAVIA

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

### I

MANY years ago there appeared in the pages of *Punch* a series of so-called lectures by one Mrs. Caudle to her husband. They were called 'Curtain Lectures' for the reason that they were supposed to be delivered by the lady when the bed curtains were drawn — when the victim could not but hear. The lectures were upon a variety of topics, from the wickedness of loaning the family umbrella to the unnecessity of a man carrying a key to his own front door — the idea being that if he comes home betimes, as a married man should, he will have no need for one. Afterward these lectures were published in book form, and to-day their author, Douglas Jerrold, is chiefly remembered by these amusing examples of his wit.

But the idea of an advice-giving wife was not new with Jerrold. Two hundred years before, Richard Brathwait had published a book called *A Boulster Lecture:* it was the same thing under another name. The book has an amusing frontispiece in which a woman, in bed, is addressing a man seemingly asleep at her side, and under the quaint old engraving is a verse from which we get the phrase about advice going in one ear and coming out at the other; it reads: —

> This wife a wondrous racket means to keep,
> While the Husband seems to sleep but does not sleep:
> But she might full well her Lecture smother,
> For entering one ear, it goes out at t'other.

Do not think that I have exhausted the subject; I have not. I merely wish to show my familiarity with it and to make clear to my reader that I, a man of mature years, have found it wise when my wife speaks — 'either in bed or at board,' as the old marriage service has it — to pay due heed and to adjust myself to circumstances; indeed, one's happiness in this world consists almost entirely in so adjusting one's self.

It was across the narrow chasm separating our two beds that my wife, some months ago, spoke these words: 'I don't think we could do better than to go to Norway and Sweden this summer.' We had been discussing a holiday and I had suggested that after a month in London we hire a motor and



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spend a few weeks in Devonshire and Cornwall. We had made, a year or two ago, a most delightful motor trip from London to Edinburgh and had promised ourselves that some day we would journey all the way to Land's End. We had indeed discussed the matter so often that I thought it was as good as settled, and this sudden abandonment of our plans for a tour into a country we knew and loved for one about which we knew little — and, as I thought, cared less — came upon me as a kind of shock. 'Why not Patagonia?' I inquired — I could not help it — and was told not to be silly. My wife then deigned to give her reasons, and I was obliged to admit their force. We were to act as guides to a young man who could hardly be expected to get as much pleasure as we in poking about in the beautiful parish churches in the west of England, or peeping over the hedge of Max Gate, Dorchester, in the hope of getting a glimpse of Thomas Hardy, England's one Grand Old Man. On the other hand, a new and beautiful city in a new and beautiful country, every few days, could not fail to prove delightful to any lad with an easy conscience and a good digestion.

'But —' said I.

'There are no buts about it,' said my wife; I knew that there were not and that the matter was settled.

In talking over our plans with a friend a few days later, he said to me: 'Let me give you a word of advice. You will find Norway cold: take plenty of heavy clothing, woolen underwear, and especially heavy socks.' I reported the conversation to my wife in this wise: 'Blank tells me that we shall find it very cold in Norway and advises that you wear red flannel underwear.' 'I did n't ask for his advice,' said my lady, 'and I would rather die in white cambric than live in red flannel.' She speaks just like that, does my lady.

A few weeks later our steamer, the Minnetonka, steamed up the Thames to the Port of London. It is a proud river: the docks on each side are superb in character and extent, even if, alongshore, the human misery everywhere evident is distressing to a London-lover, which I here proclaim myself to be.

What we call 'prohibition' I believe to be a mistaken gesture, but it is at least an admission that there is a problem: England has, so far, contented herself merely with flirting with it. She closes her countless drinking places for a few hours each day, while her citizens are developing a thirst; but this is not enough, for every saloon is a breeder of poverty and misery. The brewing and distilling interests are, however, so strongly entrenched that if anything is to be accomplished the drink question must be seriously grappled with. The moment one lands in any of the great ports of Britain, either London or Liverpool or Glasgow, one is horrified with the seemingly hopeless poverty and distress everywhere apparent: armies of men and boys, unemployed and unemployable, living off the 'dole.' The dole is economically wrong, but without it there would be starvation and revolution; it seems an insoluble problem — one is glad to escape it.

And one does escape it as soon as one arrives in the hotel district, the west end of London — a city which, in spite of the magnificence of New York, remains of unequaled charm and interest, and, if I may use the word, gentleness. There are few signs of poverty there: it is almost impossible to get accommodation in the hotels or a seat at the theatre — although most of the performances are very bad — or a table at a restaurant without 'booking' in advance. Poverty and wealth have always existed side by side in London,

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and the extremes do not strike an Englishman as they do the visitor.

## II

It was on the Fourth of July when we were packing our bags preparatory to sailing from Newcastle next day for Bergen, in Norway, on board the good ship Jupiter, and were almost frozen with the damp and chill, that the words of our friend recurred to us, and we left our light clothing in London, taking with us our heaviest, saying to one another, 'If it is as cold as this in London, what must it be in Norway?'

It is disgusting the way some people's stomachs misbehave on a small boat. The Jupiter is a good ship of her class, but her class leaves much to be desired. An excellent sailor myself, I eat as much as I want, then I smoke and read and walk. But not all people are like that: to many, on a troubled sea in a small boat, the very thought of food is nauseating, and a man in robust health walking the deck with a cigar in his mouth is regarded as disturbing the peace. It was about ten at night on the second day that the little Jupiter, having dodged in and out among the islands in the harbor of Bergen, tied up at her dock and we prepared to disembark. Ten at night and as light as day, for as one gets into high latitudes in summer the sun hardly sets: there is a deep twilight for an hour or two, and then, before one can say Jack Robinson, the sun is shining brightly and the night is over. This in summer; in winter it is pitch dark at three in the afternoon. It was not on our programme to go to the North Cape, where in summer the sun scarcely sinks below the horizon, or to spend days, if not weeks, on a steamer penetrating to their utmost limit the fiords, because if it is true, as Dr. Johnson once remarked, 'one green field is very like another,' might not the same be said of a fiord — those little bays and inlets which characterize the Norwegian coast? Rather it was our intention to catch a quick impression and pass on. One does not have to say that the scenery of Norway is magnificent — everyone knows that: the great snow-capped mountains come right down, almost sheer, to the fiords, which are very deep, but the channels are so tortuous that they can only be safely navigated by small steamers.

We had not journeyed very extensively when it suddenly dawned on us that we were very hot: where was this cold weather for which we were prepared? We inquired and were told that it was always hot in July; it seemed as though it should have been cold, for the mountains about us were covered with snow, but on the water and in the valleys, dressed as we were, it was uncomfortably warm. We were told that the heat was due to the influence of the Gulf Stream, which, flowing around the north of Scotland, dashes itself to pieces on the rocky cliffs of Norway. We know this now, but when we left home it had not occurred to us, and our friend who had told us to prepare for cold weather in Scandinavia had overlooked this fact.

We had thought of Norway as a country of waterfalls, but we were not prepared for the number that we were to see; one could not get out of sight of one — or more — and we were hardly ever out of hearing of the murmur of rushing water; it made us drowsy in our motors and lulled us to sleep in our beds.

Most people, I fancy, like to climb, to explore, to see things. Once again a remark of Dr. Johnson to his biographer occurred to me. When Boswell inquired whether he did not think the Giant's Causeway worth seeing, 'Why, sir, yes, worth seeing,' the Doctor replied, 'but not worth going to see.' My

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idea exactly, and so I, being a tourist rather against my will, was satisfied to see what I could see comfortably either from the deck of a small steamer or from a motor (the American motor industry is a thriving one in Norway: Fords and Dodges and Chevrolets everywhere) or occasionally from a little open carriage drawn by a single very small cream-colored horse scarcely larger than a polo pony, but very hardy. The hotels were excellent and as clean as wax; the tables well and bountifully spread. We spent two nights at Stalheim, which is not a village or even a hamlet; merely a hotel superbly situated above and almost against a tremendous waterfall at a point where two great valleys intersect. Here it was that we first encountered the abundance of hors d'œuvre for which Norway is famous. Upon entering the dining room one noticed a great table running almost the entire length of the room; upon it were piles of plates and an immense quantity of food, chiefly fish, salted, smoked, oiled, boiled, — all cold, — and cold meats, with an endless variety of cheese. One was expected to take a plate, help one's self, — 'cut and come again,' — and take one's place at the table, when some single hot dish, with tea, coffee, or chocolate, was brought by a maid prettily dressed in native costume. To one bored to extinction by the ordinary table d'hôte it was a pleasant change. At Oslo — which in my boyhood was called Christiania — we stayed at an excellent hotel, the Bristol. In European travel one usually finds a Bristol Hotel — if there is one — at least good, generally the best hotel in the place. And here, if I may, I will digress to say why this is so. May I permit myself the luxury of a fresh start?

On August 1, in the year 1730, there was born in England to the ancient and 'socially prominent' race of Herveys a son, christened Frederick after the then Prince of Wales. His father was Earl of Bristol, and the lad subsequently came to the title and inherited with it an ample fortune. After the custom of his race, the boy went to Cambridge, but, not caring for the life there, he left without taking his degree, and, going up to London, he became a member of Lincoln's Inn and resigned himself to the study of the law. But not for long: it soon became evident that even with his family connections a certain amount of work was required of one who expected to achieve distinction at the bar and ultimately a place of honor and emolument on the bench. The Church, on the other hand, offered the chance of equal if not greater distinction, and, could a bishopric be obtained, an equal financial reward — without any work whatever. The fact that the young man was a roué, possibly a Catholic, but more likely an atheist, was not then regarded as being any bar to ecclesiastical preferment in the Church of England; consequently, after taking orders and going through by easy stages the lower priesthood, he applied to his friend the great Earl of Chatham for a bishopric, which was soon granted him, he having in the meantime received a diploma of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Oxford! They did things that way in those days. But the Bishopric of Cloyne, in Ireland, the one first granted him, provided but a meagre stipend for a married man of luxurious tastes with a growing family, and he was soon translated to Derry, which gave him an income sufficient for his needs.

To make a long and fascinating story short, the Earl Bishop, as he came to be called, only resided in his diocese long enough to start the building of several palaces, when he decided to travel

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extensively. Provided with ample funds, with a group of friends and a large retinue of servants, he wandered from one end of Europe to the other. With occasional brief visits to England and to Ireland, he explored the continent, indulging in every form of extravagance and dissipation. Hail fellow well met, he was equally at home in Rome, where he was taken for a Catholic, as he was in Paris, where he assumed the rôle of a Protestant, or in Geneva, where what we now call agnosticism was the order of the day. Wherever he went he patronized the best hotel, usually taking one entire floor and sometimes the whole establishment. So widely famed was he as a traveler and so great was his reputation as a connoisseur of life, that my Lord Bristol's hotel soon became the best known and the most highly regarded in every city or town where he sojourned. If it had been the Hôtel de l'Europe when he arrived, it was the Hôtel de l'Europe *et Bristol* when he left, and subsequently the 'Hotel Bristol' only. Hence it is that one may still expect to find — and usually does — the best at the Hotel Bristol, as we did in Oslo, and as we did not elsewhere — as will be related in the proper place.

## III

For many years the kingdoms of Norway and Sweden were united, but some twenty-five years ago a friendly separation was agreed upon and each country went about its own business, the capital of Norway taking its old Norse name, Oslo, and the inhabitants of each country looking down rather upon the other one, as is the way of countries as it is of individuals.

The next great city en route was Stockholm, 'the Venice of the North,' as it is called, and certainly it deserves the title: it is magnificent! — superbly situated on a group of islands intimately united by bridges over swiftly flowing rivers or arms of the Baltic Sea. The Grand Hotel had been recommended to me as one of the best in Europe, enjoying, among other things, a splendid site. Here we stayed a week, loitering in the streets, surveying the magnificent buildings, and visiting not once, but several times, its splendid city hall. Why are our city halls, however costly, dirty and impossible, and the people who hang about them a miserable-looking crew? I ask you.

Stockholm's city hall is new and is a dream of beauty. It is situated on backwater, perhaps on a lake, and is architecturally something between an Italian *palazzo municipale* and a French *hôtel de ville;* withal it is not incongruous. Fancy a new and greatly enlarged Ducal Palace (at Venice) and you have a faint suggestion of the magnificence of the city hall at Stockholm. The city is immensely prosperous: no wars, for over a century, have left their blight on the country. Scandinavia throve mightily while all Europe beside destroyed itself in the Great War. And all Europe, except Scandinavia, now envies and despises America for her prosperity. Sweden has dealt with the liquor problem rationally; the people are sober, clean, and industrious; there is no unemployment. The King, a man of seventy, plays tennis; peace and prosperity abound.

But the heat! In our heavy winter clothes we had just managed to survive in Norway, but in Stockholm, with the thermometer at ninety and no night, — for by now the sun practically never went to bed, — we were indeed suffering from the heat and the glare. Give me a well-behaved sun: a sun which knows its place and goes to bed at the proper time. In Stockholm the sun, instead of going to bed, merely threw itself upon a couch for a few moments

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and then, like a giant refreshed, began again to shine for all. And here a misfortune befell me. My eyes are sensitive to light; the least trace of light in the morning and I am wide awake; hence it is that I always sleep with a long, black, lisle-thread stocking, which I tie loosely around my head and over my eyes as though I were preparing for a game of blind man's buff. As I know from experience that maids in hotels, finding in my room a woman's black stocking, feel that they are discovering something which may lead to a scandal, I invariably hide the stocking in the morning, but the second night in the Grand Hotel my stocking had disappeared; it was nowhere to be found, and at two o'clock in the morning I found myself wide awake. There was a time, reader, when the loss of a black stocking meant nothing, when all I had to do was to purloin one of my wife's, but that was years ago. With the incoming of the present style, when stockings have become mere films of skin-colored silk, it was useless to look for relief among my wife's lingerie. So, pitching and tossing uneasily in bed from two o'clock until eight next morning, I determined when day came to do some shopping on my own. I wanted a pair of long, heavy, black stockings, and I knew that my work was cut out to get them, for they are as out of date as a bustle — and a bustle is so out of date that there will be people who read this who do not know what a bustle is.

There are fine shops in Stockholm, and in one of the largest and best I inquired for a pair of black stockings. I reveal no secret when I say that I speak no Swedish, and the Swedes speak, generally, only their own language, with here and there a dash of German. By signs and pointing to my own sock and suggesting length as best I could, I was shown a great variety of socks, but I wanted women's socks, long ones. Ah! then came those filmy things which to men seem designed, when properly filled, for their undoing. These came in every shade except black and of every weight except heavy. At last I made it clear that I wanted black stockings, not too thin, for myself, and out came the socks again. 'Exactly,' I said, 'but *opera length*' — where this phrase came from I do not know, but I saw that the saleswoman thought that she had a lunatic to deal with. At last I did what I should have done at first, — I asked for an interpreter, — and in time was presented to a little Frenchwoman on whose bosom heaved the flags of all nations, signifying her familiarity with the languages thereof. To her I confided my perplexity. 'It will be difficult,' she said. 'As long as it is not impossible I snap my fingers at difficulties,' I replied. And after an unbelievable amount of trouble I got what I wanted.

By this time I was in shopping mood, and with the help of my war-widow interpreter — I am sure she was a war widow — I bought the lightest-texture underwear to be had in Sweden, and then decided to buy two suits of ready-made clothes. I am not easy to fit at home; in Stockholm it was impossible — almost; but I was determined that I would not go to a luncheon next day (which was to be given us by the American Minister, Mr. Leland Harrison, to whom with due ceremony I had presented a letter of introduction) in a suit the very sight of which brought sweat to my brow. My waist is that of a giant; my length lacks at least a foot of what a giant's length should be. In due time, dressed in a dark blue alpaca, I was conducted to a mirror — and I was not pleased; I was, in fact, humiliated; but with the removal of ten inches of trouser leg, and a rolling up of several inches more, I declared myself

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suited and agreed to buy another cream-colored affair after it had undergone the necessary amputation.

Women have no sense of humor: they always laugh in the wrong place — at least my wife did when my bundle came home. 'Do you intend to wear those things?' she said. 'No, I bought them just to exercise my Swedish; I intend to carry them on my arm to the luncheon to-morrow to show that I know what's what,' I declared. But next day at the Prins Karl Palats, which is for the time being the home of our distinguished American Minister, I was careful to keep my back to the wall as much as possible to hide the fact that the seat of my breeches was just about level with my knees. However, I was comfortable, and the distinguished company was too well bred to take any notice of my ridiculous appearance.

Some famous Latin lad once remarked that nothing human was alien to him. It is a fine statement, and I wish that I could with a fair amount of truth say the same thing; but I cannot. The fact is, most things don't interest me at all, and the world has made a habit of gathering these things together and putting them in museums. Some day some wise commission will be formed to study what has been well called 'museum fatigue.' Indeed I think I have already heard of one which is to function in connection with the magnificent Pennsylvania Museum just now being completed on the Parkway in Philadelphia. Until that commission functions properly I prefer to study people rather than inanimate *objets d'art*.

Why is it that a man can walk all day long on a country road or hoof it over the pavements of a great city and almost die from sheer weariness after two hours in an art gallery? There are many such in Stockholm, and a superb — but never mind, we only spent an hour in it and upon that occasion we were the observed of all observers. We did go so far as to make the necessary reservations on a tiny steamer for the ancient city of Wisby, on the island of Gotland in the Baltic Sea, but the heat was so intense that several members of our party balked at spending a night on a tiny boat in necessarily cramped quarters, and we gave over the idea — and were sorry for it afterward; when friends told us of the charm of its ruinous and picturesque beauty it was too late to change our plans. (Why is it that the thing you don't see is invariably the thing you are catechized upon when you get home?) Long centuries ago — long before Venice became one of the glories of the world — Wisby was a city of great importance, a greater port than London, but the Danes got at it in thirteen hundred and something and practically destroyed it, hoping to bring the trade of northern Europe to Copenhagen, but before they had succeeded in doing so Queen Elizabeth of England worked her will with the Hanseatic League, and London became and has remained the greatest port in Europe. Long may she remain so, but let her keep her eye on Hamburg.

## IV

Some wise cosmopolite once said, 'Every capital in Europe has something to say.' I listened but heard nothing important in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. It seemed to us chiefly distinguished for its bicycles: Denmark has but a population of three or four million people, but they all ride bicycles. The streets have sidewalks for pedestrians, smooth, narrow runways for people awheel, and the centre is devoted to the usual traffic. Once again we were in a thriving, industrious country, this one famous for its

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agriculture. Almost every large building was pointed out to us as some sort of agricultural college. The Danes, once the terror of all Europe, have finally beaten their swords into ploughshares and they are prospering accordingly. How many tons of butter and bacon and how many million eggs they send daily to London is not my business, but one would suppose that England, with its unemployed hundreds of thousands, would profit by the example of Denmark. An enormous and glorified beer garden in the centre of the city, a colossal brewery, and an immense gallery of sculpture, magnificent in plan and execution — the gift to the city of Copenhagen of the owner of the brewery — these are my chief recollections of my short sojourn in Denmark; these and a visit to Frederiksborg Slot — once a superb palace, now a picture gallery and museum, which we visited en route to the Castle Elsinore. Elsinore, it will be remembered, is the scene of *Hamlet:* we were somewhat surprised to learn, from our guide, that Shakespeare had written the play there, and we were shown and several of us affected an interest in what we were told was Ophelia's grave; it left me cold, however. I was more interested in the excellent English spoken by our guide; when I complimented him upon it, he told me that he had lived in New York, but that the life there was too swift for him — as indeed it is for many of us — and he had returned to his native land.

A day or two later we were in Hamburg. It was almost forty years ago that I first visited the great free city of Hamburg; famous for its commerce, its wealth, and its hospitality. I had read of grass growing in its streets, during the war: it may then have done so, but it does so no longer. No city in all my travels seemed more prosperous. The streets were thronged with a busy people; the buildings — and there were miles of them — were substantial and magnificent; we hired a motor and were driven all over the city and through the residential district which borders on the Alster; everywhere was evidence of industry, wealth, and prosperity. For miles we were driven over fine, broad boulevards running along the River Alster, which has been dammed up to form a lake. On one side were magnificent mansions, placed in well-kept lawns, giving evidence of the taste of the people who once prided — and perhaps still do — themselves on being very English; certainly their evident love of trees and flowers suggests such refinement as the war had taught us to think was nonexistent in Germany.

I confess that the seeming prosperity of Hamburg carried my thoughts back to that older and greater port of London, which does not seem as yet able to lift itself out of the slough of the war. The world will watch Germany come back with mingled emotions; she emerged from the war ruined indeed, but free from debt. She is paying her indemnities — grudgingly, to be sure — and she will escape them if and when she can, but her tremendous energy and the will to work, conspicuous by its absence in England, give us furiously to think. We traveled rapidly, to be sure, but with eyes open, from Hamburg to Cologne, where we spent the night. En route every factory, as we were passing through industrial Germany, seemed busy; gigantic smokestacks flaunting dates, 1919, 1920, 1921, which were an affront to the world, belched forth smoke, evidence of something doing, and I thought of my friend Mr. Owen D. Young's great work on the Dawes Commission in setting Germany on her feet again — I suppose it is all right.

On arrival in Cologne our party had to split up: no one hotel had room for all of us. Once again all was bustle and

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noise. After an uneasy night I rose early, intending to hear a fine choral service in the cathedral, but decided that I could hear cathedral music elsewhere, that this would be my last chance for some time to come to see a German city rouse itself from its slumber. By seven in the morning there were as many people going to their offices as with us at half past eight, and more than London could show at nine.

## V

Our next objective was Paris by way of Brussels, with a detour to Antwerp, once more to spend a few hours in the Plantin-Moretus Museum, which was for centuries one of the great printing houses of the world. As our train entered Brussels I remarked casually, 'I have made no hotel reservations and I don't even know the name of one; let's try the Bristol — there must be a Bristol.' All were agreed except my daughter, who said she had stayed at an excellent hotel here a year or two before; she had forgotten the name, but she thought it was not the Bristol. We had innumerable handbags which necessitated several porters, and when we descended from the train our luggage was seized and I said to the foremost porter, 'Hotel Bristol,' and away he started, as I supposed for a taxi; but no — across a sordid square and down a busy and noisy street he went, I after him shouting 'Taxi, taxi,' he paying no attention, but marching on through the traffic, I, with my suitcase, powerless to stop him. I had to keep him in sight or lose our luggage, and, looking behind me, I saw the other members of my party with porters, likewise making their way through the crowd. Presently my porter stopped — his journey done — and announced, with evident satisfaction, 'Hotel Bristol!' Sure enough, there it was as large as life, but what a place! The Earl Bishop may have sojourned there a century and a half ago; it is quite possible; but a more miserable-looking place in a poorer neighborhood I have hardly seen.

I made my porter put down his load and assembled my party, greatly amused at my predicament. I declined to enter the hotel, and, dismissing our retinue of porters, must have presented a woebegone appearance in my ridiculous Stockholm clothes. My French is not perfect, — I admit that, — but it is effective in an emergency. I wanted a taxi, I wanted a good hotel, and I wanted it *tout de suite*. While I was gesticulating and trying to make my wants known, a man, completely misunderstanding the situation, came to my rescue: he, supposing that I was overawed by the style of the Bristol, offered for a small fee to conduct me to a hotel *much cheaper!* I could have killed him. Finally we hailed a taxi — in fact several taxis — and were driven to the Astoria and Claridge, than which nothing could be better.

Brussels is a beautiful city: Paris in miniature, it delights to call itself. Its boulevards are magnificent, and its museums and galleries are immense and interesting, but, as my manicure in Paris confided to me, its people are — well, not gay; she used a stronger word. It is probably the cheapest large city in Europe in which to live, and with the franc at three cents it seems incredibly cheap, especially the taxis. One reason for our sojourn there was our desire to visit what is left of the city of Ypres — which by the British Tommy will always be called 'Wipers.' It was one of the great storm centres during the World War, and it is said that first and last a hundred and fifty thousand British soldiers laid down their lives in its defense. It was in and around 'Wipers,' as well as upon the Verdun front, that the slogan 'THEY SHALL

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NOT PASS' became the watchword of the men against whom the German armies hurled themselves in vain time and again during the long years of the war. With the exception of great cemeteries, crowded for the most part with nameless graves, there is little to-day to suggest the backward and forward surge of more than a million men. The fields of wheat and rye and pasture all around look as though Nature in her mercy had thrown a great patchwork quilt of gold and green over the once devastated area.

As we approached what was once one of the most famous small cities in Belgium, boasting a group of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe, — buildings which are to-day and probably will ever remain a mass of ruins, — we found ourselves in a throng all moving in the same direction. It was toward a superb war memorial, the most magnificent of many in Europe, which had been dedicated only a day or two before. It takes the form of a great arch and occupies the site of a small gate — the Porte de Menin, it was called — which for centuries gave entrance through the wall to the mediæval city of Ypres. The old gate, which was at the city end of a bridge across a moat or a tiny river, was quickly hammered to pieces by the Germans in their long but futile effort to reach the French channel ports. Not even at Verdun was fiercer fighting than at Ypres, and the names of one hundred and fifty thousand men who died for king and country, that the Germans should not pass, are inscribed in letters of gold on the great marble portal. Not the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, not the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, — nothing, I think, that I have seen, — impressed me more than this enormous and superb triumphal arch giving entrance to a ruined and almost deserted city, but a city which will certainly live forever in its heroic past. The days when men wrought beauty for the love of it, when art and religion were interchangeable terms, are past: mass production has taken the place of it. There is less beauty in the world, if more comfort.

It was with some such thoughts as these that we motored back to Brussels as the sun was setting. At first, reminders of the Great War were all about us; gradually they became fewer, and broad and fertile fields took their place until these were in turn gnawed at by the suburbs of Brussels.

I was tired of travel; it's all well enough when you are very young to pack a suitcase every morning wondering where you will unpack it at night, but strange scenes fatigue me and I longed to get to Paris, to sit quietly on the Boulevard in front of the Grand Hôtel and watch the world go by. The crowd is losing its individuality somewhat, but its component parts remain the same; while we, who watch it, grow older, the crowd itself does not; a crowd keeps its age. Our train drew into the Gare du Nord. Everything was familiar; the taxi driver seemed glad to see me; I had no idea that it was possible to feel so at home in Paris.

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# THE IMPERIALISM OF THE DOLLAR

BY GOVERNOR ALBERT C. RITCHIE

## I

THE untutored layman may as well admit that to him the intricacies of finance, either as a science or as an art, are actually as impenetrable a mystery as its high priests seem to make it; and so there is no pretense here of desire or ability to discuss the technology of the subject.

But while it may be neither fair nor intelligent to look at so many-sided a matter from only one or two angles, it is, I believe, obvious that new and startling developments of deep social and political significance are taking place in the power of money, and that these developments are giving the dollar, as the symbol of that power, a truly imperialistic aspect.

The forms of control in the modern state may be too variable, and the imponderables and incommensurables in the political equation may be too numerous, to justify segregating any one factor and calling it dominant. Nevertheless it is hardly extravagant to say that the power dominant in America to-day is the power of money.

We need not regard this as malign. We may even admit, as perhaps we should, that it is for the most part the unconscious product of unconscious forces. Nevertheless our future, certainly our immediate future, hinges very largely upon the use and development of this power. In scope and incidence it is already in a broad sense political and seems destined to become more so. And because, in the rapid rise of new aspects and new applications, it is power without a sufficient sense of responsibility and direction, it may become overwhelmingly dangerous.

It is a curious anomaly that, while everybody everywhere at all times has sought to acquire more and more wealth, the fear of the power of wealth is as old as human government. Perhaps no social fear or hatred is quite so near the surface and so easily aroused as that of a possible plutocracy. The average man is apt to see in this a conscious, coördinated entity seeking whom it may devour.

It is true that in this period of widespread prosperity, at least along certain lines, the rich are in good odor. The wide diffusion of wealth has bred a great tolerance. Even the fact that two hundred and twenty-eight men have the incredible income of over a million dollars a year each arouses no especial hostility or suspicion. The public sees our great concentrations into billion-dollar projects without any particular dismay. It is rather enamored with the bigness of it all, and sees it largely as the legitimate product of our tremendous economic and industrial growth.

Nevertheless there are distinct subsurface rumblings. When the average man comes to think of the inequalities of wealth, of the instances of poverty and misery, and of social ills, or when he comes in contact with the sheer brute power of money and the demoralizing effect of its excessive worship,



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his primal reactions are apt to assert themselves, and he begins to blame the owners of money for not curing the things he thinks money can cure.

In any social disorder the money power is usually the first subject of attack. If, in spite of all evidences of the enormous power of money, we can say that in this country we have no plutocracy in a political sense, still the fear of it lies below the surface. That fear may be dormant, but it is never dead, and it may become as dangerous as the reality. And I believe it to be true that, with the changes now taking place in the character of the dollar and in the organized power of money, the danger, if not the fear, is becoming only too real.

The power of money takes on new and truly imperialistic aspects because of new and subtle devices for the addition, multiplication, and division of the old-time power of the dollar. By building up new investment forms and a new credit economy, and by inventing new forms of legal title, financial leaders are managing to separate the legal ownership of the dollar from the legal control of what the dollar represents.

There is coming to be a sort of duality in which dollar ownership and dollar power tend to part company. Ownership may remain in the individual, but power is concentrating in great banking and investment organizations with world-wide financial relations and interrelations, which are able to organize not only the accumulated wealth but also the credit of mankind into the most effective sort of power the world has ever known.

For many years the banks of the country dealt with the mobilized savings of the people, and the great corporations issued their securities against the savings of the investing public.

But no longer do the people wait to earn their money before spending it. They spend it first. They use their credit to acquire property before they have the money to pay for it.

Business, big and little, is helping them in every possible way. Credit is extended from every quarter. Corporations spring up overnight to make it easy and pleasant for people to mortgage their future. The business, in its incipient stage, has seemed so profitable that investment bankers create new corporations in order that these corporations may in turn create new securities for the investment bankers to sell. The way has been found to organize the credit of the land.

And this new school of business and finance operates under a degree of legislative freedom and with a potential danger perhaps equal to that of the early days of unregulated banking and corporate enterprise.

It is this relatively new development in the imperial power of money as money, and its various phases of organized credit and delegated investment control, that is not only having profound social consequences, but is of major importance to the political commonwealth itself.

One cannot study the forces and influences that are making so strongly for the centralization of governmental powers without recognizing this parallel and perhaps related movement in the domain of the dollar. Power here is combining and concentrating almost without limit. One wonders whether it is also without vision. I mean political vision. Does the dollar realize that the source and stability of its power spring from the social order and depend upon it, and that in the last analysis it is at the mercy of the ballot?

## II

If the dominant forces of the modern world revolve around the market place,

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the centre of their vitality is the bank. There has been no more impressive phenomenon during the past twenty-five years than the growth of banking, but more portentous has been the growth of bank power. The bank is now the symbol of the unity of the money power, and the banker is by way of becoming the authentic leader in the social order.

It is a long story from the primitive goldsmiths, accepting deposits as bailees, through the earlier bankers, exchanging one kind of money for another or putting up their money against credit or goods, on down to modern times. The average man perhaps still regards the banker as chiefly the custodian of the people's deposits, as the agent to lend them, as an expert skilled in the mysteries of interest and of credit, as after all serving principally as a cog in the mechanism of business.

But in reality the banker has become the power that gives modern business its life. Eliminate him, and the business world would come to a dead stop. He puts business in touch with capital. He brings borrowers and lenders together. Their aims and faiths unite through him. There is scarcely a business transaction to which he is not a party. He appraises your wealth and credit, and thus determines your power and standing in the business world. He puts a valuation on commodities, bridges over the period between production and consumption, asserts power over buyer and seller, often determines your success or failure. He can encourage or check the speculative impulses of the nation and shape its expansions and retrenchments.

All this he does not so much through the control of money as through the control of credit — through his ability to mobilize and organize the credit of the nation, both public and private, and deal with it as a commodity. This is a new or relatively new factor in the financial equation. It carries the power of domination, and neither society nor the banks themselves can afford to overlook the social and political implications of it all.

To-day we put our money and our credit out to work for us instead of working with them. Our wealth is no longer represented by titles to property. It is represented by titles to certificates of indebtedness. Theoretically we may still be in a position to assert over it the powers of direction and control. Practically we are passing these powers over to the banker.

The banker, particularly the investment banker, is gradually acquiring a mortgage on the industry of the nation. Through his vast resources and ability to organize the facilities of credit and distribution he dominates practically the whole field of industry and enterprise.

Through corporate agencies and investment devices and the credit control of banks, the ownership of wealth is becoming abstract and depersonalized. It no longer carries the responsibilities, either of service or of profit, which formerly arose from personal ownership. These are passed on to the banker. This depersonalization, so to speak, of the dollar inevitably tends to exploit it, and the danger is that the money power may go money mad.

After all, in the last analysis, the world will look to the banker's power not so much to produce more dollars as to produce more bread and meat and more of the good things of life.

But when you deal with money primarily qua money, the urge for more and more power is almost irresistible. Its use as something devoted to the traditional ideals of service and guidance and constructive helpfulness is almost inevitably impaired or lost sight of.

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If those who direct control are interested in the discovery and introduction of new economies and efficiencies, are they concerned as to whether these will profit the consumer or only as to whether they will profit the dollar?

Such is the subtle character of banking control that, having underwritten the industrial needs of the nation, the banker's voice becomes the master's voice. No concern after obtaining his credit can afford to ignore it entirely.

To do so may spell danger of excommunication from the established church of organized credit. This danger is the more possible by virtue of the combinations and concords that exist among the fountainheads of money and credit. They maintain the supremacy of the dollar by a community of interest. If they decide that the wage of the dollar in terms of interest and profits is best subserved by consolidation, or by mortgaging the future, or by installment buying, or by supporting or opposing new adventures or new discoveries, all this will be done. The power is theirs, not because they have all the money, but because they have all those agencies of control which are involved in our system of finance, investment, and credit.

The bank's drive for more business becomes a drive for more power. Everywhere we see banks consolidating, absorbing, enlarging, and throwing out branches and roots into every soil that looks fertile. Old-line banks take on trust and savings and investment departments, and their representatives sit on nearly every large directorate.

The billion-dollar bank will soon be a commonplace. Will it also be a menace?

## III

I would be the last to discount in any degree what the world owes the modern banker for our established prosperity and for bringing order out of that financial chaos of earlier days which was so responsible for the scandals and lootings of high finance and the tragedies of unnecessary panics and failures.

If we have less of the old inter and intra corporate scandals, less corporate corruption, less inside manipulation, less fleecing of the innocents, less juggling of accounts, less favoritism of inside-owned subsidiaries and the like, it is due largely no doubt to the enlightened power and influence of the big investment banker.

He has done as much to liberate the energies of men and feed the springs of enterprise as all the statesmen put together, and a large percentage of his effort is undoubtedly devoted to the traditional ideals of service and guidance and constructive assistance to his patrons.

But here is a concentration of money strength that calls for the highest sense of responsibility. Here is an imperial unity of power that can easily result in a plutocracy. We are, in a measure at least, glimpsing that 'trusteeship of wealth' which President Baer, to the horror of the nineties, thought our rich men possessed by divine right.

Now that money is beginning, in military parlance, to consolidate its lines, new abuses spring up that only the socially enlightened intelligence of the financial group can check.

A banking and credit system with its eye only on the investor's return, and measuring business only by its profit-and-loss account, puts the dollar too high in the social scale. It dehumanizes both business and the dollar. A world that sees the dollar through the eye of the investor or the speculator is a different world from one that sees it through the eye of the producer or the consumer. It is perhaps the sensing of this that underlies the traditional hostility to Wall Street. We must begin

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to see the dollar not only as the dollar of the banker, but as the dollar of the community.

If the massing of the dollar's power may result in a plutocracy, it can also prevent one. Power located is power that can be directed. It can be harmful or beneficent, depending on the vision and sense of responsibility of those who control it.

There is always this advantage in the massing of power: you can fix responsibility. If in the past the money power has seemed real and yet illusive, this has largely been because it was in great measure hypothetical. If it did not become actually antisocial or antidemocratic, this was largely because it lacked actual unity.

But to-day the money power is achieving unity. It is by way of becoming at least a potential plutocracy. It is now becoming possible to mass and shape and direct it, and this is being done at a startling rate. With unity of control passing by one device or another to great banks and investment houses, to holding companies, to investment trusts, to insurance and savings institutions, it now rests with us to hold them responsible, and it rests with them to determine whether the dollar shall be a democrat or a plutocrat.

And let those who control and direct this imperial force not forget that in the last analysis their responsibilities are essentially political.

The power of the dollar is always a political issue, and the dollar forgets that at its peril. The good sense of the country has always recognized how much our prosperity is due to the courage and sagacity of men of money, but nevertheless their power is always suspect.

This has been so from the beginning of our history. President Jackson fought 'Biddle and his Bank' because he claimed 'it would perpetuate a social, political, and financial hierarchy.' Money, he said, must never become a power in the political state. Professor Sumner thought that 'the fate of democracy is to fall into subjection to plutocracy. In its struggles against what is called the "money power" democracy strives against its fate, yet hastens it on.'

The crisis of the nineties, when the dollar perhaps reached the zenith of its arrogance and men became fearful of its political grasp, can easily repeat itself. Bryan's 'Cross of Gold' may have been mostly an oratorical gesture, but it had a real meaning, too. It symbolized both a fear and a possibility, and if the movement had not spent itself fighting for the economic heresy of 16 to 1, it might have shaken down our financial house.

Even so the effect was tremendous, and for the most part, I believe, beneficent. It was a healthy jolt to the imperialism of the dollar. And if we no longer hear so much about the 'socialization of wealth,' or the 'Plunderbund,' or 'malefactors of great wealth,' or 'good and bad trusts,' this may not be entirely because the fears these things symbolized have altogether disappeared before a new and a higher-purposed business consciousness. It may even be the calm before the storm. An overimperialized or a politically moribund dollar may yet put democracy to the supreme test.

## IV

If the dollar would be master, it must first be servant in the house of the king. This is a fundamental of democracy. If democracy is to fail, it will be because it cannot produce leaders, and high finance with its superb abilities and efficiencies must aspire to a higher and more politically enlightened leadership.

These regal aggregations of wealth

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and power do not exist by divine right. The people gave and the people can take away. Interest and profit cannot be the whole law and gospel of the dollar. The power of money is not as everlasting as the rock of Gibraltar. There is no guaranty of its tenure. A money power that is politically sterile or indifferent, or politically selfish or shortsighted, may well be riding for a fall.

There are, to be sure, plenty of signs that the dollar recognizes all this. It is probably as much due to the higher morale of modern finance as it is to improved individual morals that we have less bribery and public looting and less political corruption than we had before financial power became so concentrated as it is now.

The 'Yellow Dog' fund has pretty well vanished from business. The use of money in elections may have increased outrageously, but its corrupt use is undoubtedly less.

But the concentration of wealth demands courage and vision, service and leadership. It demands a higher stewardship than simply making money and protecting it and multiplying it. It has the facilities, the contacts, the brains, and the capacity to guide in so many regions where unselfish guidance is needed that it has no right to move in a political vacuum.

Adam Smith, it is true, postulated self-interest as a primal law of business and built his economic philosophy thereon, so that perhaps it may be economically unsound to expect unselfish guidance in a field where the dollar lays pretensions to supreme rights of its own. But if we cannot invoke *noblesse oblige*, at least let us rely on the higher law of self-protection.

Finance runs too great a risk in assuming any false or concealed relations to the political state. One need not discount the danger that arises when money becomes antidemocratic or enters politics for its selfish interests. And it is true that the money power has itself to blame if it is politically suspect.

But the dollar can overcome all this by asserting a more democratic and courageous leadership. The idea is to 'keep it out of politics.' It were better to get into politics with its cards on the table, for it is a power which, properly directed, can be irresistible for good.

The dollar is a realist that distinguishes between fine words and fine deeds. It is peculiarly adapted, therefore, to render wise assistance in problems of statesmanship that now confront us.

Survey any of the questions of the hour, — the tariff, the farmer, the trusts, the consumer, our increasing tax burdens, our costly system of distribution, our problems of labor, of national defense, of internal improvements, of foreign relations, — and note how in all of them the economic and financial and political are interwoven.

My point is that the dollar should recognize this, shoulder its responsibilities, come out into the open, and move forward to constructive democratic and social leadership.

To a very considerable degree modern credit facilities had a new beginning, or at least a new impetus, with Woodrow Wilson. The dollar and its power could now readily be made more available by a widening of these facilities which would be entirely consistent with soundness. The doors which are now open to the property-holding classes could be opened wider and admit others. Large accumulations not actually applied to useful purposes or not perpetuated by testamentary provision do not serve the institution of private property.

A power which so greatly affects the well-being of those who are not its owner must frankly recognize that the

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owner's right is not absolute. Others affected should not be without voice. They have the right to be heard and to discuss all problems which affect both themselves and the owner.

With the great power of the dollar there must go the dollar's obligation to others — the obligation, for instance, not only to produce wisely and to distribute efficiently, but so to order and arrange production and distribution as to avoid the maladjustment between both, and to avoid recurring periods of depression and unemployment, with their resulting loss to the property interest and the distress they cause others over whose lives they exercise so profound an influence.

## V

Finally, note those post-war developments which are making the dollar an imperialist in an international sense. Overnight we have become the creditor nation of the world, with all that portends. Where the dollar sits, there is the head of the international table. What the consequences of this may be no one can foretell. That they are bound to be serious and perhaps even revolutionary is obvious.

Here, too, far more depends on the vision and statesmanship of our bankers and financiers than upon statesmen-elect. If there is one national policy on which we think we are united, it is that of anti-imperialism. But the dollar may well make that policy a fiction.

The nation does not want imperialism in terms of empire, but the dollar is already acquiring it in terms of power. The dollar may not dream of political empire, but it does dream of markets. Our interest in other continents is largely an interest in markets. Imperialism can be economic as well as political, and quite as dangerous in either case.

Whatever may be the wise or feasible policy as to our war loans or international relations in general, the far-flung lines of our commercial and banking dollar are bound to make new complications and orientations in our foreign affairs and policies.

Conceivably the dollar might exert a power to do what no other power has so far been able to accomplish. It might translate its own powers of coöperation and unity into world harmony and world unity. Without entering the domain of dollar diplomacy, without asking or receiving any national endorsement or guaranty as a condition to its voyage to foreign parts, it might still work out a more rational world order, help remove the incubus of excessive naval and military armaments, and educate the world as to the 'great illusion' of war.

So in the hands of those in whom have been massed these enormous controls of money and credit is a power that is truly imperial. It must be exercised for the benefit of mankind with truly imperial vision and skill.

We have a right to demand that the dollar do some statesmanlike thinking as to whither it is headed itself and whither it is leading us.

If in the past the dollar has been something of a politician, we have a right to demand that now, as the greatest common denominator in the equation of life, it become more of a statesman. And it is well qualified to fill that rôle.



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# THE NADIR OF NOTHINGNESS

BY THEODORE F. MacMANUS

## I

It will be my modest endeavor to establish herein these somewhat provocative but rather interesting propositions: —

1. That there are only two schools of Christian thought in the Western World.

2. That, if it is true that religion is the root of conduct, one or the other of these two schools must be largely responsible for world conditions to-day.

3. That all Christian creeds, cults, sects, and churches outside of Roman Catholicism have a common origin and a common responsibility.

4. That they all have their source in the principle of private judgment, and that this principle automatically tends toward more and more complete creedlessness and churchlessness.

5. That this process has a profound and deleterious effect upon citizenship by way of its effect upon social institutions, social customs and conventions, and the attitude of the individual toward his private and public obligations.

Since a sincere survey of American citizenship, as affected by religious affiliations, seems to be very much in order in this particularly significant political year, it may be profitable and interesting to introduce into the picture types which have not yet been considered — types which happen to constitute nearly four fifths of our own population.

If the minority religion seems to reveal, upon close examination, signs and stigmata which give rise to genuine and honest concern, it may be a healthy and a wholesome thing to scrutinize also the religious tendencies and tenets of the majority, and to study their possible patriotic repercussion.

In order to accomplish this titanic task, we must at the very outset determine desperately to be good-natured — to emulate, if we can, the best British controversial manner (with an Oxfordian accent) when the best British manner descants upon the faults and foibles of its American cousin. Let us jointly resolve to be indefectibly and invincibly amiable, and determine not to be tripped or trapped into a display of ill-temper — to lighten what might otherwise be an unlovely situation by an indomitable cheerfulness. If the civic sins and omissions of the majority require to be chastised, let the chastisement be manfully administered, but in such wise that no one shall say, in the sore and aching aftermath, that we lapsed from a bland and beautiful amiability.

In addition to registering this high resolve, we must also agree to hold in abeyance certain popular preconceptions and prejudices which are so common and so well-nigh universal that they may certainly be called a national conviction. Thus, there is a popular fallacy that you cannot reason with a man in regard to his religion; and this fallacy has a fellow which says that you must not — that



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it is uncharitable and almost indecent to do so.

The assumption in the first instance is presumably that religion is an unreasonable thing per se, or that the man is an unreasonable being in his religion. The implication in the second case, it is to be assumed, is that the man's religious unreasonableness invests him with a tremendous dignity which must not be impinged upon or impugned.

To these two topsy-turvy contentions is added a third monstrous assumption, which maintains that it makes very little difference what a man believes, anyway. If we are to progress at all, we must agree temporarily to abate this attitude — otherwise we shall not be able to enter upon an examination of the sectarian majority citizenship at all.

It is obvious that we cannot agree to permit a man to be as irrational and idiotic as he chooses in regard to the next world if he will only conduct himself lucidly in this, for the very excellent reason that he is not at all apt to conduct himself lucidly in this life if he is insane about the next.

As far as we can determine, for instance, the followers of King Ben — of unhappy memory — were most excellent business men, bankers, lawyers, farmers, housewives, and what not, but the citizenship which evolved from their quaint religious aberrations compelled the intervention of the State and the application of the long, strong arm of criminal law. Similar recollections come to us of the early days of that thriftiest of all sects, the Mormon Church, whose members certainly could not have been criticized even at their worst for a lack of earthly acumen, but were assailed for certain eccentricities of conduct which did not seem to be in consonance with the highest type of American citizenship.

To go back to the very beginning of modern things religious, the origin of at least one of the great modern and now most respectable religious bodies rested in a reverend person who was a prototype of King Ben and Brigham Young, imbued with another quaint conception of religion which impelled him to lead his religious hosts through the streets of a German city bereft of the habiliments of the day and, like his first parents in the Garden of Eden, quite simply and beautifully unadorned.

So, if we are to survey the citizenship of the sectarian majority, we must for the moment smother our sensibilities and endeavor to determine whether or not that citizenship is influenced by this sectarianism.

And we must part with another cherished illusion which cannot be dissolved without inflicting momentary pain — the illusion that there is no common kinship between the aberrations of Protestantism and its nobler and more beautiful manifestations. Alas! There is such a kinship, and that kinship springs from a common origin, and carries a common responsibility — one which cannot be avoided any more than the Catholic Church can avoid the responsibility for all that inheres in Catholicism through the opposite principle.

The Catholic principle is, of course, the principle (in the interests of peace and amity let us call it, in this case, the presumption rather than the principle) of truth conveyed by Christ through His Church; the Protestant theory, the theory of truth conveyed to the individual by interior illumination, of whose authority he and he alone shall be the judge.

There is no doubt whatsoever that the Catholic theory imprints itself upon the character, conduct, and citizenship of its adherents. There is also no doubt whatever that the

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principle of Protestantism — which, of course, is a negative and not a positive principle — likewise imprints itself upon its adherents.

What is this Protestant principle, common alike to all its churches and animating alike all its cultural agencies, inspiring its poetry, literature, art, and scholarship, and even predetermining its scientific conclusions when they encroach upon the domain of man's creative origin and supernatural end?

The principle, of course, of private judgment — the principle common to them all, in spite of the seeming checks placed upon it by occasional attempts to enforce the rules and regulations of a particular sect — the principle which brought them all into being and therefore without which their existence would not be possible to-day.

And what is this principle of private judgment?

It is whatsoever you shall choose to call it. It is interior illumination. It is the spirit of the phrase already referred to and so frequently uttered by so many million lips: 'It makes no difference what a man believes.' In its least lovely but most common acceptance, it is literally the colloquialism: 'One man's guess is as good as another's.'

## II

Now, at long last, we are face to face with the two great religious forces operating in the world, and we propose to study the second, in particular, for the first time, perhaps, in several hundred years — considering it especially with relation to American citizenship to-day.

It is well to remind ourselves at this juncture that there are only two systems of religious thought in the Western world to-day. There are not a thousand, as it might seem, but just two — the authoritarian or Catholic, and the sectarian, which is Protestant.

This in spite of the numerous isms and ologies which have proceeded out of the latter and which are, in their separate capacity, of no significance, since all owe their existence to the common principle of private judgment and are dependent upon that principle for the expression of the peculiar body of thought, practice, and doctrine which each one of them expounds.

That principle is compulsory in its action and results. It compels division because all men cannot agree when all men are told that each of them can decide as he believes about creation, birth, death, Heaven, religion, and Hell. It is a dissolvent and a separative principle — automatically and irresistibly and invincibly so — and it resists and will continue to resist all efforts at coalescence and consolidation.

It is therefore important to remember that there are only two Christian schools of thought, and that out of one or the other of them must issue the salvation of society. On one or the other every man must base his philosophy of life. Why? Because life yields back to men in the aggregate the shape, the color, the shadow, or the substance of their thoughts about it.

Man is under a compulsion, from which there is no escape, to take cognizance in some manner or other, in religious or irreligious terms, of himself, of his destiny, and of his God. Should he adopt the childish subterfuge of seeking refuge in nullity or nihilism, nullity and nihilism will be rendered back to him and to the society in which he lives. He must take cognizance, either by assent or denial or agnosticism, of the riddle of life, and according as he shall decide, so in due time shall that decision be

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translated into the civic and social structure which he erects.

Let this point be stressed; first, lest it be forgotten, and also in contradiction to that other loose and jovial assumption that it makes no difference what a man believes. Man, in the mass, cannot with impunity hold any conviction whatsoever concerning the origin and destiny of man.

No man can be an honest and practising Catholic without consequence to his citizenship, and no man can be an honest, practising Protestant without consequence to his citizenship. No man can subscribe to the eccentricities of an unbalanced sect and apply and practise its tenets without himself becoming unbalanced and warping his earth life, even though we are willing to leave all consideration of his after life to the love and mercy of his Maker. All man's lesser convictions will in turn be colored or controlled by these deepest of all convictions.

To repeat — whether the representatives of the various sects recognize the fact or not, they are all blood brothers in the original point of departure from the only other existing Christian philosophy. Howsoever or how much the Fundamentalists may assail the Modernists, or vice versa, they are only exponents of momentarily divergent interpretations of a common subject, which come to the same thing in the end. In exactly the same way the polite and polished Episcopalian is a blood brother to the lantern-jawed Tennessee mountaineer mouthing against the horrors of evolution. They are all united in the initial dissent. The sects are merely clothes bedecking the old original skeleton — ranging all the way from the white bed sheet of immersion to the gayly starched surplice of the High-Church Anglican.

Protestantism tends inevitably to break out and break off, because the root principle compels it to break out and break off and push on. It is a continuous process of throwing overboard — and the point of the process is that it is compulsory and that Protestantism cannot help itself. According to the degree of intelligence and examination and consistency in the adherents of the individual sect is the degree of escape from convulsive and epileptic outbreak.

Sectarianism, by everlastingly emphasizing the doctrine of religious self-determination, steadily drives the individual back upon himself. It never tires of assuring him of his own self-sufficiency in solving the eternal riddle. It ceaselessly dingdongs into his ears the comforting assurance that he needs no intermediary between himself and his God. All that he has to do is to tumble all of the doctrinal and dogmatic lumber out of his cerebral attic and he is 'all set,' here and hereafter. It pronounces him gloriously free, and, with the same affectionate gesture, endeavors to hold him fast to some silly little sectarian programme which it has already pronounced superfluous.

Man, with all of his faults, is a rational creature. He can sometimes detect a contradiction and an inconsistency when it apparently touches his well-being here and may even affect his comfort in a dubious hereafter. When the sects anathematize all authority and say 'full steam ahead' to his intellect, the average man takes them at their word. When, immediately afterward, they contradict themselves and ask him to subscribe to a little cult made up of free souls like himself, who are to hold their freedom in abeyance in order that the cult may flourish, he frequently balks and withdraws.

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Or, if he consents to wear the sectarian phylacteries, he begins to squirm uneasily and ask what it is all about. He has been told that the free intellect is the only road to salvation. He has been assured, in effect, that he is his own judge, jury, pope, and God. He has been told that definiteness — which is another word for doctrines and dogmas — is not merely unnecessary, but an actual hindrance to the development of the spirit. He has been told that there is no authority higher than the authority of his own intellect.

And straightway the little sect which has given him this glorious assurance begins to exercise over him a pale, apologetic shadow of authority. Straightway it begins to reinstate doctrines and dogmas, mumbling apologetically that these are not really doctrines and dogmas at all. Straightway it begins to beguile him with soppy songs and soppy sermons and soft lights and stained glass and revolving crosses — and running through them all is a note of authority and command for which he can find no slightest trace of validity or justification.

Naturally, being a rational creature, — even according to the most lugubrious of modern scientists, — he rebels. As the saying is, he 'walks out on the show.' He walks out in such numbers that he constitutes to-day more than one half the entire population of the United States.

Now, what are these fifty or sixty or seventy million Americans? Fifty or sixty or seventy million morons? Or fifty or sixty or seventy million straight-thinking, more or less logical-minded, consistent human beings?

They have pushed the process of unloading the fast-disappearing supply of Protestant dogmatic lumber to the point of cutting churchgoing out of their category of conduct altogether. Certainly none among their brethren can consistently complain of this. They were given a word, and they accepted a word. They were told they were free, and they exercised their freedom. They were told that dogmas were almost damnable, and then an attempt was made to hold them with dogmas.

In deserting the sects, they are logically pursuing the Protestant premise — the glorious principle of private judgment. The fifty or sixty or seventy million Americans who have rejected the churches are merely exercising that privilege in their own way, as the Mormon exercises it in his, or the High-Church Anglican in his.

It is not at all necessary to conduct periodical, solemn surveys to determine why the sectarian churches have been emptied of their congregations. The congregations have left because there was nothing left to hold them. The sectarian churches are empty because the sectarian creeds are empty — and they emptied themselves with loud curses on everything dogmatic, with hosannas to God and vociferous pæans to the freedom of the human intellect.

The irresistible and unescapable necessity in Protestantism is a continuous sloughing-off of church and a further and further falling-back on the individual. This is the very essence and genius of Protestantism.

If Protestantism is true to the philosophy of private judgment, Protestant congregations both in the city and in the country must dwindle — and they have dwindled and they will continue so to do, no matter how many and how often saline solutions are applied. Indeed, if the entire body of adherents were severely consistent, there would be no Protestant churches at all.

If ever there was ritual without

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reason, or mummery without meaning, it is the varied and various forms of brick, mortar, and millinery in which private judgment has decked itself out since its first clamorous appearance several centuries ago.

## III

The critics of Protestantism are practically all within the ranks of Protestantism, but they are to all appearances sublimely unconscious that in belaboring each other they are only belaboring themselves. Thus, it is popular nowadays to excoriate the Evangelicals; but what have the critics of the Methodist, the Baptist, and other evangelical churches by way of a philosophy of life which these churches do not also possess?

At the most, when Protestants criticize Protestants, they can only complain of theological manners. Dean Inge may be a tremendously superior person in point of education, living, and good breeding, but he has not one whit more of definiteness or certitude than the grimiest Holy Roller who ever 'threw a fit' in religious ecstasy. Dean Inge has opinions; Clarence Darrow has opinions; Bishop Brown has opinions; William Jennings Bryan had opinions; and that is all.

When Dean Inge dresses up his opinions in stained glass, deep organ diapasons, and scholarly discourses, he has neither added to nor subtracted from their original significance and validity. When Clarence Darrow mouths agnosticisms and when Bishop Brown espouses infidelity, they are merely exercising the Protestant privilege of believing what they please in forms of unbelief. When William Jennings Bryan erected around his opinions a scaffolding called Presbyterianism, he was merely exercising, under the same Protestant privilege, the right of wearing a label called 'Presbyterian' which any Presbyterian has the right to discard whenever he wishes to be consistent and fully apply the principle of private judgment.

Neither Dean Inge nor Clarence Darrow nor the shade of William Jennings Bryan nor Bishop Brown nor Harry Emerson Fosdick nor Dr. Frank Crane nor Bishop Manning has anything whatsoever of justification or authority which is not the product of his own mortal mind.

This is point No. 1.

Point No. 2 is approached with diffidence. It does not affect alone the motley mob. It affects the elect. It is apt to cause disquietude and discomfort in high places. It is calculated to take some of the starch out of the self-satisfied, so-called intelligentsia. It has to do with sacrosanct Harvard and pious Princeton quite as much as with some Ku Klux university or with Baptist Albion.

It revolves around this singular and disturbing fact, which is repeated for emphasis: that, whether he breaks out in a sect or rejects all sects, every nonadherent of Rome, unless he is an Oriental, a Jew, or an atheist, is still a Protestant.

Sloughing off the sect does not help him a particle in trying to escape the philosophical first principle upon which he erects all of his conclusions. Having registered the great act in which he rejects all religious authority, save that of interior illumination, his thought of himself is that he is forever-after free.

The ludicrous fact is that he has locked himself up in his own brain cells. His intellect has not been freed, but incarcerated. Its processes have been inhibited; and those processes, if he is consistent, can be predicted with positiveness. If he is logical, he has become an automatic thinker, whose aberrations can be anticipated

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with accuracy, as an alienist charts the symptomology of a defective.

Thus, if he pursues his premises undeviatingly to their ultimate conclusion, we can say with certainty that he will become a philosophical, if not a physical, anarchist. Before he has attained that beatitude, the iron limitations of his intellectual strait-jacket will induce other convulsive gestures — some strange and cynical, some beautiful and benevolent. But always he will be cramped and constrained by his premises.

He can approach no problem without prejudice. That prejudice is, of course, that all authority other than the individual intellect is impossible. Armed with this bias, he approaches the supernatural verities, and at his touch they melt into grotesqueries of their original format.

The theory is that interior illumination is what the inept but poetic phrase implies — a light that infallibly finds the truth. The fact is that it is a corrosive which has changed the shape, substance, and spirit of every law laid down in the Christian dispensation.

Changes as momentous as these mean not merely changing habits and motives and changing conduct, but a revolution and a disintegration of the society in which they operate. The laws of life may not be aborted without disaster to the body politic. They have been aborted, and the catastrophe is upon us.

It seems a simple thing for a man to say that he will think as he pleases about himself. But it is not a simple thing. In its results, it is a tangled and a terrible and a tragic thing. It may well be that the awfulest moment in all history was the precise moment when man elected to make his own God according to his own image and likeness. In that moment he did indeed rid himself of an ancient compulsion, but he exchanged it for another far more terrible. Thenceforth he could hold no conviction save those convictions remaining to the man who reserves to himself the right to fashion his own God. By that simple and seemingly salutary assertion of opinionative independence, he lost forever his freedom of opinion.

There is more than mere consanguinity of ideas in the fact that the so-called free intellect is always a concomitant of free love. It is not by chance that the destructive red radical is always a religious individualist. A rigid and determinative rule is at work here, the directness and deadliness of which are not even dreamed by the modern world. Not merely the marriage law, but all the ancient and sacred amenities of life and death become fluid at the dissolving touch of religious individualism.

In the light of the World War, the hideous tragedy of the thing advertises itself as violently as the gibbet on Golgotha. But it is invincibly invisible to the religious individualist himself — an innocent myopia in which there would be humor of a cynical and sardonic sort if it were not freighted with a fatal aftermath.

## IV

For more than a century parson and professor have been repeating, parrot-like, the same superlatively stupid formula: 'Free the intellect of man and the millennium will be at hand.'

The emancipating process has proceeded apace. In religion it has released millions altogether from the disagreeable duty of going to church. It has stripped bare the churches themselves, until nothing of slightest consequence remains but the Sunday sermon and the organ recital. The sermon has descended to the nadir

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of vulgarity and the very depths of latitudinarianism. All the ancient handmaidens of religion were banished for a long period in the grim determination to be literal. The cross was ousted first, and then everything else of beauty and sweet significance. Sacred art and sacred architecture, reverent ritual, lovely liturgy, all hallowed and rendered authentic and authoritative by the holiest tradition, were consigned to the dust heap — to come creeping back in a faint masquerade of their pristine significance as the sects found themselves bankrupt of human appeal.

But, worst of all, the Word itself was wounded, dismembered, distorted, and crucified under the remorseless, destructive process of individual interpretation. Gross misconceptions multiplied, clerical scholarship sank lower and lower, the very word 'heresy' became a byword and mockery, so fast and so complex was the structure of contradiction and violent inconsistency reared in the name of the Scriptures and of Christ. Here the overemphasis was on faith, there faith was reviled; here hope was anathematized, and there made the keystone of the arch; here love was degraded into mawkish sentimentalism, there garbed in the robes of harsh and relentless justice.

Conduct and the human character changed with these violently changing malinterpretations of God's word. Queer sectarian types multiplied and still multiply — queer, unlovely lives sprouted the world over and left their imprint on the backwoods, the little town, the city, the state, the nation, and the world. There is no need to enumerate them — from the bloodletting Covenanter, the cruel and heartless Calvinist, the pious, persecuting Puritan, the frenzied and epileptic fanatic of a score of nearly insane sects, down to the illiterate and feud-fighting mountaineer, and, very apex of the process of sectarian sterilization, the cold, respectable, successful, loveless, and unloving infidel of the moment — they are recognizable wherever we look or read or listen or turn to-day. And still the raucous parrot shriek for freedom of the intellect goes on.

It echoes throughout the sectarian and so-called nonsectarian halls of learning the world over. In the name of the 'glorious' principle of academic freedom, — they are all dubbed glorious, these mock escapes from an imaginary and mythical thralldom, — it has barred nothing and admitted everything to the inquiring mind of the student. It has sent him out into the world blinking and bewildered, cynical and disillusioned, doubtful and more than doubtful of God, patronizing and inquiring of Christ, lordly and superior of the 'superstitions' surrounding the Christian theory — stripped of all his defenses and then desperately endeavoring, without spiritual strength or spiritual weapon save his own poor self, to fight the heroic fight a man must fight before he can attain the knighthood of being a good son, a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, and a good man.

The churches are free, and stripped bare to the bone; the pulpits are stark free, and utter any banality that occurs to them; the universities are free, and complain bitterly of the barrenness of their human output; the professors are free, and fly instinctively to the defense of any phase and form of infidelity; the laboratories are free, and manufacturing travesties of man made in the image of His Maker — and still the plaintive, cowardly cry ascends to heaven: 'Just a little more freedom and the millennium will be at hand.'

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This is merely a rapid-fire sketch, but not a highly colored one. The pursuit of the subject leads into a thousand blind alleys and byways, and always it encounters hosts and hosts of humanity warped and spoiled by wrong thinking — running the gamut of human relations, from the multifarious functions of the home to the devious and sometimes devilish machinations of statecraft, following always the same dreadful deification of the human with the same dire and dreadful result.

Never was the process consummated in a more easily recognizable type than the hideous exhibit of warped humanity which directed the Prussian and militaristic ideals of Germany in the World War — and yet it went unrecognized for what it was. There is no thought here of impugning the German people, or indeed of endeavoring to measure the blood guilt of Germany; but the ruling caste, the predominant type, the directing philosophy issuing out of sedate and stern universities and ultimating in a conception of superman and of supermilitarism, was so clearly and so plainly philosophic in its origin, so plainly the fruits of Prussian classroom and laboratory, so plainly the fruit and culmination of three hundred years of German sectarianism, that it would seem that it must have been written on the skies for all the world to see.

But the world did not see it and will deny it with curses to-day, because the same sort of education has its echo in other superior lands which boast of their Christianity. These lands, too, have their Nietzsches and their Haeckels and would, if they possessed the courage of their convictions, drive these convictions to deductions just as deadly to humanity and just as destructive to the rights of man as the philosophy of the infidel savant and the blind, brutal, military overlord.

An echo of the same philosophy — a first faint, far-off trending toward the same brutal ideal — is with us in America to-day in the misguided clamor for centralized, bureaucratic control of education, with its inevitable still further elimination of the slightest trace of religious influence. It is clearer still in the dictum of a university president who declares that the student of the future must be carefully selected from a preferred class — the remainder to be declared unfit for entrance and barred from the sacred halls of learning. The product of the colleges and universities has fallen below par, so an artificial standard must be established and a system of selection and rejection put into operation in this land of freedom and democracy.

This same college president is the very fruit, flower, and culmination of the sectarian system. He is by way of being an advocate of birth control for the same reason that he is an advocate of student selection. The human product is exhibiting unfortunate animalistic tendencies — not as a result of sectarianism, of course, but because the individual intellect is still 'restrained and hampered.' The average must be lifted, and he proposes to lift it, not by inculcating virtue in the individual, but by applying the hydraulic pressure of birth control and student selection and lifting the entire mass. He tells us, moreover, that the youth of the nation is in revolt — somebody or something is always rebelling and revolting under the sectarian system — and for the ten-thousandth time utters the old platitudinous parrot cry in telling why they are in revolt!

They are hampered by fundamentalism — which blindfolds the eyes,

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and shackles the mind, and restrains individual action. And so with one sublime gesture he would confer on them still fuller academic and selective freedom, and, for fear that will not suffice, sift and sort them out and raise the standard of quality by eugenics and a caste system of student selection.

This is the sort of sublime idiocy issuing out of the most eminent mouths and minds impregnated with the individualistic theory of life and society — filling the front pages of the newspapers and, under gentler and more cultured guise, monopolizing the pages of our so-called highbrow magazines. The test of it all is so simple and so easy that it is ludicrous. Pick up any book or any magazine containing the reflections of a college professor, preacher, or scientist and try, if you can, to discover one who writes to a definite conclusion — who offers a clear-cut solution, or who is not befuddled, hopeless, pessimistic, antichristian, and still singing the old everlasting song of freedom, more freedom, and still more freedom.

## V

Unless a man orders and operates his life according to sanctions outside and above and beyond himself, his spirit sinks like a stone into the dull, ignoble daily routine of earthly existence. He cannot so order his life by merely eliciting from his inner self acts whose only validation is a personal opinion. No matter how ardent and earnest may be his idealism, these acts will not bear the test, in the mass of men, of personal, practical, everyday application.

It is precisely in these dull, daily duties that men fail. A purely human code of ethics is like an inflated gas bag which buoys a man up for brief and thrilling emotional flights. It is quickly punctured when it comes into sharp and piercing contact with the rough and unromantic requirements of social, domestic, business, and spiritual life.

Spiritual growth and development require of a man that he do the things which he does not want to do. It is beyond his own unaided powers to put this principle into practice. Relying solely upon his own interpretations and his own strength, it is inevitable that he shall construct a code which accommodates itself to his weaknesses.

There is no need of debating this question academically. The pragmatic test provides the proof. This is what will happen when the individual pursues the principle of self-determination, because it is precisely what does happen — not necessarily in the last living individual, but in the vast and overwhelming majority of individuals, to-day, yesterday, to-morrow, in all lands, at all times, in all climes, and under all circumstances.

The sectarian mass is not governed by its ethical or idealistic upsoarings, but by the call of convention and convenience, which is the call of the flesh.

The spirit of individual decision is quite obviously a spirit of revolt. It is quite obviously a spirit which makes a virtue out of necessity; and the necessity in this case is personal convenience and indulgence. If it becomes inconvenient to practise a virtue, the virtue is legislated out of existence and a substitute virtue takes its place which permits the personal indulgence and renders it sinless and respectable.

In other words, the spirit of individual decision is nothing more or less than the spirit of the world, and the spirit of the world is more powerful than the edicts of kings and emperors and parliaments, because it is

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built upon that horrible and almost indestructible strength which is the desire and weakness of the human spirit and of human flesh. There is nothing stronger in the world than the human will, and when that will wills to err and justify the error, it is as powerful as Hell and only less powerful than Heaven.

Applying again the simile of volatility, the spirit of religious individualism — which is private judgment, which is pride of intellect, which is the spirit of the world — is as impalpable as poison gas and infinitely more penetrating and deadly. Poison gas kills the body — the invisible gas of intellectual pride sears and destroys the soul. It overturns standards of virtue and induces the individual intellect to accept vicious substitutes with complaisance. It penetrates every nook, corner, and cranny of the social structure and poisons human conduct in all of the relations. It invariably invades the home first and establishes the rule of the flesh between man and wife. It creeps into the secrecy and the sacredness of the nuptial chamber and perverts the primal relation. It enters into the very womb of woman. It defeats the very law of creation. It imposes its own regimen upon the child, rendering it certain that both the human and the spiritual experience of the offspring will be as wretched as that of its parentage.

Again it is not necessary to prove these assertions. They are proven. Society to-day is a network of surrenders, so far as the ancient Christian standards of conduct are concerned. The conveniences substituted by modern life scarcely produce a qualm of doubt and uncertainty. Their most enthusiastic exponents are the fortunate and the presumably intellectual.

The pulpits touch them gingerly. The university professor applauds them openly. Private judgment is in the saddle in both cases. Frequently the pulpiteer and the professor join hands in public. Much more often they agree in private. The mass is tainted, too. But the taint was handed down from above. Everybody who is anybody is liberal now. The hand that holds the surgeon's scalpel does not hesitate to exercise the laws of lordship over life and death. It does not scruple to enter the domain of morals and render a decision under the new code of social convenience and economic necessity. The medical profession in the mass does not believe in the soul, therefore does not hesitate to tamper with what used to be called the soul. The surgeons and the physicians are chiefly of the soulless sectarian school, which means pure pagan, which means that the laws of social convenience and necessity actually do prevail. Contraception, eugenics, euthanasia — who is so old-fashioned as to dispute them now, or who, on sectarian grounds, could possibly justify such a dispute?

## VI

There is probably no slightest hint of suspicion in the mind of any sectarian scholar laboring to-day in laboratory, library, or school, that he is not an absolutely free agent, whose findings are untainted by any ulterior or distracting element. Religion with him is usually so remote from the subject of his research, so thin and attenuated a thread in the warp and woof of his thought, that he would be apt to reject with indignation the suggestion that it might color or control his scholarship.

And yet it is as plain a fact on the face of society as is the nose on his distinguished countenance that the entire body of sectarian scholarship

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to-day bears the unmistakable stamp of its origin, both in content and in conclusions. As long as it deals merely with objective things — with the physical sciences, in particular — modern research is filled with as fine and fiery a zeal for accuracy as the world of study has ever known. It is not necessary to catalogue its triumphs, because all men know them, and in these instances the fatal taint of sectarianism leaves the intellectual product unmarred.

But the moment the investigator enters upon the domain of man, the inscrutable, the process of inhibition begins to manifest itself. The long and honorable roster of savants whose names have graced the sciences and the arts for the past several centuries comprehends a list of distinguished men whose output is just as unmistakable in its Protestantism or infidelity as they accuse the alternative school of being mediæval, scholastic, and reactionary. The scholastic, the sectarian feels, is cabined, cribbed, and confined by his superstitions. He, the agnostic, has no superstitions. Therefore his scholarship is free to scour the sciences for truth.

This is the innocent myopia of which we have spoken, which befogs the world to-day. If there be superstition or prior commitment to a conception in the one case, there is a superstition infinitely more coarse and brutal, and a prior commitment infinitely more warping, in the other. The one is at least couched in terms of nobility and beauty and bears no results which are not also noble and beautiful. The other inevitably degrades and brutalizes the image of man. It inevitably divides its members and destroys its votaries and its victims — the unschooled and unlettered mass. Its output is not merely of a standardized sameness in all the arts and all the sciences, but it is of a standardized monotony in the type of thinking which it produces. The rotarian intellect is not rotarian primarily because it is a middle-class mind of restricted observation and experience. The rotarian is a rotarian because he is the heir and product of several centuries of strictly sectarian, mediocre thinking.

The fiery Southerner who has recourse to lynchings and burnings is not nearly so much acting upon the impulses of a fiery Southerner as he is a sectarian following the behests of a misdirected individualism which bids him take the law into his own hands and out of the hands of the courts, when a seeming exigency requires it.

It is well-nigh incredible that the general mind can have escaped a realization of the universal ugliness which has issued out of religious individualism. Every single social aberration, insanity, or inanity which has manifested itself in several hundred years has borne the birthmark of irrational sectarian thinking. Almost invariably those follies and tragedies have been proudly proclaimed as great progressive movements. Individual sectarian action is frequently simple, sane, and sweet. Mass action is nearly always banal, grotesque, and unlovely. It has produced millions of lopsided mentalities, whose social experiments have almost invariably gone awry, because they have laid too much or too little emphasis on this, that, or the other tendency in human nature, or this, that, or the other Scriptural interpretation.

From Darwin to Volstead, religious individualism has continuously been engaged in discovering something about man — something which invariably turned out to be untrue, and which warped and wrecked countless lives before it was discredited and

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discarded. Darwin was one of the elect who felt himself so freed from the old onus of responsibility to the supernatural that the output of his intellect was certain to be pure science and therefore pure objective truth. Ernst Haeckel was another who was filled with scorn for the scholastics. Coming down to most modern times, Henry Fairfield Osborn was another, and Lothrop Stoddard still another. And they all bore and bear the earmarks of their cultural handicap and intellectual inhibitions so clearly that nothing but the strabismus of sectarianism could possibly fail to discern it. The control and dominance of the inhibition, instead of lessening, grows more pronounced as the years pass and Protestantism becomes, as it believes, more liberal and generous.

Thus, the patron saints of the new learning at the present moment in interpreting man's mind are men of the type of Wells and Van Loon. And yet every page or chapter they write of the history or constitution of men and of nations is so obviously biased that none but the closed minds of sectarianism could possibly give it attic room.

That is perhaps one of the most destructive phases of the sectarian outlook — that it chloroforms the sensibilities, destroys the sense of values, blunts the perceptions, and lowers the standards, not merely of the mass, but of those who in other respects might be called cultured.

Religious individualism has all of the fickleness and contrariety of the mob spirit. It even has its little spells of sane thinking — quickly followed by the pursuit of passion.

In one breath it clamors for the separation of Church and State; in the next it deifies the State by erecting the principle of the divine right of kings or the divine right of the people. It is so ignorant of its own operations that, in spite of most recent history in England and Germany, it interprets the divine right of kings as a mediæval philosophy. Failing — as it always fails — to lift the morals of the mass, it invariably turns to the State for aid, and endeavors to enforce virtue by legislation, as in the attempts to prohibit liquor, and the more recent attempt to prohibit learning.

This manifestation, of course, is not an espousal of the divine right of kings, but of the divine right of man, as first proclaimed by Rousseau, and reasserted from Protestant pulpits in ten thousand varied and varying forms ever since. In criminology the relegation of the moral responsibility to group or individual interpretation logically ultimates in lynch law. In the administration of law the sectarian professes a pious belief that his courts are sanctioned from on high. Actually, he tends more and more toward a contempt of courts and the origin of their power, and may yet refer all of their decisions to a referendum.

Instinctively, naturally, and necessarily, he is 'against' authority, whether it be in the courts, in his executives, in his home, or in himself.

In matters of sex, the sectarian spirit has induced the almost universal adoption or condonance of contraception. Marriage it has, of course, stripped of everything savoring of the supernatural and the sacramental — reducing it, as it is rapidly reducing every other human relation, to the mood and the whim of the individual.

In literature — having no solution for the riddle of life — it concerns itself with phases and aspects, and the relations of individuals, rarely with life itself, and the conclusions of life. In poetry it gravitates between the sweetly sentimental and the abstruse and incoherent.

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Like sectarian religion, sectarian literature is in deadly fear of conclusions. It can tell what happened to a group by reason of social conditions, but it cannot tell what created the conditions, or how they are to be cured. Only the occasional master, like Conrad, has running through all of his works the ominous note of a common doom of humanity when wedded to the earth.

In art the most recent and triumphant expression is a complete contempt of form and a descent into chaos, which leaves the onlooker bewildered and hopeless of interpretation.

It is not necessary to go beyond the mad incoherence of free verse, the incoherence of the modern novel, the incoherence of modern art, and the incoherence of modern religious thought, to realize that, so far as the soul of man is concerned, modern society is quite completely and hopelessly mad.

If sectarianism ever has the courage to confront itself with its own colossal and tragic failures and admit that they involve the annihilation of existing civilization, only two courses are open. It must either maintain the sufficiency of churchlessness and creedlessness when properly administered for the salvation of society, or go over to Rome, en masse. It will never do the latter, and so, humanly speaking, there is no solution. If society is dependent for its salvation upon the Christian dispensation, and if the sectarian idea is to dominate and be carried to its last anarchic conclusion, then society is indubitably doomed.

## VII

This thesis may well conclude by reverting to the lighter tone with which it opened and considering for a moment one of the amusing dispositions which nearly always asserts itself in the discussion of American citizenship as affected by religious affiliation. The assumption underlying nearly every challenge to the Americanism of Roman Catholics is that the same suspicion cannot possibly attach to those who do not adhere to Catholicism. By some strange species of divine right, all sectarians are born nationalists of purest ray serene. Their position is not only unassailable — it is the definition and the test of patriotism.

Precisely the same bland assumption of proprietary right has, at one time or another, been advanced in every one of the so-called Christian Western nations and even in some nations of the East.

Those who disagree with the Catholic Church are self-constituted custodians of true nationalism and true patriotism, from whom nothing antinational can possibly proceed. It is a sweetly simple and soothing conception, but unhappily it carries in its train some other elements or consequences not quite so comforting or pretty.

The principle which constitutes the sectarian the patriot par excellence is the principle of allegiance only to himself, so frequently cited in these pages. He is not disturbed or distracted by any obligation, spiritual or otherwise, outside of himself, and can presumably dedicate himself without let, hindrance, or qualification to the nation which sires and the government which rules him.

Unhappily this beautiful picture begins to blur the more closely it is examined. Precisely the same principle which permits the individual to define his spiritual, moral, and patriotic duties for himself leads him, as we have tried to illustrate, into other licenses and declarations which,

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upon not infrequent occasions, become distinctly antinational.

One of them, frequently carrying calamitous consequences, is the so-called divine right of insurrection, a purely Protestant invention. Another is the divine right of kings, also of Protestant origin and practice. Another is the so-called divine right of the individual, which probably had its birth in the irreligious philosophies of the French Revolution. There are numerous other pseudo-divine rights, almost always accompanied in their expression by rebellion, bloodshed, and rapine.

All these threats to pure citizenship are not merely possible only to sectarianism — they are among its proudest prerogatives, ofttimes celebrated in flamboyant song and story. The benighted Catholic may not share in their bloody glory. He, luckless wight, is restrained by something outside of and above himself — an articulate and definitive and even a doctrinal and dogmatic God who restrains him from cutting off the heads of kings, shooting down the populace, overturning the State, sacking, slaughtering, and building barricades at the dubious summons of a highly debatable battle cry of freedom.

The Catholic may rise and do battle only with divine sanction — only when obeying the obligation laid upon him by the divine dictum of rendering unto God the things which are God's and unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. He has no divine right of rebellion based on purely human tenets. Only when his God is affronted and his conscience assailed may he rebel against the State — and even then he is compelled to patience even unto persecution, proscription, violence, and death.

The sectarian's decisions are not referable to any alien spiritual superior, therefore those decisions are presumably always in consonance with the purest patriotism. But, if his decisions are not referable to a higher spiritual authority, to whom or to what are they referable? To the opinion of the individual patriot, of course. But opinion, even when grandiosely described as conscience, wears many guises when it operates in the sphere of civics or citizenship or partisanship or nationalism. Sometimes it seems to function as sheer selfishness. Sometimes it is an ambition for power spuriously operating as patriotism. Sometimes it is sheer demagogy.

Chameleon-like, the individual patriot conscience can and does accommodate itself to all of these colorings. But it frequently ceases to be conscience when so functioning. It bears strange and sometimes deadly fruits; as, for instance, when it hangs and burns under the urge of lynch law, or cuts and kills and slaughters as a supposedly beneficent communism, or robs and expropriates as socialism, or assassinates as radicalism.

Sectarianism, or the regulation of civic allegiance by way of the individual opinion or conscience, undoubtedly has done and continues to do all these things. And yet it is to be considered immune from questioning as to the purity of its motives and its acts. Only the Catholic is to be suspect in his patriotism. Is there not a slight hint of Pharisee-ism here which will bear further examination both from the standpoint of history and from that of philosophical speculation?

Which of the two types has been most distinctly and savagely antinational throughout the centuries?

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# LITERATURE AND MODERN LIFE

BY PAUL SHOREY

## I

No preface or protest will save an essay or a speaker from misunderstanding. A few hours after an address which I made on this subject, one of my audience, meeting me with a *Saturday Evening Post* under my arm, was as shocked as if he had caught his 'dry' Congressman in conference with his bootlegger. Yet I had said nothing that precluded me from reading the *Saturday Evening Post* or Mencken or Dreiser or Sherwood Anderson or Aldous Huxley or Vachel Lindsay or Ben Hecht or Joyce or Frank Swinnerton or H. G. Wells or D. H. Lawrence or Floyd Dell or even Bernard Shaw or any other notoriety of to-day or yesterday that happened to excite my curiosity or engage my interest or respond to the mood of the moment. My admonition was directed to those who read nothing else but the best-advertised current literature and make it the staple of their thought and the attuner of their feelings.

My sermon was addressed to undergraduates who neglect the irrecoverable opportunity of four years of leisure for acquiring a literary background and perspective and taking possession of some portion of the precious inheritance that has been accumulating for them since Homer first 'smote 'is blooming lyre' and the lawgiver of the Hebrews wrote, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'

I was preaching to my friends who live in in-a-door apartments and in whose very select libraries I often find no book earlier than 1910, as Mark Twain said that a good Southern library contains no book later than 1860.

But I realize the futility of this caveat. The student journal of my own university severely declared a few years ago that the nature of Professor Shorey's studies makes it impossible for him to appreciate or sympathize with modern thought. Yet I preach conservatism mainly because, though the ordinary Main Street American does not yet vote red, all intellectual America reads and talks pink. The clichés and commonplaces of modern radicalism, or liberalism, if this is the fairer word, are inculcated weekly in all the literary reviews without exception, and in at least ninety-nine out of a hundred of all university lectures and addresses. We never hear anything else. It can do us no harm to listen for once to a few qualifications of them.

Literature and life is a favorite topic of heavy-weight philosophers of history and light-armed belletristic feuilletonists. The philosopher steps in after the fact and proves that every literature must have been just what it was because of the economic, social, and political soil in which it was rooted. Literature is simply a by-product of superorganic evolution, they say. Man, says Taine, secretes literature as the silkworm spins its cocoon.

They proceed to correlate the epic



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with an abstraction called the heroic age, generalized from Homer, the *Chanson de Roland*, *Beowulf*, the *Nibelungenlied*, and the *Edda*, with total disregard of the quality that makes the *Iliad* the world's greatest poem. They show how the courts of the tyrants and the life of the Greek colonies that fringed the Mediterranean inevitably replaced the epic by personal and choral lyric. They demonstrate that the city-state of Athens and the London of Shakespeare were the predestined cradle of the drama; and they have no difficulty in proving that the novel is the natural vehicle for the portrayal and criticism of modern life.

The prophets of a new and different American literature, and Walt Whitman, their later mouthpiece, proclaimed that all European art was undemocratic, feudal, monarchical, petty, obsolete, and predicted that the untrammeled democracy of America would create a literature as much broader and sturdier as America's prairies are wider, its rivers longer, its mountains higher, its buffaloes shaggier. It is a pretty game; but, whether it be science or pseudoscience, I need not stop to play it or criticize it further here.

No less fertile and ingenious in suggestion are the literary critics. They sometimes start from the thesis that literature and literary criticism have no appreciable influence on the life of the great mass of mankind. Literature is the affair of select, but small and, except to themselves, insignificant coteries. This entertaining paradox was frequently sustained by such French critics as Anatole France and Jules Lemaître, and found echoes in England and America. 'What in the name of the Bodleian has the general public to do with literature?' exclaimed Mr. Augustine Birrell. And Mr. Mencken, in his disdain of democratic 'boobery,' abounds in the same sense, though the books that he rebukes the public for neglecting are not on the same shelf of the Bodleian with those that constitute real literature for Mr. Birrell.

Under the pen of a ready writer this self-depreciation of the littérateur assumes an engaging air of modesty. How should I, he seems to say, a mere scribbler, flatter myself that I can influence the conduct of the great mob of dollar-chasers and breadwinners to whom the name of the author is as unimportant as it is to the adapter of a film continuity, and who, if they read at all, read not to criticize life, but to escape from it and kill time?

It is love and hunger and the pursuit of wealth, votes, and power that make the world go round, and the writer of books is only the fly on the wheel, the cock who thought he crowed the sun up. The course of history is determined by deep-seated social and economic forces, not by sentences out of books. This depressing view of his own insignificance may overcome any writer in his discouraged moods. Plato himself asked, 'What man would choose to be Homer the singer if he might be Homer's hero, Achilles the doer?'

Tennyson cries: —

> Ah, God! the petty fools of rhyme,
> That shriek and sweat in pygmy wars
> Before the stony face of Time
> And looked at by the silent stars.

And Kipling in his last book, *A Diversity of Creatures*, moralizes: —

> What man hears aught except the groaning guns?
> What man heeds aught save what each instant brings?
> When each man's life all imaged life outruns,
> What man shall pleasure in imaginings?
> So it hath fallen as it was bound to fall,
> We are not, nor we were not, heard at all.

An amusing inversion of this thesis is Oscar Wilde's paradox that life imitates literature and not literature

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life. There are fashions in complexions, stature, and conversation, as well as in gowns; and in both cases they are often dictated to life by art and literature, not copied from it. Gibson and Beardsley created the Gibson and the Beardsley girls. For many years French boulevard fiction determined the ideals of all Latin youths who would be devils of fellows, and of the young gallants of all Latin America, Russia, and the minor European nationalities. Pierre Loti's novel, *Les Désenchantées*, is an interesting example of this reverse French. Loti thought he was expressing the life of the new Turkish women and the new freedom of Constantinople. He was in fact writing up a hoax played upon him by three cosmopolitan dames of Constantinople who had read the books which record his other adventures in this kind. And yet, so intricate are the interactions of literature and life, this very book, based on an unreality, went into two hundred and twenty thousand copies and did much to further the cause of the emancipation of Turkish women.

## II

These and other variations on the theme might be reduced to two heads — the attempt to make the study of literature a science, and the endeavor to free literature from all social responsibilities, all obligations to conventional decencies and traditional moralities.

With the pseudoscience, which makes much of the teaching of English literature a pretentious futility, we are not further concerned here. But the other topic, in its various ramifications, is the indispensable prelude to what I intend to be my main text — the cumulative effect of our habitual reading on our lives. All philosophies of literature that overlook or deny this influence stand in the way of any serious consideration of it. Take, for example, the entertaining topic of fashion in literature, on which I have in my barrel a perfectly good Phi Beta Kappa oration, though not so good as Mr. Galsworthy's clever skit, 'Time, Tides and Taste.' Some of the world's keenest critics have said that they know of only one established law in the 'science' of literature, — the law of the reaction of the sons against the taste of the fathers, — a law illustrated, for example, in well-known scenes of Aristophanes' *Clouds* and Thackeray's *Newcomes*. There are undoubtedly fashions in speech, philosophy, scholarship, and medicine — to which last, satirists from Molière to Alphonse Daudet, Bernard Shaw, and Jules Romains have done ample justice — as there are fashions in art, music, dancing, girls and girls' names, and Bohemian restaurants. Matthew Arnold cites as too ludicrous for criticism Pope's translation of the moonlight scene in Homer, which Tytler, writing in 1790, selects to show how nobly Pope has improved on his original. A heroine of Jane Austen is 'driven wild' by 'those exquisite verses of Cowper' which would leave a flapper of 1928 'more than usual calm.' From hundreds of like instances it would be easy to infer the absolute relativity of all literary tastes and judgments, with the practical conclusion that no literary criticism is of the slightest use. We need not select our own or guide our children's reading. We have only to follow the fashion in the lists of best sellers. Plausible as a clever writer can make the argument, the conclusion revolts common sense.

A well-known aphorism of a German materialist runs: 'Der Mensch ist was er isst,' or, in the vernacular, 'It's eats that win the battle of life.' But in speaking of or to the college-bred it would be more pertinent to say that what you've read makes your head.

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There are plenty of exceptions, but, broadly speaking, the dependence of culture upon reading still holds for the student in an American university of the Middle West. As Tom Corey says in Howells's *Rise of Silas Lapham*, speaking of bookless Americans, 'They are not unintelligent people, they are very quick and they are shrewd and sensible. I have no doubt that some of the Sioux Indians are so. But that is not saying that they are civilized. All civilization comes through literature now, especially in our country. A Greek got his civilization by talking and looking [Howells is evidently thinking of a passage of Macaulay about Athenian education, too long to quote]; in some measure a Parisian may still do it. But we who live remote from history and monuments, we must read or we must barbarize.'

Other theories that would emancipate literature from all responsibilities and controls, and relieve us from the burdens of choice and guidance, are the apologies for realism, the repeal of reticence, the assertion of the sacrosanct right of the artist to follow his own inspiration or caprice, and, summing them all up, the flat denial that literature has anything to do with morals or that society has any right to censor or a conservative critic to censure.

These theories are, so to speak, interlocking directorates and need not be kept sharply apart. The initial fallacy of the realists, or, as they sometimes call themselves, the veritists, seems to be the assumption that only the ugly is real, and that the seamy side should always be turned outward. There is a profounder philosophy in the warning of Keats, Ruskin, and Alfred de Musset that in the deeper sense nothing is real or true that is not beautiful. That is not mere sentimentality; at the wedding of Cadmus and Harmonia — of letters and harmony, let us say — the Greek muses sang, 'That which is lovely we love, and that which is ugly we love not.' Whether the sense of beauty refers us to a Platonic idea that 'sweetly torments us with invitations to its inaccessible home,' or whether it be a God-given instinct or only a by-product of superorganic evolution, — whatever, in short, our theory of its origin, — the instantaneous and peremptory perception of beauty is the surest sign we have that something is right and true, as the shock of the ugly is the most certain warning that something is false and in the highest sense unreal. An unbeautiful fashion in literature is self-condemned and cannot escape damnation by the trick of calling the characteristic the beautiful or exhorting us to 'face the facts.' What facts are most significant is the very question. 'God defend me,' says Emerson, paraphrasing Plato, 'from ever looking at man as an animal.' But the pseudoscientific doctors who deduce their criticism of life from biology tell us that we ought to think more and not less of our animal nature and origins, that we ought to gloat and brood on the subject as Christian novices were taught to meditate the life of Christ — and they have converted the poets. 'Open my eyes to vision,' prays Mr. Untermeyer, 'but always let me see the dirt and all that spawn and die in it.' 'Behind the hedge of cactus the smell of a dead horse mingles with the smell of tamales frying,' writes Mr. Fletcher, and Miss Amy Lowell comments, 'I have heard it objected that tamales are never fried — as a matter of fact, that is so, but is not the soul of Spain in that poem?' That is, never mind the facts; if it only smells bad enough, it is realism.

The allied topic of 'the repeal of reticence' is not easy to discuss, because to talk of it at all is to violate the

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principle of reticence and lose the touch we talk of. For the rest, the common sense of the matter has been so conclusively declared by Cicero and Quintilian and scores of successors down to Lowell, O. W. Holmes, and Howells that further elaboration of the argument would be unprofitable. This is not the first or the second time that fashion has tried to banish decency from literature, and the effects on literature have never been encouraging. The joke, if it is one, soon grows stale. Back in 1683, in the days of Charles II of licentious memory, Shadwell wrote: —

> The gloss is gone that looked at first so gaudy.
> 'T is now no jest to hear young girls talk bawdy.

Or, as a recent epigram puts it: 'Now they have found they can talk about everything, they don't talk about anything else.' If the canon of Victorian literature was 'Thou shalt not shock a young lady,' the slogan of to-day might seem to be 'Thou canst not shock a young lady.' I have no license or authority to preach. It is the cheapness, the ease, the triviality, the tiresomeness of the thing that justify a protest. Anybody can talk or write sex. It is the line of least resistance. And the habit not only, as Burns implies, 'hardens a' within, and petrifies the feeling,' but it monopolizes the attention and distracts the mind from the infinite variety of better things — better things to talk about, at any rate. Not of any practitioner of the new 'frankness' will it ever be said, as Sir Rennell Rodd wrote of Tennyson: —

> Never a girl in England, or in England over the sea,
> But wakes to her life's first love-dream sweetlier souled for thee.

The passionate assertion of the artist's independence, his right to treat any subject in any way, will always win the favor and excite the fervor of the artist himself. 'I have as much right to write of Chicago as Dante of Florence,' cacophonously exclaims somewhere the bard of the hog butcher for the world. To which the aptest answer is that of Socrates to Polus in Plato's *Gorgias:* 'It would be monstrous if in the city where there is most license of all the world you were not allowed to say what you please. But it would be equally unfair to deny me the right of not listening.'

## III

The absolute right of the author to liberty of prophesying was first emphatically proclaimed by the French, German, and English poets of the romantic revolution. His genius, his inspiration, his personality, were the only laws to which the artist owed allegiance, and to thwart, control, or in any way interfere with their impulsions was the sin against the Holy Ghost. The realists invoke the human and democratic equality of all subjects and all styles for the same purpose.

Lastly came the Italian philosopher and critic, Croce, whose followers, from his assumption that all art is expression, deduce the conclusion that the successful expression of the ugly is beautiful, the convincing expression of the trivial is significant, and the intense expression of the immoral is moral.

The net outcome of these and similar philosophies of criticism is that affirmation of the autonomy and self-determination of literature which is the entire stock in trade of the most conspicuous school of present-day critics and reviewers. All other laws, duties, truths, and obligations are subject to exceptions and doubt. But the right of the literary artist to disregard all possible social, moral, political consequences of his teaching, and consult only his genius, his inspiration, his

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caprice, is the one stable point in a Heraclitean and Einsteinian universe of relativity and *panta rhei*.

The contrary view, the necessity of some form of social control of art and literature, whether by law or by public opinion, is first and most impressively maintained in Plato's *Laws* and *Republic*, and then by a long line of successors whose arguments I cannot even summarize here.

In America the discussion has degenerated into a logomachy and issued in a deadlock because of the persistent refusal to make elementary and indispensable distinctions. The ground constantly shifts without warning from the abstract right of social control to the expediency of advertising a particular indecent or scurrilous novel by persecution.

It is the systematic tactics of radical critics to treat all expressions of disapproval and all deprecation of the abuse of the freedom of literature as a proposal to invoke the secular arm. But nowhere in this discussion do I intend to suggest the censorship of literature by the police. I speak solely of the preferences and discriminations of individual taste, and the legitimate exercise of personal influence. Mr. Mencken talks recklessly of libraries that burn the works of Miss Jane Addams and ban beautiful books that speak frankly of sex, and he tells of librarians intimidated by the town parson and the American Legion or the mayor. There may be a few other such villages besides Chicago. But in the country as a whole the balance inclines far the other way. The banning of one indecent or antipatriotic or irreligious book raises a hue and cry throughout the land. But nobody pays any attention to the fact that the reading commended to the attention of the young by libraries, university reference shelves, and book reviews is in a steadily increasing proportion erotic, revolutionary, antinational, socialistic, amoral or immoral — radical, in short, in its suggestions when not in its direct teachings. And the most pertinent fact in my experience of American freedom of speech is that I could not without giving deep offense criticize soberly and seriously Miss Addams's published works now on the reference shelves of the Chicago Public Library or speak in Denver a paragraph which I have cut out from this paper, about a Denver author whose works I found well-thumbed in the women's dormitory of a Southern college.

Now the common but often overlooked cause of these contradictions and diversities of opinion is the simple fact that nearly all current literary criticism, discussion, and reviewing of books expresses the point of view of the producers of literature, of the authors and the publishers. But what chiefly concerns us as readers, parents, and teachers is the interest of the consumer. The two may sometimes, but need not always, coincide. The world of literature is open to the reader, and an old book, if it meets his needs, is as good as one published yesterday. It is the writer who is jealous of the competition of the dead hand. The normal, the classic, the familiar technique of story telling, dramatic composition, poetic rhythm and diction, combined with wholesome matter, is to the average reader as good as, and for the child in school better than, the latest tricks and fashions of art. It is the practising novelist, dramatist, or poet who cares more for what he may learn from the latest experiments than for all old fashions and procedures that have stood the test of time. And so it comes to pass that the loan library of a great American university hands out to young girls the unspeakable soliloquies of the nastiest of Irish novels that

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blasphemes the name of Homer. Is it not an example of the modern technique of the 'stream of thought' on which Mrs. Gerould descants in the *Literary Review?*

So of book reviews. The reader wishes a review to inform him of the contents and character of a book, and to pass a reasonable judgment on its merit from the point of view of common sense and accepted traditions and standards. The reviewer desires to display his own talent, to support a propaganda, to flatter a friend or depreciate an enemy. The reader's interest is to discover, in spite of misleading reviews and untrustworthy advertisements, some of the many sane and well-written books that have not won popular vogue and are virtually unknown. The publisher's temptation is to force upon all readers the books that have reached the rank of best sellers, which are not always, or even usually, the best books. For no reasonable person can maintain that there is to-day any presumption that the best-advertised and best-selling books are the best. Take the novels that we read. For example, Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman's *A Man of Little Faith* is unquestionably a better novel than the far more notorious *Elmer Gantry*. It is a true, penetrating, faithful, and sincere, if not entirely friendly, study of the problems that embarrass the minister of the ordinary American Protestant church in our age of transition and readjustment. It is not, like Mr. Sinclair Lewis's best seller, a venomous and irresponsible caricature.

So in the field of literary criticism all my students know Mr. Mencken. Few of them are acquainted with Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie or Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, not to go back to Andrew Lang and Matthew Arnold and Leslie Stephen, and not one of them has heard of Mr. Gosse. But no intelligent person who had read both Mr. Gosse and Mr. Mencken could have any doubt which is the more edifying and in the end the more profitable and interesting reading. Everybody is acquainted with Mr. Norman Angell's sophistries; how few have ever heard of Mr. Coulton's *Main Illusions of Pacificism* in which they are exposed. The radical propagandas of Mr. H. G. Wells spread throughout the world. Nobody heeds the splendidly eloquent reply to them of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

In short, quite apart from the counsel of perfection that is supposed to bid us to read only the greater classics, there is another consideration of more direct practical significance which we disregard. Both in our reading of contemporaries and in our selection from the literature of the past we prefer the sensational, the flashy, the paradoxical, the irrational, the flimsy writers to the reasonable, well-informed, judicious, fair-minded thinkers who did not happen to achieve the front page with murderers and bandits, but whom a little inquiry would enable us to discover. One of the best-informed American critics recently permitted himself to compare Godwin, Shelley's disreputable father-in-law, with Plato. But nobody tells a young man how much more profitably, and, if he has any intelligence, more pleasantly, he would be employed in reading Sir James Mackintosh's *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy* than in the study of Mr. Durant's *Story of Philosophy*. Current criticism exalts Thoreau above Emerson and above Lowell, whom it rarely mentions without a sneer. But the undergraduate who read Lowell would receive a liberal education in English and comparative literature. The reading of Thoreau might quicken his sensibility for nature, but otherwise would do little for him except confirm him in

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moods of fruitless revolt and sentimentality. This does not mean that you should not read Thoreau and his kind. Read him if he appeals to you. But read also Lowell's essay on him, and reflect. Don't accept on faith and parrot the radical formulas of the New York weeklies.

## IV

But to return to the literature of the day and the opposition between the consumer's and the producer's interest. The reader, and still more the parent and teacher, may rightly consider the moral influence and spiritual tone of the books that are to color his own imagination and determine the direction of his children's thoughts. The writer fiercely resents the slightest hint of restriction on the caprices of his inspiration, on his right to paint the world as he sees it, and to propagate whatever his mood holds for truth without regard to any consequences to his readers or society. Whatever exceptions may be taken to some of these antitheses, whatever possible reconciliations may be found for them, the broad fact of the opposition between the two points of view remains. It is fundamental to any serious discussion of the relation of literature to the actual human life of the great mass of readers.

In current discussion everything is made to turn on the question of censorship and the regulation of our reading by the police. The arguments are familiar to weariness: the principles of Milton's *Areopagitica* and the indignity of prescribing to free spirits, the impossibility of finding a censor whom we can trust, the futility of advertising sensationalism and indecency by the very endeavor to suppress them. I shall evade these tiresome repetitions by not considering the question of official censorship at all. But our right to select and to censor our own and our children's reading will hardly be challenged by the most radical denouncer of American puritanism and hypocrisy. It is not only a right, but, so far as we can have duties toward ourselves, a duty. The choice of our reading in its cumulative effect year after year is no slight matter; and most of us always and all of us sometimes allow it to be determined for us with incredible levity. 'A man's life of each day,' said Matthew Arnold, 'depends for its solidity and value on whether he read during that day, and far more still, on what he reads during it.' 'Do you know,' asks Ruskin, 'if you read this you cannot read that? — that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid when you may talk with queens and kings . . . or . . . jostle with the common crowd for entrance here and audience there while all the while this eternal court is open to you?' But familiar to satiety as we are with these admonitions and exhortations of eloquent essayists on books and reading, we manage our own reading as if we had never heard of them.

This is not intended as a pedantic counsel of perfection, that we should read only classics or works on the list of the hundred best books or on President Eliot's five-foot shelf. It is as permissible to read for entertainment or escape or even to kill time as it is to use the movies, bridge, or solitaire for a like purpose. Ruskin himself makes ample allowance for the literature of firm fact telling and portrayal of contemporary life. And there is the further consideration, developed by Mr. Balfour and by the late Mr. Payne in an essay on hypocrisy in literature, and abused by the new pedagogy, that we sometimes like to be fed from a low crib, and that we learn more from and may be more stimulated by the literature that is

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nearer the habitual tone and level of our own thoughts. We cannot always breathe on the heights; even Lowell once wrote, 'The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness.' Supreme literature sometimes affects us as the marbles of the Parthenon did Keats: —

> My spirit is too weak, mortality
> Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep.

But, all these allowances granted, it remains true that lifelong habituation to the winnowed and sifted best of the world's literary inheritance brings its sure and ever acceleratingly increased reward in the clarification of our ideas, the ennobling of feeling, the refinement of sentiment, and the self-companionship of a mind stored with high thoughts and gracious and beautiful images.

In a world where final happiness so often eludes the convulsive grasp of our more ambitious strivings, is it not folly to neglect so sure and certain a provision for a happy old age as this?

It is dangerous to argue from a metaphor. But the comparison of our reading to food is a real analogy which might be developed, wit or fancy aiding, with balanced ration — whole-wheat bread, made dishes, sauces, condiments, pepper, and sweets. Books are, in the inscription over the Berlin Library, *nutrimentum spiritus*. But there is this difference between ideas and food, says Plato, that you can take home food in a vessel and eat it or leave it as prudence and the advice of a physician determine; but ideas you take at once into the vessel of the mind, which is helped or hurt by them. As Lowell puts it, —

> For reading new books is like eating new bread:
> One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
> Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.

But, to drop metaphor and come to grips with the simple facts, the literary artist may prefer to read new books to learn the latest tricks of technique. An inquisitive elderly or middle-aged mind may indulge its discursive curiosity with no great harm. The scholar, stabilized by heavy ballast of better reading, may safely explore these waters to prove himself an adventurous spirit or learn why the people imagine vain things. But why should the mass of educated men and women, or those students whose reading will still exercise a formative influence on intelligence and character, feed their minds exclusively or mainly on the innutritious, if sometimes stimulating, confections of contemporaneous literature? Of any contemporaneous literature, but especially that of an age of jazz or transition and disintegration? Why, above all, should we encourage or allow such literature to preoccupy the attention and the memory of high-school and collegiate youth?

One of my brightest pupils, who, however, cannot write clear, unaffected English, has read all of Anatole France's clever and charming, if you please, but sex-spiced, incoherent, leering, sneering, ironical novels. He has never read a word of the novels that constitute Howells's American *Comédie humaine*, the English of which alone would have served his education better than a score of courses in the improvisation of daily themes. And another too much advertised undergraduate admirer of Anatole France may be presumed to have meditated on the great sentence in the *Jardin d'Épicure:* 'C'est beau, un beau crime.' Others have all the catchwords of Nietzsche, Freud, and Schopenhauer's lightest and most cynical essays at their tongue's end, but have never read a line of John Stuart Mill. Mill is out of fashion — there is no other reason. For there is quite certainly no better, saner, more edifying, instructive, disciplinary, and

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formative reading available for a young man to-day than the four volumes of Mill's *Essays* and *Dissertations*. Others have read Mr. G. B. Shaw's mountebank preface to *Androcles and the Lion*, but have never heard of the nobler treatment of the conflict of Christianity and Paganism in Corneille's *Polyeucte* or read Arnold's penetrating essay on 'Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment.' They know Professor Murray's fantastic *Rise of the Greek Epic*, but not Arnold's basic essay, 'On Translating Homer.' Others are alive to an allusion to Spoon River or Amy Lowell or Vachel Lindsay, but do not react to a latent quotation from Tennyson, Milton, or Shakespeare. The dozen volumes of John Morley, replete with thought, instruction, and suggestion, are *terra incognita* — they think you are referring to the estimable Christopher Morley. It would be tragic, were it not comedy of the kind portrayed in Howells's literary conversation between an uncle and a niece who had never heard of the *Spectator* or Leigh Hunt. The uncle admits, 'I can't stand Ben Jonson at all,' to which she replies, 'Oh, yes, *Rasselas*. I'm quite with you there about Ben Jonson — too much Johnson, you know.' At which the uncle in turn looks blank; and, as Howells wrote a few years ago, the younger readers will be baffled by the antiquity of the allusion, as the uncle was by its then contemporaneity.

The retort is too cheap and easy that this is just fathers and sons over again, and that I am enacting the rôle of Horace's 'Laudator temporis acti se puero,' of Colonel Newcome, and of 'Old English.' But the true spirit of the classicist's teaching and the answer to the modernist's gibe are summed up in Mr. Chesterton's antithesis, 'Tradition does not mean that the living are dead, but that the dead are alive.' And even to-day Virgil and Horace have quickened the sense of poetry in more minds than any living poet.

I am acquainted with both fashions and am as weary as anybody of what was merely temporary fashion in Victorian literature. But the tyranny of present fashion prevents our young people from giving the good older literature that has survived, and by which they might profit, a chance. The fault is not theirs; it is in the teachers, the reference shelves in their courses, the open shelves of the public library, and the dispensaries of up-to-date literature only.

## V

To estimate literature by the residuum of knowledge, common sense, and sane habits of thought that it deposits in the mind will seem a crude criterion to the craftsman, interested only in the progress of technique, or to the Utopian, indifferent to everything but the propaganda of his world-saving idea. But it is one perfectly reasonable test to apply to the reading of the undergraduate, or to your own reading, so long as you still regard it as contributing to the moulding of your mind. Concede all that is claimed for the superior artistry and stimulating power of the fashionable books of the day. They are certainly less instructive than their predecessors. I mean something very simple. An ambitious French youth who had mastered his Taine, his Sainte-Beuve, and his Renan would know a great deal more history, literature, and philosophy than one who had steeped himself in Anatole France and Remy de Gourmont — or, I am tempted to say, who had run through all the hundreds of authors mentioned in René Lalou's *Histoire de la littérature française contemporaine*. An American youth who had assimilated the entire contents of Lowell's writings, or, to take a living author, of Paul Elmer

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More's *Shelburne Essays*, would be better prepared for serious university work in English and comparative literature than one who had dabbled in all the authors selected for overpraise in Van Doren's *American and British Literature since 1890*.

What would a reader who had at his fingers' ends, I will not say Amy Lowell or the laureate of Spoon River, but so excellent, so varied, so human, so expressive a poet as John Masefield — what would such a reader know as compared with one who fully understood his Tennyson or his Browning? What would a wilderness of Ben Hechts, D. H. Lawrences, Scott Fitzgeralds, Sherwood Andersons, and Aldous Huxleys teach an undergraduate compared with what he might learn from the nine volumes of the real Huxley's collected essays, or the writings of Leslie Stephen or Matthew Arnold? Concede the doubtful proposition that Mr. Dreiser in *An American Tragedy* has at last produced a masterpiece. What will collegiate youth learn from the time-wasting perusal of its nine hundred pages that they might not and do not acquire as well or as ill from newspaper reports of the Loeb and Leopold trial? The great truth, perhaps, that a Salvation Army education is a poor defense against the solicitations of life, and that it is difficult to determine the responsibility, the moral culpability, of weak wills and undisciplined minds. These may or may not be vital truths. But contrast their elementary simplicity and crudity with the range, the wealth, the subtlety of thought, the observation of character, the experience of literature and life, condensed in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, and ask yourself which book you would prefer a class of students to have read whom you were trying to civilize. And, unfortunately, the very brightest students are betrayed by this literature that teaches them so little into a most un-Socratic confidence that they know all. It may be open-mindedness that leads them to the most adventurous experiments and speculations, but the outcome of such reading is the reverse of the open mind. It provides a few ready-made formulas, snap judgments, and peremptory prejudices by which to estimate and condemn out of hand everything in the literature and thought of the past that to superficial inspection seems to contradict the prevailing fashion of the present.

If modern science has confirmed the dictum of Heraclitus that all things flow and change, if Westermarck and Frazer have shown that moral ideas are only the herd instinct and taboos of the tribe, if Darwin has proved that the species and kinds of things are not fixed, but flow into one another by insensible gradation, if Nietzsche has proclaimed that Christian ethics is the slave morality of the weak, if Remy de Gourmont and Anatole France reiterate that the decency of the older American literature is only the impotence or the jealousy of undersexed and fanatical Puritans, if Einstein's mathematical doctrine of relativity, which nobody can understand, has become confounded beyond all unscrambling with the vague notion that nothing is certain and all things are relative, which everybody can too easily understand — the victims of the crude but insistent propaganda of these and similar notions in recent literature inquire, discriminate, distinguish, and define no further. These formulas become the touchstones by which they interpret, judge, and often dismiss without any effort to understand them, the entire literature, history, and philosophy of the main European tradition as if it were yesterday's *Chicago American*, last week's *Saturday Evening Post*, last month's *American*

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*cury*, last year's best seller, or last cade's theory of the atom or the erm cell.

And once more, since it is so easy to be misunderstood, let me protest that I am not indiscriminately disparaging the literature of to-day, though I do think that the genius of our age manifests itself more effectively in science and big business than in pure literature. I am not maintaining the preposterous thesis that we ought to read only or mainly the classics of the past. I am merely repeating what ought to be a commonplace of common sense, that we should try to preserve some perspective and some sense of values in our reading, and that there is a presumption that the selected best of thirty centuries outweighs the productions of any single decade, however progressive, smart, sophistical, and scientific.

## VI

But there is something deeper than mere knowledge that is cumulatively determined by the habitual quality of our reading. The coloring of our imaginations by the images on which we allow our minds to dwell is more than a metaphor. The text that bids us think on whatsoever things are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report may not have been precisely so intended, but it is applicable here. Yet, under the specious pretexts of realism, verity, facing the facts, and the scientific attitude, the most widely advertised literature of to-day is accustoming a whole generation to brood persistently on whatsoever things are cynical, unjust, hideous, squalid, and of ill report. The forward-looking thinkers of the entire American newspaper press ridiculed the aged Tennyson for his denunciation of the literature that would 'set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism.' America no longer needs to import such literature. We produce it, praise it in the weekly literary reviews, and place it on the reference shelves for classes in English. We have plenty of ready-made formulas in justification of this new freedom and the truth that has made us so free. But we are going directly against common sense, the experience of the race, and the admonitions of the wisest teachers from antiquity down.

One ancient version of the petition, 'Lead us not into temptation,' was the prayer of the philosopher Democritus that he might meet gracious and propitious images in his passage through life. It is no less significant because of its reference to an obsolete scientific theory. The theories of science come and go, common sense and fundamental criticism of life abide. Democritus was thinking of the atomist doctrine that every object and every event in the universe is represented by detached films or scales that float about the world and may find an entrance into our minds, and he asked whatever gods may be that the casual contacts of life should fill his mind only with gracious images.

When the poet of atomism, the Roman Lucretius, felt insanity creeping upon him, the first symptom was the besetment of his mind by horrible images which in Tennyson's poem he styles

> The phantom husks of something foully done
> And fleeting through the boundless universe.

Is there any better designation for much of the most loudly commended new fiction and new psychology? And may we not ask ourselves the further pertinent question, —

> How should the mind, except it love them, clasp
> These idols to herself?

The insanity of a nation is, I suppose, a figure of speech, and there are many causes of the Russian madness besides

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the books which the literate classes of Russia wrote and read. Yet there must be some connection of cause and effect between the doom that overtook educated Russians and the thoughts, the images, the formulas in which their literature had been steeping their minds for fifty years. We may find still more pertinent and practical texts in the words of another great teacher of antiquity of the opposite school from Democritus in science and philosophy, Plato. I am not going to quote again the eternally true but hackneyed passages of the *Republic* in which Plato anticipates the Wordsworthian doctrine of the moulding and formative influence of a beautiful environment on the spirit and temper of academic youth. Very slight changes would transfer their application from the material environment of natural scenery, noble architecture, beautiful pictures and statues, to the like qualities in the literature that shapes their thoughts, ennobles their feelings, and colors their imagination. But Plato has a more distinct and explicit warning for educators who, in the pursuit of a scientific attitude, disregard the cumulative effect of early impressions on the plastic and sensitive mind: 'It is not allowable for a soul to have been bred from youth up among evil souls, and to have grown familiar with them, and itself to have run the gauntlet of every kind of wrongdoing and injustice so as quickly to infer from itself the misdeeds of others as it might diseases in the body, but it must have been inexperienced in evil natures and uncontaminated by them while young if it is to be truly fair and good and judge soundly of justice. For which cause the better sort seem to be simple-minded in youth and are easily deceived by the wicked, since they do not have within themselves patterns answering to the affections of the bad.'

## VII

But what have these academic preachments and jeremiads to do with creative literature and the reading of mature men and women? Nothing, as I have already said, except for those who take their reading seriously, who plan it and refuse to be stampeded by the natural ambition of publishers to swell the output of best sellers, the natural jealousy of the producing modern author for the competition of the dead and sceptred sovereigns, the natural *empressement* of journalists and reviewers to please authors and publishers and keep things going. There is not the slightest danger that any of us will close his mind to the modern ideas that blow upon us from every quarter of the wind and find entrance at every pore like an African sandstorm. The commonplaces of modernism are thundered with interminable iteration from every speaker's platform. Every teacher knows that there is no danger of his students missing these. The danger is rather that we shut ourselves out from our rich inheritance of the past, winnowed and selected and treasured by all-wise time and the secure judgment of the world.

If we are to give our minds the balanced ration of which we were speaking, it must be by deliberate choice and conscious effort. And the only practical help I can offer in conclusion is the experience that this is not so hard or distasteful as it seems, and that it is only the first step that costs. Older literature, even the literature of the Victorians, seems remote from present concerns. Its contemporary allusions are unintelligible or uninteresting; its fashions, its mannerisms, are distasteful. A lifelong bookworm and student is less exposed to this feeling. Yet it overwhelmed me in 1914, when, on the ship that bore me

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back from Europe, I wondered whether I could ever get interested in dead classics again. That fear passed in a week of teaching Homer. But even to this day I select among modern novels one that postdates 1914 in preference to one that portrays a life that did not know what was coming. And I have not yet recovered my lost interest in the political and military history of Europe from, say, 1600 to 1870. It seems so insignificant and petty in its scale. That is an accident. A more serious obstacle is the fact that while we can recover in a few moments the mood for the supreme things, for Homer and Shakespeare, there are many secondary and tertiary masters, the thought of reading whom is often distasteful — say Virgil, even, or Racine or Pope or Scott or Dickens. But, and here is the moral, we can always recover the taste for these by a few hours or days of reading. That may be a little easier for a professional student. But I do not think the difference amounts to much. 'The true humanist,' says Pater, 'can never wholly lose interest in anything that has ever deeply interested humanity.' You can overcome your first shrinking distaste and recover or acquire an interest in almost any good author, period, school, or fashion of literature by a few hours, days, or weeks, as the case may be, of resolute reading. I once acquired in a week's reading a taste for eighteenth-century translations of the classics into Popian couplets — or at least an imaginative sympathy with the taste.

Is it worth while? Everyone must answer that question for himself. Those who have tried it, however imperfectly, would reply as Phædrus answered Socrates under the plane tree by the Ilyssus, while the cicadas overhead were chirping the tale of how they were once men, but, forgetting to eat in their passion for song, were promoted to be the mouthpieces of the eternal muse. Why else, said Phædrus, should one care to live, save for the satisfactions that endure and leave no unhappy aftertaste?

The literature of escape is a fashionable catchword of current criticism. But what fantastic fairy tale, what photographic or reportorial reflection of contemporary life, what Utopian forecast of better bread than is made of wheat or earned in the sweat of the brow, provides so sure and lasting an escape from the besetments, bewilderments, obsessions, and terrors of the modern mind in a mechanical and too high-geared civilization as does the habit of dwelling in or sometimes visiting that serene world where the makers of European literature and the real creators of our true civilization breathe the ampler ether and the diviner air of the unity of the human spirit?

We may stay glued to our seat in the eye-baffling, three-ringed circus of unmitigated modernity, if its clownings, its stunts, its gyrations, its curiosities, are all that our taste, our hearts, our minds, require. But the world's palace of art, where Plato the wise fronts large-browed Verulam, and the Ionian father of the rest smiles down on the long line of his poetic descendants, still stands open to us night and day. We have but to enter in to be made free of the one great society that alone exists on earth — the noble living and the noble dead.

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# CROWDED

BY MARISTAN CHAPMAN

THE heat of a late July afternoon made the leaves crinkle and creak, and the harsh snapping of twigs beneath the feet of the three mountain men cut into the droning air as they stepped up Cragg Hill and dropped aslant to Lowe's cabin.

It was Sunday, and the people were gathering into Glen Hazard for the second meeting, so the men — Virgil Howard, Rashe Lowe, and his son, Wait-Still-on-the-Lord — met many a neighbor facing toward them. The old people were striding smoothly, but the young ones, brightly dressed in new mail-order clothes, were prancing shamefully with the mischief of living.

'How you?' was the passing greeting of all; and Virgil Howard answered for the three, 'Well as otherwise.'

The three were bound for Bart's Deadening over beyond Lowe's cabin, for old John Bart lay stricken soul and body and they went to comfort him. For this reason their backs were turned to the church house. The sun was already westering, else they would have stayed for meeting first.

Directly Rashe spoke. 'He's been bedfast these six weeks with scarcely the spirit to live, yet seems he can't let slip for the heavy matter that is resting upon him.'

'He'd ought to make a struggle,' said Howard. 'It's not in reason for a man to lay down inviting death.'

'So I told him,' Rashe answered. 'I said, "Get up, John, and try to live. Don't you lie there like a dried apple and jes' wither." And he made answer, "What's to get up for?"'

'It's the crowding is on his mind,' Waits broke in thoughtfully. 'And he's right about we're getting powerful cluttered. Times have got so a man can't possess his soul with all the matters he's bound to do and own.'

This was a thought large enough to fill their minds in silence as they went forward singly through the laurel scrub. They dropped beneath the shoulder of the hill and lost the last of that day's sun. A growl of thunder rolled around the back of the hills.

Presently Virgil Howard said: 'Tell us how he came by his fear, Rashe. It will shorten the way.'

So Rashe began and said: —

'When John and Luther were fifteen years old apiece they went to Mexico in the following of a Confederate officer to see the outside world and hunt a fortune. They set forth in home-spun shirts and trousers and rawhide shoes, and fur caps they'd trapped the forerunning winter. They carried for weapons each a long knife, welded and beaten sharp upon their forge.

'Two years after that — about '68, it must 'a' been — John and Lute walked home again in the top ends of their trousers, and without cap or shoe between them. But they carried each an old army gun, and they wore each a store-boughten shirt. They came home covered with experiences and a dread of the outside world.'

Waits interrupted: 'Lute used to tell about that time, but John'd never let go of his tongue, though he made plenty free of it with every other thing.'



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'John was more afraid than Lute. He had longer sight, and he feared that talking about many things might bring them in train. Both had seen inventions and discoveries that looked to them to be ogres that fair et up men. Lute talked like a child talks about wild beasts to scare itself; but John was too scairt a'ready. It was Lute took in the twice-a-week paper that made them keep shet of all goings on.

'You recollect, Virge, how they'd never get things out of a mail-order house even when money was free with them. They'd say it would be letting in the outside to barter to and fro like that and they'd go on till a man would feel the outside was a contaminating disease.'

''T is,' said Waits sorrowfully.

'You hush,' said Rashe. 'John and Lute fought roads and telephomes and automobiles and moving pictures, each as they came, and all was too strong for them. So they backed up and backed up till they fair hid in their own place. They'd go down to mail-gathering to meet neighbors and get corn-credit at the store for meat, but every other way they lived lonely.'

As the three went forward, storm clouds climbed heavily up the sky; the world turned copper-colored. A weariness came upon them, but they kept their way and Rashe held to his story.

'Come a time when John began to go a little mite strange. It was n't so much the outside pressing in, as the much he made of it. First thing that told us he was not in his own senses was when he took a notion and stole and buried Mist' Carr's radio-box. The day before that night, Mist' Carr edzacted it all out to him, how it brought voices and music in from outside without wires or anything — just fetched it, you might say, through the air. Mist' Carr, being half-outland, was proud of it, but John carried on a sight and said nothing less than the Devil could do such tricks. Mist' Carr said John had an obsession, which is the same as being fair et up with one notion till you've got no sense left for use; he claimed the notion of being crowded had et into John's mind, like.

'Well, sir, Lute's being took for killing Creed Morgan took up John's mind for a while, and the next thing was the airplane. It sent John right away from himself. You recollect the man that lit in the bottoms beyond Flat Rock Branch? Maybe you did n't come in that day, Virge, but the rest of us all stepped over to see an airplane close to.'

'On the ground it's no better'n a mud wasp wrong way to,' said Waits.

'You hush,' Rashe went on. 'Well, sir, we looked and saw; but nothing would do John but touch and feel. He took ahold of it by the wires and then stepped back to see all of it again and he swore the thing was trag. The driver saw John was very old and strange, and for his fun, like, he said would he fly off with him.

'Now I'm telling you, Virge, that while my mouth was yet hanging open John says "Yes," and we all looked like we'd been stuck in a maze forever. John says to the driver, "It can carry me out as well as it carried you in," and when he'd made the flyer promise to bring him home he got in.'

A crack of thunder capped Rashe's words, and while it rolled off the three made their way over Lowe's snake fence and out to the stream side that led to Bart's Deadening.

'He told me next day,' Rashe went on, unwinding his feet from the honeysuckle where it tangled him, 'that trip was the end of him. After he got over feeling sick, he took notice, and what did he see but all his evil dreams come true. The outside was creeping up the mountains on both sides. He seen white lines that was hard roads linking

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across. He seen line wires from where the electric light company built their dam, and before long they went over where the dam itself was choking Green River. The driver took John so far as a big city, and it was terrible close against the edge of the hills. And, looking down on the hills, there was more town patches than a man could believe in.

'John was clean outside of himself all the next week, and before it was up he'd gone up to the Pen where Lute was and begged them to take him in with his brother so's the crowd could n't get at him. Of course they could n't put him in jail, but seeing he was touched a little, and Lute was failing from old age, they took John in as day visitor.

'After Lute died, John was turned away and had nearly escaped home when a mission house that took him in over a night held him. They was bound to keep him and do for him, but he got them to back a letter to me telling where he was and to go and loose him, so I went up and unloosed him. They said, "He'll die all alone in some awful backwoods cabin," and I told them that's where and how he wants to die and to leave him go; and they called us a pair of ungrateful old stubborns and we got free.

'John would n't have gotten home but that he was running all the time from the crowd. "It's creeping up on me," he kept on saying, "and it makes a noise till you can't hear and it stinks till you can't breathe." And soon's he got home he lay down on his pallet and says: "Say a prayer, Rashe; I'm prayed out same as I'm crowded out." Some words we'd learned when we were younglings came back to me: "Give unto Thy servant the peace that the world cannot give, and defend us from our enemies so's we may pass our time in peace and quietness." Maybe that's not the perfect of it, but it kind of eased him and he kept saying it over and again.'

And they had come at this time to the place of Bart's Deadening; and healthy corn stood green in the clearing among the ghosts of giant trees that had been deadened to keep them from drawing all the good from the earth. Storm and night closing in made a basin of heat and fear, and the gray tree trunks stood iron-strong in death.

'Corn in the clearing crowding in among the old trees makes a man think about John's being right,' Waits said in a low voice. 'Every year it's something new, and one day the trees 'll fall and then it'll *all* be corn.' His words fell slower, as if he were feeling for something that had gotten caught in the back of his mind. 'The corn'll win because it keeps on being new — and the trees just get older and older —' His voice stopped thickly and he looked at his old companions to see if they took his meaning to mind.

'You hush,' said his father. 'A young-un had n't ought to talk so. First thing you know you'll go strange like John. You mind me and hush.'

The slanted log cabin stood over against them. It settled into the slope of the far hillside, trying to bury itself. It looked as if nobody lived there, but that a trickle of blue smoke came from the crow-stick chimney and flattened in the storm-bound air. The yard before the house — unswept since Luther went away — was littered with tree scourings and trash of last winter, and upstart weeds grew in lusty bunches on the path. In the side yard a cow and a mule lay dead, nigh skeletoned for lack of food.

While they went forward to the cabin some hens, gone back half wild, gave a screeching from the tree where they roosted above the well roof.

'Wish I'd thought me to tote some feed for them brutes,' Rashe said,



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'but I was took up with John, and they being strayed off till their last minute, they leapt my mind.'

They shoved back the door of the cabin till it stuck against the earthen floor, and edging inside they found all dark save for a spark of fire. They gathered at the fire, judging old John to be sleeping on his pallet beyond. Their feet made no sound on the used-hard dirt floor.

Except the fire, there were only the hewn log table and stool and John's bed, homemade of slab siding. For all the hot night, a fire was a living thing to push back fear.

Presently a sharp thin voice came to them, commanding: 'Rashe, come hyar!'

Rashe trod quietly to the bed; the other two crouched by the fire, not moving.

'Rashe,' John whispered, 'you reckon Heaven's got as crowd-filled as some folks say?'

Rashe looked down on the withered old man, who lay like a crumpled leaf the kind wind has thrown in a warm corner. John's eyes were alight, but the rest of him had been struck motionless forever.

'Judgmatically, I don't know, John; but not likely it's altered much since you and me were to Sunday School down Mill Creek. 'T was a good place then, and likely 't is now.'

Old John Bart rested quietly. Then: 'It's liable to be a heap crowded with all the folks' talk about going there —'

'Not all's going says they is.'

'Maybe,' said John, his eyes smiling, 'maybe I'll go to the one of the Many Mansions kept for our kind of folks. And from what I seen of my kin and kind this eighty year they won't be a stifling lot.'

'Take shame, John Bart, to talk that way of your neighbor-people with what any minute is liable to be your last breath!'

'Only my fun, like,' John made answer. 'They's several I'd be proud to meet. They's Lute — he'll be there, even if he did die out of the Pen. He done a good deed when he killed Creed Morgan, let law say what it will.'

All rested silent, till directly John turned his eyes upon the two by the fire. A flicker of its light showed that he scowled.

'What is it, John?'

'Crowding,' said John, 'crowding my last breath away.'

'You want we should all step out awhile?'

John's eyes agreed and all three moved through the door and across the yard to the woodpile, where they let themselves down restfully to wait.

Full dark had fallen. The heat lightning ran behind the ridge above them and the katydids argued in the near trees. Clouds thickened and lightened again for an hour and further. Then Waits spoke: 'He's in no way aghast at dying. I trust the Lord I'll be as easy when my time comes.'

'Some say his never talking about the outside kept his mind from getting air and light; but there's more light than comes from east or west,' said Rashe.

They rested on the firewood through the night; the storm threatened and drew off, and when the dawn came it was neither raining nor letting it alone. Day came slowly, and it was silent of birds and beasts. The smoke had stopped from out the chimney and it was certain now that nobody lived there.

'I'll step in and see how he fares,' said Rashe.

'And I — when you are come out,' said Virge. ''T would be unseemly to crowd.'

So they went in and came out singly, and Waits locked the cabin door and they turned again toward Glen Hazard to give the notice.

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## TRISTRAM CRAZED

He strode across the room and flung
  The letter at her feet: 'Now tell
Your treachery, harlot!' He was gone
  Ere Iseult fainting fell.

He rode out from Tintagel gate,
  He heard his charger slowly pace,
And ever hung a cloud of gnats
  Three feet before his face.

At a wood's border he turned round
  And saw the distant castle side,
Iseult looking towards the wood,
  Mark's window gaping wide.

He turned again and slowly rode
  Into the forest's flickering shade,
And now as sunk in waters green
  Were armor, helm, and blade.

First he awoke with night around
  And heard the wind, and woke again
At noon within a cirque of hills,
  At sunset on a plain.

And now he saw a tower, and now,
  Slow moving past a spectral brake,
Amid black hills a gleaming swan
  Upon an ebon lake.

And hill and plain and wood and tower
  Passed on and on and turning came
Back to him, tower and wood and hill,
  Now different, now the same.

There was a castle by a lake.
  The castle doubled in the mere
Confused him, his uncertain eye
  Wavered from there to here.

A window on the wall had held
  Iseult upon a summer's day,
While he and Palomide below
  Circled in deadly fray.

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But now he searched the towers, the sward,
And struggled something to recall,
A stone, a shadow. Blank the lake,
And empty every wall!

He freed his horse, doffed sword and helm,
And went into the woods and tore
The branches from the straining trees
Until his rage was o'er.

And now he wandered on the hills
In peace. Among the shepherds' flocks
Often he lay so long, he seemed
As rooted as the rocks.

The shepherds called and made him run
Like a tame cur to round the sheep.
At night he lay among the dogs
Beside a well to sleep.

And he forgot Iseult and all.
Dagonet once and two came by
Like tall escutcheoned animals,
With antlers towering high.

He snapped their spears, rove off their helms,
And soused them in the well, and sent
Them onward with a bitter heart,
But knew not where they went.

They came to Mark and told him how
A madman ruled the hinds and kept
The sheep; Mark sent and haled him to
Tintagel while he slept.

He saw Mark sitting down at chess,
And Iseult with her maids at play,
The arras where the scarlet knights
And ladies stood all day.

None knew him. In the garden once
Iseult walked in the afternoon;
Her hound leapt up and licked his face,
Iseult fell in a swoon.

There as he leaned, the misted grass
Cleared blade by blade below his face,
The round walls hardened as he looked,
And he was in his place.

EDWIN MUIR

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# WORMWOOD — FOR THOUGHTS

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

## I

'O, MICKLE is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.'

THUS soliloquized Friar Laurence on that 'grey-eyed morn' in fair Verona as he bore his laden osier cage from the Franciscan garden into his own cell, there to hear the 'riddling confession' of the distraught young Romeo; and thus in homelier drift said my great-aunt Mary Ann Fawcett, once herbalist of Piscataquis County, Maine.

Piscataquis is alike an inland and an upland county. A hundred miles from the coast the tall fir trees of its high pastures harbor few mists; the air above them on summer days is dry and pungent. It is a county of ponds and lakes; Moosehead cuts its western boundary with miles of dark and curving shore line; the smaller contribute their brooks and trout streams to the headwaters of the Penobscot and the Kennebec. The hills, though none other emulates Katahdin to the northeast, are yet ample, and in places tumble about in wide, well-wooded stretches of country. In the high valleys among them the farms embrace a variety of land, so that within a small acreage the plaintive whistle of the whitethroat at noon from a secluded pine thicket may be echoed and supplemented by the hoarse quavering of blackbirds from the marshes and by the rapturous trill of a song sparrow from the top of the tallest mullein stalk in some bare and open pasture. Here the dog days of August are less to be reckoned with than on the coast, here the weather is less capricious; here the summer winds, warm from blowing across the sunny shoulders of the hills, are perfumed by aromatic odors strongly at variance with the salt and the moisture of those farther south.

Such a wind, blowing one August morning more than a century ago across the bayberry and pennyroyal, the juniper and wild marjoram, on the slopes of a Piscataquis farm, must have given rise to the rumor, since become a tradition, that my great-aunt Mary Ann's first and immediate act upon entering this world was to sniff. She herself for seventy years stoutly denied the accusation, although upon occasion she was known to amend her denial by the announcement that *if* her nose twitched, it did so merely in contemptuous prophecy. For she was followed, within the short space of an hour, not by one sister, but by two!

Triplets were an innovation in the Fawcett family, unheralded by precedent. They were an innovation, too, among the older families of northern Piscataquis. Those immediately concerned felt, a trifle uncomfortably, the necessity of exoneration, and took an easier refuge than is possible to-day within the ramparts of those purposes of God which are past finding out. Like Milton and Pope, they sought, if not to justify, at least to vindicate His ways. Then, having nominally cast



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the responsibility for the situation upon Him, they exhausted the wardrobe at hand in dressing the three babies, who were lusty and identical, and summoned the female portion of the neighborhood to come and sew.

As time went on, however, all traces of embarrassment were blotted out in the complete assurance of the working of Divine Providence. Such infants, without spot or blemish, like those creatures commanded by the Levitican law, were obviously, in spite of their sex, reserved for a high destiny. That initial dismay, not untouched by chagrin, had been unbecoming in a family which was contributing to the new State of Maine — but lately separated from Massachusetts, its mother — sea captains and Congregational ministers as well as self-respecting farmers. Accordingly the great-uncle of the triplets was summoned from Boston for the christening at six months. With a solemnity fraught with mystery, he named them, in order of their birth, Mary Ann, Martha Ann, and Sarah Ann, amid the awe of the country congregation, who, whatever their purpose in attending the ceremony, were deeply impressed by the atmosphere engendered thereat and, like the inhabitants of Sweet Auburn, 'remained to pray.'

And yet the fulfillment of spectacular destinies by girls one hundred years ago was well-nigh impossible, even with the complete coöperation of Providence. The sisters in due time approached young womanhood without having startled their neighborhood, not to mention the outside world, by any accomplishments save their intense devotion to one another, their industry, virtue, and comeliness. This last-named grace, however, must have been outstanding, if we can trust the sentiments in their Keepsake Album, now in my possession. In August 1840, which year marked their eighteenth birthday, they are likened by one fervid young gentleman of a classic turn to the Three Graces, and by another — a cousin who, having vainly wooed Sarah Ann, apparently suspected her sisters of treachery and connivance — to the Three Fates. The minister of the parish found them in that year strongly reminiscent of Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-happuch, the three daughters of Job, for he writes, with due respect to his source, 'And in all the land were no women found so fair. — Job 42. 15.'

Up to this time they were, according to their own later testimony, as identical as the proverbial peas in a pod. A divergence in occupation and environment, however, which followed close upon their nineteenth anniversary, produced inevitable results. Sarah Ann at length rewarded the tenacity of her cynical young cousin, John Fawcett, and moved with him to a neighboring hill farm. Martha Ann, who, it had been tacitly agreed, possessed a certain more delicate refinement of manner than her sisters, — a 'tone,' so to speak, — was sent, upon the request of her great-uncle, to Cambridge, there to preside over his wifeless home, to move about the 'Harvard circle' with decorum, and to find in that larger, more fertile field meet soil for the nurture of her many graces. And Mary Ann, left with her parents, entered upon that predestined career of sniffing, which made her a godsend to two generations of country doctors, a solace to a wide countryside, and an ultimate source of wisdom and of humor to her grandniece.

## II

Our paths crossed at precisely the turn of the present century. In that first year of the nineteen hundreds I

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was sent, an overgrown, awkward girl of thirteen, from our coast village for a summer in Piscataquis. It was the opinion of my father, ably seconded by our country doctor, that a bronchial cough, irritated by the mists of Penobscot Bay, would be almost at once dispelled by the dry, bracing air of inland fields and pastures. I recall the journey north from Bangor in the stuffy, loitering day train. It was the first I had ever taken alone. I sat leaning forward on the red plush seat and suffering from an annoying prickly sensation which I laid to my blue serge dress and to the asafœtida bag fastened about my neck at the last minute by a cautious grandmother, but which was probably the fruit of an extreme nervousness. It rained, I remember, in the course of the afternoon, a few great drops from a single sullen cloud high in the heavens, and I became anxious as to my leghorn hat trimmed with blue forget-me-nots and bows of tulle. I remember, too, the June fields, gold and white with buttercups and daisies, the drowsy buzz of sawmills beside rushing, foaming streams, the thrill engendered by seeing in the flesh, as it were, towns and villages whose names I had long read in the weekly paper — Dover and Foxcroft, Derby, Sangerville.

I was met at sundown by the distraught young cynic of my Keepsake Album, John Fawcett, now, sixty years later, an old gentleman of nearly eighty, who drove me in a kindly silence six miles through the hills and brought me just at nightfall to the farmhouse. He and my great-aunt Sarah Ann, he said, were on the verge of celebrating their sixtieth anniversary of married life. He told me he had been singularly blessed, and I believed him, though I have since wondered more than once whether he did not perhaps mean to emphasize the singularity of his existence rather than the blessedness thereof. For with him lived not only his wife but her two sisters as well, neither of whom had married!

Familiar as they had been in family lore, I had not heretofore seen my great-aunts, and even at thirteen I felt the extremely unique character of the situation. Triplets of seventy-eight are not met with on every summer's day! They still retained the fetish of dressing alike and wore simple gowns of gray percale with white and hemstitched aprons. As I saw them gathered in the wide doorway of the old house, I felt a sudden fear mounting for the moment almost into panic at the sudden apprehension of their collective years and of my own thin little life.

But such a fear was, naturally enough, put to rout by the necessity of greeting them and delivering the family messages and by the curiosity they involuntarily engendered. Identical though they may have been at eighteen, sixty years of diversity in environment, in occupation, and in thought had wrought many differences. They were of the same height, though Sarah Ann seemed flattened into stoutness and Martha Ann attenuated into extreme thinness. They had the same white hair parted in the middle, though Sarah Ann's was streaked with yellow, whereas Martha Ann's hinted at curl papers, and Mary Ann's was pulled peremptorily into a very firm and somewhat arrogant knot at the back of her head. They had the same blue eyes, but in Sarah Ann's placidity triumphed, in Martha Ann's restlessness, in Mary Ann's prophetic insight. Sarah Ann's nose was strongly pragmatic; Martha Ann's delicate and a trifle disdainful; Mary Ann's eager like a pointer's. Aunt Sarah Ann inquired with real concern if I was not hungry; Aunt Martha Ann, in a tone redolent

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of literary circles, asked if I had read Dickens *in toto;* Aunt Mary Ann, whose quick nose smelled my asafœtida bag, threw queries to the winds and gave vent to astonishment, not unmixed with anger, that my cough had not been thoroughly dosed with anise and horehound mixed with just a trace of powdered flagroot. I answered Aunt Sarah Ann by eating a substantial supper of beans and brown bread, and Aunt Martha Ann by attempting to decide then and there my predilection for *Great Expectations* or *David Copperfield.* I did not answer my Aunt Mary Ann at all. Her assertion had been of too oracular a nature to make a reply at that moment seem either meet or right.

That night she threw my bedraggled asafœtida bag out of my bedroom window with a fine gesture of disgust. Then with her firm hands, so amazingly free from the humps and knotted veins of age, she smoothed my lavendered sheets and placed between my two great pillows a tiny one filled with dried hops and leaves of bayberry. A hop pillow, she confided to me as she blew out my candle and stood, a tall, straight figure in the soft summer darkness, had proved the best of sedatives to King George the Third during those trying nights immediately following the Declaration of Independence. It was just as sure a preventative against homesickness. She left me to suck a square of her famous anise and horehound cough remedy, to watch for some drowsy moments the moon swing high over the tumbling Piscataquis hills, and then, like the restive George the Third, to bury my nose in hops and go at once to sleep.

## III

By quick degrees Aunt Sarah Ann and Aunt Martha Ann faded from the immediate daily round of my thoughts and experiences — the one with her quiet, grave concern over my appetite, the rents in my ginghams, the nip in my leg from the querulous old gander; the other with her frail, correct table manners, her punctilious attention to suffixes, and her wistful anecdotes of Mr. Longfellow 'in his younger days.' The manner of their fading was borne in upon me a dozen years afterward when on a warm summer night in Berlin I attended a performance of *Tannhäuser* in the Tiergarten. Between the acts I strolled with other eager, curious students about the dark, shadowy walks, closely bordered by evergreens and lindens, whose perfume, drifting through the quiet air, had seemingly taken unto itself the rhythm and the stillness alike of that magical night.

One long and narrow avenue, I remember, was only obscurely lit by a lamp at either end, but as we traversed its dim centre there came from above our heads a sudden jarring sound, followed by a great white burst of light. For an instant there was something almost terrifying in that quick illumination from the bigger lamp, something awestruck in the shimmering of the poplars and in the pale, inadequate gleaming of the smaller lights. And there sprang into my mind the thought of my great-aunt Mary Ann, of whose death at ninety I had only recently heard. To me at thirteen she had been like that great central lamp, overpowering the other lights by the fierce irradiation of her prodigal self.

I served, however, a novitiate of some weeks before I was allowed within even the outer circle of its glow. July warmed the hills, bringing added gloss to the bayberry in the pastures, thickening the clumps of yellow melilot along dusty roadsides, purpling the pennyroyal on the high, dry shoulders

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of the fields. Not a fair morning passed, even Monday with its rite of washing, that Aunt Mary Ann did not set out on her mysterious journeyings. From a corner of the wide back porch I looked up from the beans I was stringing. How could she fail to sense the pleas I was sending toward her? For days I loitered among the morning-glories by the roadside gate. She passed through unheeding, her empty basket with its scissors, newspapers, and ball of twine in one hand, the strings of her capacious blue apron tied in an extra knot at the front of her spare, high waist. Did she, I have since wondered, in planning the ordeal to which she subjected me, have all the time in view the ascertaining of my spiritual fitness as a companion as well as the attainment of my physical well-being? I am inclined to think she did. Æsculapius, it will be recalled, living for long years the life of a solitary wanderer among the wild places of Thessaly and Argolis in search of healing leaves and berries, was slow to permit a disciple!

The ordeal was undergone after this manner. One morning in mid-July I descended to the great kitchen to find laid out for me on the table in the recessed corner my usual substantial breakfast. I found also my aunt Mary Ann, equipped and dressed for excursioning, but loitering a bit restively about the stove whereon stood a yellow bowl of generous proportions. A dark liquid, upon whose surface floated leaf and stick fragments, filled it to the brim. She halted my passage to the table more by the atmosphere she was creating than by her suddenly uplifted hand.

'Before you eat your breakfast,' she said, looking sternly away from me, 'I want you to drink this. To-morrow there 'll be something else, and every morning. Don't ask what it is. It won't hurt you.'

I downed the liquid, drinking it directly from the bowl and avoiding the extraneous matter as best I could. It was more dreadful than anything I had ever swallowed during a childhood spent in a family adept at dosing. Its bitterness ran away from itself and, traveling to my nose and eyes, made me grope for my pocket handkerchief. But still I drank. My stomach rebelled, but in one swift and desperate instant I commanded it to keep its place. My outraged tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, but I forced it downward to receive more mouthfuls and yet more. I would have drunk hemlock without a word, for in her presence there in that old kitchen I somehow sensed that there was more at stake for me than the well-being of my liver and my stomach. She seized the bowl just when my flesh was crying out for release.

Yet a week passed without recognition or reward. Every morning there was the same yellow bowl on the back of the stove filled with some concoction which differed from its predecessors only in its degree of bitterness. Was there no herb of all those which, the Bible told me, God had made to grow 'for the service of man' of a sweet savor? And what about this dinner of them extolled in Proverbs which with love is better 'than a stalled ox and hatred therewith'? I was frankly skeptical and yet tenacious. And every morning Aunt Mary Ann departed alone for the fields and hills, leaving the bitterness of my disappointment to struggle for supremacy with that of the mysterious herb of the day, which, I fancied, I could feel coursing triumphantly through my veins and arteries.

But with the swift passing of that week, with its seven apocalyptical days, there came a change. On the eighth morning there was no yellow

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bowl on the back of the stove. I stopped hesitatingly on my way to the breakfast table. Through the open door of the pantry beyond I caught sight of the bowl on a shelf. There was no mistaking it. Still hesitant, I sat down at my place. Was this treatment, perhaps, of the concentrative sort, seven mornings and skip seven, like that magic three-day formula for sulphur and molasses?

And then from the porch came my aunt Mary Ann's voice, crisp, decisive, as though she had made up her mind once and for all.

'I was just thinking, as it's an extra good day, that perhaps — But there — probably you've other things to do!'

I stumbled in my reply, realizing perhaps for the first time in my life the utter inadequacy of words. A tingling assailed my back. My breakfast became suddenly intolerable to me.

Ten minutes later I was crossing with her the fields beyond the roadside. We were making for some sandy slopes on the hills. I walked by her side, subdued and silent. I felt as young John Mark must have felt after he had become 'profitable' to Saint Paul, he who had heretofore been scorned by the apostle as useless and unnecessary. To comment or to question I did not once presume. I simply tried to keep in step with the long strides of her generous feet as she traversed the fields and scaled the uplands. The day was one of those bright New England days, less rare inland than on the coast, when the brilliant air seems pierced with countless shafts of light like great thin plates of burnished steel. On such a day, twigs and branches, even leaves and flowers, seem outlined in light instead of imperceptibly merging into it. And still the air was not hot, but cool, hard, and thin.

I first saw my aunt sniff as we reached the lowest of the sandy slopes. It was not an audible motion; only her nostrils dilated, her eyes widened, and her upper lip twitched ever so slightly. But it was an unmistakable sniff. When she did it, she was standing erect, looking off at the green and tumbling country. She too seemed outlined by light. And after she had done it she left me and made directly for some clumps of ragged-leaved weeds, which grew in great profusion in the sand. I was conscious of no odor from them, and surely they were entirely visible. The sniff, then, predetermined nothing; it was entirely accessory, of no practical value whatsoever.

I watched her pull a great quantity of these and store them in her apron before I went to help her. The bruised leaves and stalks gave forth an acrid, penetrating smell. This was wormwood, she told me. I had drunk much in the past week. It was the herb of herbs. No one knew how long it had served mankind. As I doubtless knew, it was mentioned more than once in the Bible; in the Book of Revelation a falling star was named for it. Pliny, the Roman, had mentioned it centuries ago, and the American Indians without it would have died out as a race. Though not yet in flower, it was good for certain ailments demanding the properties of the younger leaves and stalks. She did not name these ailments. She shared in that singular mystery which ever belongs to the hierarchy of those who heal.

Higher up on the bare hill slopes the mullein rose, straight and tall, in these late July days just bursting into yellow flower. As we gathered the thick, hairy, heavily ribbed leaves, she gave me its more gracious names. She herself, she said, preferred 'Peter's staff' or 'high-taper,' though the country folks about clung to 'old-man's-flannel'

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and 'shepherd's-club.' It too was of great age. It was hardy enough to have weathered the Flood, and she had heard once that Pocahontas, combining it with wild mustard, had made with signal success a poultice for Captain John Smith! 'High-taper' stayed longest in my mind and still sings there on August days when the tall stalks in our pastures are alight with pale yellow flames.

In the lower fields that day we found the wild marjoram, with its clusters of purplish flowers, and near by the pennyroyal, aromatic enough to induce sniffing from us both. I followed my aunt's example in chewing one of its sturdy, slender stems, though its soft hairs tickled my throat. There too grew masses of yarrow, which we gathered in great quantities, and which, she unbent enough to tell me, was excellent for hemorrhages. In a swampy place between two ridges we found the purple boneset or joe-pye weed. Over this, which was just in bud, she studied at some length, testing the leaves by holding them to the light, by crushing and smelling them. Her silence increased the mystery which clung about her every action. Years afterward, reading of Theophrastus testing the plants in his Athenian garden, I saw again in a quick flash my aunt Mary Ann's intent face, bending over the lance-shaped leaves of boneset in her thin, long-fingered hands.

## IV

From that beneficent July morning to the September day when, brown, coughless, and reluctant, I left the Piscataquis hills for the coast and school, I was my great-aunt's disciple, she my Æsculapius. The joe-pye weed in the swamps purpled and then browned in great, furry clumps; the chamomile by the roadside faded, its white petals, bent backward in the August heat, giving it the expression of petulant children; the sharp odor of the pennyroyal softened on the high pastures. Every fair morning found us in the fields or woods or on the slopes, sniffing, cutting, pulling, while the wind blew clear and strong from the northwest, or the bright August heat shimmered over the uplands, or a soft dull day brought out the purple tints of the distant hills.

On rainy mornings my great-aunt went to the large unfinished chamber beneath the ell roof where for fifty years she had crushed and strained, brewed and bottled, and where she kept her small store of precious books. One August day, with some evident reluctance she asked me in with her. At this moment I can smell the dry, acrid odor of the big bare room, see the muffled bundles hanging in yellowed paper from the rafters, hear the simmering of some recondite liquid brewing on the air-tight wood stove. On the window sills were ranged certain enigmatical jars and bottles containing fluids of various colors, which, after being subjected to the light for certain varying seasons, were to be put away for future use.

Her dearest possession, she confided to me one stormy day, was a collection of books in six volumes. This work bore the title of *American Medicinal Plants*. I have since found that it was written by one Charles F. Millspaugh and published in 1887. Without it, she told me, Piscataquis County would be a sorry place. The books had colored plates in great profusion, which had a way of brightening the most fog-swept afternoon. The text seemed stupid and rather unintelligible until one day I made the discovery that Dr. Millspaugh seemed to have one never-varying prescription for the brewing of herbs. Again and again as I turned

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the pages I found the identical direction, until I became convinced that no herb juices could be efficacious unless they were allowed to 'stay for eight days in a dark, cool place.' These were his words, sounding over and over again like a refrain. They have stayed in my mind and imagination ever since that day.

Yet in spite of the fascination of the herb room, which was in use too early to be known as either a studio or a laboratory, it could not compete with the daily excursions in the open. The climax or high moment of all of these, just as the high moment indoors soon came to lie in Dr. Millspaugh's ever-recurring phrase, occurred just before we left with our spoils for home. Then, the sun warning us of noon, we stopped in some clear, high spot to spread our harvest upon the ground, to sort, discard, and rearrange. I recall a certain green ridge, bare of trees, which gave us, whenever we looked up from our work, a view of the white farmhouse in its uneven fields and of high, rock-strewn pastures, rising behind it to other ridges like our own. Here, on her knees, with newspapers spread out before her, my aunt Mary Ann sorted and displayed her wares to her eyes and mine. In such a position, before his carpet, did the herbalist of the Middle Ages kneel at Smithfield, or at St. Giles Fair in Winchester, famous for its gingerbread, or at the renowned Goose Fair in Nottingham. She might, indeed, have been reminiscent, to more learned minds than mine at thirteen, of the far-famed Madame Trote of Salerno, whom Rutebeuf, the French trouvère of the thirteenth century, extols as the wisest lady in all the four quarters of the world in her knowledge of medicinal herbs.

But unlike her predecessors, who bore their universal panaceas from fair to village green and market place, attracting attention by bells and horns and cries and holding it by a flow of urgent and reassuring words, my aunt Mary Ann was given to silence and circumspection. If she commented at all upon her harvest, it was to call my attention to the twin heads of some flower, usually single, or to the eccentricities of a certain root. Most memorable, therefore, were her confidences which she lent to me on the last of our excursions, made the September morning just preceding the day of my leaving for home.

We had been out primarily for wormwood, now in great, ungainly masses of yellow, knobby blossoms. In waste places and along the ragged edges of the fields it grew to four feet in height. We had gathered armfuls of it and now were on our green ridge sorting it in bundles, which, she assured me with relief, contained enough to supply the most exorbitant demand during the coming winter. The bundles securely tied, I gathered together papers, basket, and scissors against our leaving. But my aunt still sat on the ridge, her long, green-stained fingers, which always denied her age, interlaced about her knees.

'It's queer about wormwood,' she said at last, to herself rather than to me. 'From the reading I've done I'd say it's been used for thousands of years. It's in the ancients, you know — poets and historians tell about it as well as those that know about such things.' (Oh, the mystery in her voice, enclosing in a charmed circle the healers of the world!)

There was more in that soliloquy that I would fain recapture but cannot, anecdotes of country cures brought about by the herb of herbs, legends connected with its use in far-off lands, pertinent advice as to its efficacy in the minor ailments that beset us. I recall in their place the first touches of color

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in that quiet hill country, the red of the sumachs, the bronze of the hazel bushes. But that which she said as she rose to go I shall never forget, though the words may be my own in the sad place of her lovelier, more native speech.

'There are those that might laugh,' she said, 'at this next. But I've studied and seen, and I'm convinced in my own mind. Wormwood's not only for the body. It's for the mind as well. It makes thoughts, so to speak. I've seen it time and again. Taken right, it's bound to work. I've known it to cure broken hearts and to put life into them. But there are folks in this world who'd claim I was plain crazy to say such a thing!'

Urged by the imagined reaction of her neighbors, she emerged quickly from the charmed circle and prepared to go. She was brisk and practical all the way home, and that afternoon by her look and manner she excluded me from the herb room where she was crushing, straining, and bottling the freshly gathered wormwood. Obviously she had with grave lack of decorum lent me too much confidence and could atone for it only by forbidding my alien eyes to look upon the wormwood as she made it ready to 'stay for eight days in a dark, cool place.'

## V

All this happened years ago; and one is painfully aware in these latter days of the name and the penalty attached in social and intellectual circles to one who is willfully reminiscent. Yet in this era of tonsillectomies and appendectomies, abscessed teeth and complete nervous breakdowns, when the most literary of magazines gives space to the insurmountable problem of paying the manifold costs of even legitimate illnesses and the health insurance companies flourish like the bay trees of the Psalmist, it is pleasing to recall that generous-footed Ophelia of Piscataquis County, who once contended that wormwood was for thoughts, and for whom, like Wordsworth's Peter Bell, the simple growth of Mother Earth sufficed.

It is also not unpleasing to contemplate what beneficence, now hidden and inaccessible, might perchance be ours if we would for a season drop the anxieties, academic, culinary, and economic, that beset us and 'stay for eight days in a dark, cool place.'

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# UNIVERSITIES AND THEIR FUNCTION

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

## I

THE expansion of universities is one marked feature of the social life in the present age. All countries have shared in this movement, but more especially America, which thereby occupies a position of honor. It is, however, possible to be overwhelmed even by the gifts of good fortune; and this growth of universities, in number of institutions, in size, and in internal complexity of organization, discloses some danger of destroying the very sources of their usefulness, in the absence of a widespread understanding of the primary functions which universities should perform in the service of a nation. These remarks, as to the necessity for reconsideration of the function of universities, apply to all the more developed countries. They are only more especially applicable to America, because this country has taken the lead in a development which, under wise guidance, may prove to be one of the most fortunate forward steps which civilization has yet taken.

This article will only deal with the most general principles, though the special problems of the various departments in any university are, of course, innumerable. But generalities require illustration, and for this purpose I choose the business school of a university. This choice is dictated by the fact that business schools represent one of the newer developments of university activity. They are also more particularly relevant to the dominant social activities of modern nations, and for that reason are good examples of the way in which the national life should be affected by the activities of its universities. Also at Harvard, where I have the honor to hold office, the new foundation of a business school on a scale amounting to magnificence has just reached its completion.

There is a certain novelty in the provision of such a school of training, on this scale of magnitude, in one of the few leading universities of the world. It marks the culmination of a movement which for many years past has introduced analogous departments throughout American universities. This is a new fact in the university world; and it alone would justify some general reflections upon the purpose of a university education, and upon the proved importance of that purpose for the welfare of the social organism.

The novelty of business schools must not be exaggerated. At no time have universities been restricted to pure abstract learning. The University of Salerno in Italy, the earliest of European universities, was devoted to medicine. In England, at Cambridge, in the year 1316, a college was founded for the special purpose of providing 'clerks for the King's service.' Universities have trained clergy, medical men, lawyers, engineers. Business is now a highly intellectualized vocation, so it well fits into the series. There is, however, this novelty: the curriculum



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suitable for a business school, and the various modes of activity of such a school, are still in the experimental stage. Hence the peculiar importance of recurrence to general principles in connection with the moulding of these schools. It would, however, be an act of presumption on my part if I were to enter upon any consideration of details, or even upon types of policy affecting the balance of the whole training. Upon such questions I have no special knowledge, and therefore have no word of advice.

## II

The universities are schools of education, and schools of research. But the primary reason for their existence is not to be found either in the mere knowledge conveyed to the students or in the mere opportunities for research afforded to the members of the faculty.

Both these functions could be performed at a cheaper rate, apart from these very expensive institutions. Books are cheap, and the system of apprenticeship is well understood. So far as the mere imparting of information is concerned, no university has had any justification for existence since the popularization of printing in the fifteenth century. Yet the chief impetus to the foundation of universities came after that date, and in more recent times has even increased.

The justification for a university is that it preserves the connection between knowledge and the zest of life, by uniting the young and the old in the imaginative consideration of learning. The university imparts information, but it imparts it imaginatively. At least, this is the function which it should perform for society. A university which fails in this respect has no reason for existence. This atmosphere of excitement, arising from imaginative consideration, transforms knowledge. A fact is no longer a bare fact: it is invested with all its possibilities. It is no longer a burden on the memory: it is energizing as the poet of our dreams, and as the architect of our purposes.

Imagination is not to be divorced from the facts: it is a way of illuminating the facts. It works by eliciting the general principles which apply to the facts, as they exist, and then by an intellectual survey of alternative possibilities which are consistent with those principles. It enables men to construct an intellectual vision of a new world, and it preserves the zest of life by the suggestion of satisfying purposes.

Youth is imaginative, and if the imagination be strengthened by discipline this energy of imagination can in great measure be preserved through life. The tragedy of the world is that those who are imaginative have but slight experience, and those who are experienced have feeble imaginations. Fools act on imagination without knowledge; pedants act on knowledge without imagination. The task of a university is to weld together imagination and experience.

The initial discipline of imagination in its period of youthful vigor requires that there be no responsibility for immediate action. The habit of unbiased thought, whereby the ideal variety of exemplifications is discerned in its derivation from general principles, cannot be acquired when there is the daily task of preserving a concrete organization. You must be free to think rightly and wrongly, and free to appreciate the variousness of the universe undisturbed by its perils.

These reflections upon the general functions of a university can be at once translated in terms of the particular functions of a business school. We need not flinch from the assertion that the main function of such a school is to produce men with a greater zest for

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business. It is a libel upon human nature to conceive that zest for life is the product of pedestrian purposes directed toward the narrow routine of material comforts. Mankind by its pioneering instinct, and in a hundred other ways, proclaims the falsehood of that lie.

In the modern complex social organism, the adventure of life cannot be disjoined from intellectual adventure. Amid simpler circumstances, the pioneer can follow the urge of his instinct, directed toward the scene of his vision from the mountain top. But in the complex organizations of modern business the intellectual adventure of analysis, and of imaginative reconstruction, must precede any successful reorganization. In a simpler world, business relations were simpler, being based on the immediate contact of man with man and on immediate confrontation with all relevant material circumstances. To-day business organization requires an imaginative grasp of the psychologies of populations engaged in differing modes of occupation; of populations scattered through cities, through mountains, through plains; of populations on the ocean, and of populations in mines, and of populations in forests. It requires an imaginative grasp of conditions in the tropics, and of conditions in temperate zones. It requires an imaginative grasp of the interlocking interests of great organizations, and of the reactions of the whole complex to any change in one of its elements. It requires an imaginative understanding of laws of political economy, not merely in the abstract, but also with the power to construe them in terms of the particular circumstances of a concrete business. It requires some knowledge of the habits of government, and of the variations of those habits under diverse conditions. It requires an imaginative vision of the binding forces of any human organization, a sympathetic vision of the limits of human nature and of the conditions which evoke loyalty of service. It requires some knowledge of the laws of health, and of the laws of fatigue, and of the conditions for sustained reliability. It requires an imaginative understanding of the social effects of the conditions of factories. It requires a sufficient conception of the rôle of applied science in modern society. It requires that discipline of character which can say 'yes' and 'no' to other men, not by reason of blind obstinacy, but with firmness derived from a conscious evaluation of relevant alternatives.

The universities have trained the intellectual pioneers of our civilization — the priests, the lawyers, the statesmen, the doctors, the men of science, and the men of letters. They have been the home of those ideals which lead men to confront the confusion of their present times. The Pilgrim Fathers left England to found a state of society according to the ideals of their religious faith; and one of their earlier acts was the foundation of Harvard University in Cambridge, named after that ancient mother of ideals in England, to which so many of them owed their training. The conduct of business now requires intellectual imagination of the same type as that which in former times has mainly passed into those other occupations; and the universities are the organizations which have supplied this type of mentality for the service of the progress of the European races.

In early mediæval history the origin of universities was obscure and almost unnoticed. They were a gradual and natural growth. But their existence is the reason for the sustained, rapid progressiveness of European life in so many fields of activity. By their agency the adventure of action met the adventure of thought. It would not

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have been possible antecedently to have divined that such organizations would have been successful. Even now, amid the imperfections of all things human, it is sometimes difficult to understand how they succeed in their work. Of course there is much failure in the work of universities. But, if we take a broad view of history, their success has been remarkable and almost uniform. The cultural histories of Italy, of France, of Germany, of Holland, of Scotland, of England, of the United States, bear witness to the influence of universities. By 'cultural history' I am not chiefly thinking of the lives of scholars; I mean the energizing of the lives of those men who gave to France, to Germany, and to other countries that impress of types of human achievement which, by their addition to the zest of life, form the foundation of our patriotism. We love to be members of a society which can do those things.

There is one great difficulty which hampers all the higher types of human endeavor. In modern times this difficulty has even increased in its possibilities for evil. In any large organization the younger men, who are novices, must be set to jobs which consist in carrying out fixed duties in obedience to orders. No president of a large corporation meets his youngest employee at his office door with the offer of the most responsible job which the work of that corporation includes. The young men are set to work at a fixed routine, and only occasionally even see the president as he passes in and out of the building. Such work is a great discipline. It imparts knowledge, and it produces reliability of character; also it is the only work for which the young men, in that novice stage, are fit, and it is the work for which they are hired. There can be no criticism of the custom, but there may be an unfortunate effect — prolonged routine work dulls the imagination.

The result is that qualities essential at a later stage of a career are apt to be stamped out in an earlier stage. This is only an instance of the more general fact, that necessary technical excellence can only be acquired by a training which is apt to damage those energies of mind which should direct the technical skill. This is the key fact in education, and the reason for most of its difficulties.

The way in which a university should function in the preparation for an intellectual career, such as modern business or one of the older professions, is by promoting the imaginative consideration of the various general principles underlying that career. Its students thus pass into their period of technical apprenticeship with their imaginations already practised in connecting details with general principles. The routine then receives its meaning, and also illuminates the principles which give it that meaning. Hence, instead of a drudgery issuing in a blind rule of thumb, the properly trained man has some hope of obtaining an imagination disciplined by detailed facts and by necessary habits.

Thus the proper function of a university is the imaginative acquisition of knowledge. Apart from this importance of the imagination, there is no reason why business men, and other professional men, should not pick up their facts bit by bit as they want them for particular occasions. A university is imaginative or it is nothing — at least nothing useful.

## III

Imagination is a contagious disease. It cannot be measured by the yard, or weighed by the pound, and then delivered to the students by members of



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the faculty. It can only be communicated by a faculty whose members themselves wear their learning with imagination. In saying this, I am only repeating one of the oldest of observations. More than two thousand years ago the ancients symbolized learning by a torch passing from hand to hand down the generations. That lighted torch is the imagination of which I speak. The whole art in the organization of a university is the provision of a faculty whose learning is lighted up with imagination. This is the problem of problems in university education; and unless we are careful the recent vast extension of universities in number of students and in variety of activities — of which we are so justly proud — will fail in producing its proper results, by the mishandling of this problem.

The combination of imagination and learning normally requires some leisure, freedom from restraint, freedom from harassing worry, some variety of experiences, and the stimulation of other minds diverse in opinion and diverse in equipment. Also there is required the excitement of curiosity, and the self-confidence derived from pride in the achievements of the surrounding society in procuring the advance of knowledge. Imagination cannot be acquired once and for all, and then kept indefinitely in an ice box to be produced periodically in stated quantities. The learned and imaginative life is a way of living, and is not an article of commerce.

It is in respect to the provision and utilization of these conditions for an efficient faculty that the two functions of education and research meet together in a university. Do you want your teachers to be imaginative? Then encourage them to research. Do you want your researchers to be imaginative? Then bring them into intellectual sympathy with the young at the most eager, imaginative period of life, when intellects are just entering upon their mature discipline. Make your researchers explain themselves to active minds, plastic and with the world before them; make your young students crown their period of intellectual acquisition by some contact with minds gifted with experience of intellectual adventure. Education is discipline for the adventure of life; research is intellectual adventure; and the universities should be homes of adventure shared in common by young and old. For successful education there must always be a certain freshness in the knowledge dealt with. It must either be new in itself or it must be invested with some novelty of application to the new world of new times. Knowledge does not keep any better than fish. You may be dealing with knowledge of the old species, with some old truth; but somehow or other it must come to the students, as it were, just drawn out of the sea and with the freshness of its immediate importance.

It is the function of the scholar to evoke into life wisdom and beauty which, apart from his magic, would remain lost in the past. A progressive society depends upon its inclusion of three groups — scholars, discoverers, inventors. Its progress also depends upon the fact that its educated masses are composed of members each with a tinge of scholarship, a tinge of discovery, and a tinge of invention. I am here using the term 'discovery' to mean the progress of knowledge in respect to truths of some high generality, and the term 'invention' to mean the progress of knowledge in respect to the application of general truths in particular ways subservient to present needs. It is evident that these three groups merge into each other, and also that men engaged in practical affairs are properly to be called inventors so far as they

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contribute to the progress of society. But any one individual has his own limitation of function, and his own peculiar needs. What is important for a nation is that there shall be a very close relation between all types of its progressive elements, so that the study may influence the market place, and the market place the study. Universities are the chief agencies for this fusion of progressive activities into an effective instrument of progress. Of course they are not the only agencies, but it is a fact that to-day the progressive nations are those in which universities flourish.

It must not be supposed that the output of a university in the form of original ideas is solely to be measured by printed papers and books labeled with the names of their authors. Mankind is as individual in its mode of output as in the substance of its thoughts. For some of the most fertile minds composition in writing, or in a form reducible to writing, seems to be an impossibility. In every faculty you will find that some of the more brilliant teachers are not among those who publish. Their originality requires for its expression direct intercourse with their pupils in the form of lectures, or of personal discussion. Such men exercise an immense influence; and yet, after the generation of their pupils has passed away, they sleep among the innumerable unthanked benefactors of humanity. Fortunately, one of them is immortal — Socrates.

Thus it would be the greatest mistake to estimate the value of each member of a faculty by the printed work signed with his name. There is at the present day some tendency to fall into this error; and an emphatic protest is necessary against an attitude on the part of authorities which is damaging to efficiency and unjust to unselfish zeal.

But, when all such allowances have been made, one good test for the general efficiency of a faculty is that as a whole it shall be producing in published form its quota of contributions of thought. Such a quota is to be estimated in weight of thought, and not in number of words.

This survey shows that the management of a university faculty has no analogy to that of a business organization. The public opinion of the faculty, and a common zeal for the purposes of the university, form the only effective safeguards for the high level of university work. The faculty should be a band of scholars, stimulating each other, and freely determining their various activities. You can secure certain formal requirements, that lectures are given at stated times and that instructors and students are in attendance. But the heart of the matter lies beyond all regulation.

The question of justice to the teachers has very little to do with the case. It is perfectly just to hire a man to perform any legal services under any legal conditions as to times and salary. No one need accept the post unless he so desires.

The sole question is, What sort of conditions will produce the type of faculty which will run a successful university? The danger is that it is quite easy to produce a faculty entirely unfit — a faculty of very efficient pedants and dullards. The general public will only detect the difference after the university has stunted the promise of youth for scores of years.

The modern university system in the great democratic countries will only be successful if the ultimate authorities exercise singular restraint, so as to remember that universities cannot be dealt with according to the rules and policies which apply to the familiar business corporations. Business schools

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are no exception to this law of university life. There is really nothing to add to what the presidents of many American universities have recently said in public on this topic. But whether the effective portion of the general public, in America or other countries, will follow their advice appears to be doubtful. The whole point of a university, on its educational side, is to bring the young under the intellectual influence of a band of imaginative scholars. There can be no escape from proper attention to the conditions which — as experience has shown — will produce such a band.

## IV

The two premier universities of Europe, in age and in dignity, are the University of Paris and the University of Oxford. I will speak of my own country because I know it best. The University of Oxford may have sinned in many ways. But, for all her deficiencies, she has throughout the ages preserved one supreme merit, beside which all failures in detail are as dust in the balance: for century after century, throughout the long course of her existence, she has produced bands of scholars who treated learning imaginatively. For that service alone, no one who loves culture can think of her without emotion.

But it is quite unnecessary for me to cross the ocean for my examples. The author of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Jefferson, has some claim to be the greatest American. The perfection of his various achievements certainly places him among the few great men of all ages. He founded a university, and devoted one side of his complex genius to placing that university amid every circumstance which could stimulate the imagination — beauty of buildings, of situation, and every other stimulation of equipment and organization.

There are many other universities in America which can point my moral, but my final example shall be Harvard — the representative university of the Puritan movement. The New England Puritans of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were the most intensely imaginative people, restrained in their outward expression, and fearful of symbolism by physical beauty, but, as it were, racked with the intensity of spiritual truths intellectually imagined. The Puritan faculties of those centuries must have been imaginative indeed, and they produced great men whose names have gone round the world. In later times Puritanism softened, and, in the golden age of literary New England, Emerson, Lowell, and Longfellow set their mark upon Harvard. The modern scientific age then gradually supervenes, and again in William James we find the typical imaginative scholar.

To-day business comes to Harvard; and the gift which the University has to offer is the old one of imagination, the lighted torch which passes from hand to hand. It is a dangerous gift, which has started many a conflagration. If we are timid as to that danger, the proper course is to shut down our universities. Imagination is a gift which has often been associated with great commercial peoples — with Greece, with Florence, with Venice, with the learning of Holland, and with the poetry of England. Commerce and imagination thrive together. It is a gift which all must pray for their country who desire for it that abiding greatness achieved by Athens: —

> Her citizens, imperial spirits,
> Rule the present from the past.

For American education no smaller ideal can suffice.

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# THE HELLER

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

## I

In March the high spring tides lap with their ragged and undulating riband of flotsam the grasses near the flat top of the sea wall; and once in a score of years the southwest gale piles the sea so high that it lops over and rushes down into the reclaimed grazing marsh within. The landlocked water returns on the ebb by way of the reedy dikes, and the culverts under the wall with their one-way hinged wooden doors, and through the muddy channels to the sea again.

I was unfortunate enough to miss seeing such a flood this year; but, hearing of it, I went down to the marsh the next afternoon before the time of high tide, hoping to see it happen again. I wandered along the sea wall, with its hoof-holed path of clay still holding salt water, as far as the black hospital ship, and then I returned. The gale had blown itself out, and a blue sky lay beyond Hartland promontory, and far out over the calm Atlantic.

There is a slanting path leading to the road below by the marshman's cottage, and by this I left the wide prospect of sand hills, sea, and sky, seen from the sea wall, and as I was descending I noticed that the grasses down the inner slope were washed flat and straggly by a heavy overflooding of the day before.

The marshman was standing on the porch of the cottage, looking at his ducklings which had hatched about a fortnight before. He wore his spectacles and had a book in his hands. We greeted each other, and I stopped to talk.

I always enjoyed talking with the marshman. His face pleased me. I liked his kind brown eyes, his gray hair, his small and intelligent sea-browned face. In a soft voice he began telling me about the book in his hands, which he said was 'wonderful and most interesting.' It was thick and heavy, and printed in small close-set type. It was called *The History of the Jews*, and the marshman had read it with the same care and patience with which, year after year, he had cut the reeds in the dikes and scythed the thistles in the rank grass. For years he had been reading that book, and he had not yet reached the middle pages. Appalling labor!

Would I like to take the book home with me, and have a read of it? He was a bit busy just now and could easily spare it for a day or two. I was quite welcome to take it, if —

I was saved from a reply by the sudden change in the marshman's face. He was staring intently beyond the gate by which we stood. His spectacles were pushed back from his eyes. I looked in the direction of his stare, and saw the usual scene — fowls on the stony and feathery road, and a couple of pigs nosing amid them; the down-hanging branches of the willow tree over the leat; the green pointed leaves of the flag iris rising thickly along both



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banks; the sky-gleams between them. On the water a brood of yellowish-white ducklings were paddling, watched anxiously from the road by the hen that had hatched them.

'The heller!'

At the muttered angry words the marshman's dog, which had assumed a stiff attitude from the moment of its master's fixed interest in something as yet unsmelled, unseen, and unheard by itself, whined and crouched and sprang over the gate. It had gone forward a few yards, sending the hens clucking and flying in all directions, when the marshman shouted. Seeing its master's arm flung to the left, the dog promptly turned in that direction. I saw its hackles rise.

The narrow leat, which brought fresh drinking water to the grazing marsh, was crossed under the willow tree by a clammer, or single heavy plank of elm wood. As the dog ran on to the clammer I saw something at the farther end slide into the water. I had a fleeting impression of the vanishing hind quarters of a squat and slender dog, dark brown as a bulrush, and with the palms of its feet widely webbed as a duck's. It had a long tail, tapering to a point. The brown tail slid over the plank flatly yet swiftly, and disappeared without splash into the slight ripple made by the submerging animal.

''T is that darned old mousy-colored fitch,' grumbled the marshman, opening the gate. 'It be after my ducklings. It took one just about this time yesterday. Yurr, Ship!' — to the dog — 'Fetch un, Ship!' The dog sprang around barking raucously, and trotted along the plank again, nose between paws, and whining with excitement where the 'heller' had stood. Then it looked at its master, and barked at the water.

While it was barking the ducklings, about fifteen yards away, began to run on the water, beating their little fluky stumps of wings and stretching out their necks. 'Queep! queep! queep!' they cried. The foster hen on the bank was clucking and jerking her comb about in agitation.

'Ah, you heller, you!' cried the marshman, as a duckling was drawn under by invisible jaws. The other ducklings waddled out by the brimming edge of the road, made for the hen in two files of uniform and tiny yellowish bodies aslant with straining to reach the cover of wings. Very red and jerky about the comb and cheek pendules, with flickering eyes, this motherly fowl squatted on the stones and lowered her wings till they rested on her useless pinion shafts, and fluffed out her feathers to make room for the eight mites which, in spite of her constant calls and entreaties, would persist in walking on that cold and unwalkable place, which was only for supping from at the edge.

'Peep, peep, peep; quip, pip; queep weep,' whistled the ducklings, drowsily, in their sweet and feeble voices. The marshman came out of the cottage with a gun.

'The heller,' he said. 'The withering beast, it ought to be kicked to flames.'

We waited five minutes, watching the leat where the duckling had gone down.

Parallel lines of ripples, wavering with infirm and milk-white sky, rode along the brimming water. The tide was still rising. Twenty yards away the young strong leaves of the flag irises began to quiver. The marshman lifted the gun and curled a finger round the trigger. The leaves were still. We waited. The pee-peeps of the happy ducklings ceased.

Water began to run, in sudden starts, around the smoothed stones in the roadway. The tide was rising fast. A feather was carried twirling on a runnel

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that stopped by my left toe; and after a pause it ran on a few inches, leaving dry specks of dust and bud-sheaths tacked to the welt.

The outline of the leat was lost in the overbrimming of the water. Grasses began to float and stray at its edges. The runnels of the tide explored the least hollow, running forward, pausing, turning sideways or backward, and blending, as though gladly, with one another.

'It be gone,' said the marshman, lowering the gun, to my relief; for its double barrels had been near my cheek, and they were rusty, thin as an egg-shell at the muzzle, and loaded with an assortment of broken screw-heads, nuts, and odd bits of iron. He was as economical with his shooting as he was with his reading. Originally the gun had been a flintlock, owned by his great-grandfather; and his father had had it converted into a percussion cap. Its walnut stock was riddled with worm-holes; and even as I was examining it I heard the sound like the ticking of a watch, which ceased after nine ticks. The death-watch beetle. It was doubtful which would go first — the stock, 'falling abroad' in its tunneled brittleness, or the barrels, bursting from frail old age.

'It's a high tide,' I said, stepping further back. 'I suppose the otter came up on it, and down the leat?'

Then the marshman told me about the 'heller.' We stood with our backs to the deep and ancient thorn hedge that borders the road to the east, a hedge double-sheared by wind and man, six feet high and eight feet thick and so matted that a man could walk along it without his boots sinking. It was gray and gold with lichens. I had always admired the hedge by the marsh toll-gate. I leaned gingerly against it while the marshman told me that he had seen the otter on the two afternoons previously, and both times when the tide was nearly on the top of the flood. No, it did not come up the leat; it was a bold beast, and came over the sea wall where the tide had poured over two afternoons agone.

'My wife zeed'n rinning over the wall, like a little brown dog. I reckon myself th' heller comes from the duck ponds over in Heanton marsh, and sleeps by day in th' daggers [reeds]. Artters [otters] be always travelin' up the pill [creek] vor to get to the duck ponds, or goin' on up to the pill-head, and over the basin [weir] into fresh water, after trout. Never before have I heard tell of an artter going time after time, and by day too, after the same ducklings.

''T is most unusual, zur, vor an artter will always take fish when he can get fish, eels particularly, and there be plenty of eels all over the marsh. An artter loveth an eel; 't is its most natural food, in a manner of speaking.

''T is what is called an ambulance [amphibious] baste, the artter be; yes, 't is, like a crab, that can live in both land and water. A most interestin' baste, vor those that possess th' education vor to study up all that sort of thing. Now can ee tell me how an artter serves an eel different from another fish? Other fish — leastways those I've zin with my own eyes — are ate head downwards; but an eel be ate tail vust, and the head an' shoulders be left. I've a zin scores of 'n, and all ate tail vust!'

While the old fellow was speaking, the water, in irregular pourings and innocent twirls, was stealing right across the road. It reached the hen, who, to judge from the downward pose of her head, regarded it as a nuisance. A runnel slipped stealthily between her cane-colored feet, wetting the claws worn with faithful scratching for the young. She arose and strutted

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away in the lee of the hedge, calling her brood; and 'Wock! wock! Wet!' she cried, for with tiny notes of glee they had headed straight for the wide water, gleaming with the early sunset.

The marshman said, 'Darn the flood!' for *The History of the Jews*, container of future years' laborious pleasure, lay in a plash by the gate, ten strides away. He picked it up, regarding ruefully the dripping cover. He was saying that it was n't no odds, a bit of damp on the outside, when I noticed a small traveling ripple in the shape of an arrow moving out from the plank, now almost awash. It continued steadily for about three yards from the plank, and beyond the ripples a line of little bubbles like shot began to rise and lie still. The line, increasing steadily by lengths varying from two or three to a dozen inches, drew out toward the ducklings.

I took long strides forward beside the marshman. Our footfalls splashed in the shallow water. The dog trotted at his heels, quivering, its ears cocked. A swirl arose in the leat and rocked the ducklings; they cried and struck out for the grass; but one stayed still, trying to rise on weeny wings, and then it went under.

'The *heller!*' cried the marshman, raising his gun.

For about twenty seconds we waited.

A brown whiskered head, flat and seal-like, with short rough hairs and beady black eyes, looked out of the water. *Bang!* It dived at the flash, and although we peered and waited for at least a minute after the whining of a screw-head ricocheting away over the marsh had ceased, I saw only our spectral faces shaking in the water.

## II

The next afternoon I went down by the eastern sea wall and lay on the flat grassy ridge, with a view of the lower horn of the Ram's-horn duck pond. Wild fowl were flying round the marsh, and settling on the open water hidden between the thick green reeds. Many scores had their nests in the preserve. Why did the otter, I wondered, come all the way to the leat, when it could take all the ducklings it wanted in the pond? Perhaps in my reasoning I was falling into the old error of ascribing to a wild beast something of human reasoning; for, had I been an otter after ducklings, I should certainly have stayed where they were most numerous.

The tide flowed past me, with its usual straggle of froth covering the flotsam of corks, bottles, clinker, spruce bark from the Bideford shipyards, tins, cabbage leaves, and sticks. The murky water moved wide and deep between the muddy glidders. Two ketches rode up on the flood, the exhausts of their oil engines echoing with hollow thuds over the mud and water. I wondered why they were wasting oil, when the current was so swift to carry them; but when they made fast to their mooring buoys, and the bows swung round, I realized the use of the engines — to keep them in the fairway. Of course!

Gulls screamed as they floated around the masts and cordage of the black craft, awaiting the dumping overboard of garbage. I waited for an hour, but saw nothing of the otter.

'Did ee see'n?' asked the marshman, when I went back. His gun lay on the table, and Ship the dog was crouched over the threshold, its nose on its paws pointing to the clammer bridge over the leat.

'He's took another duckling, the heller!' he growled.

The otter must have made an early crossing, while I was lazing on the bank. Perhaps he had come through a culvert, squeezing past the sodden wooden trap; and then, either seeing or winding me, he had crossed under water. The marsh-

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man, happening to come to the door, had seen the duckling going under, and, although he had waited for ten minutes, nothing had come up.

'Ship here went nosing among the daggers, but could n't even get wind of 'n. I reckon that ambulance baste can lie on the bottom and go to sleep if it has a mind to.'

By 'ambulance' he meant amphibious, I imagined. The otter had no gills; it breathed in the ordinary way, being an animal that had learned to swim under water.

'Did n't you see even a bubble?'

'Not one!'

It seemed strange. Also, it had seemed strange that the engines of the ketches were 'wasting' oil. That had a perfectly ordinary explanation — when one realized it!

'And it took a duck in just the same way as before?'

'That's it! In a wink, that duck was down under.'

'But did n't the ducklings see the otter?'

'Noomye! The poor li'l beauty was took quick as a wink.' He was much upset by it.

'Now I'll tell ee what I'll do,' he said. 'I'll till a gin vor a rat, I will, and if I trap an artter, well, 't will be a pity, as the artter-'unting gentry would say; but there 't is!'

Otters were not generally trapped in the country of the Taw and Torridge rivers, as most of the water owners subscribed to the otter hounds. There were often occasions, however, when a gin was 'tilled,' or set, on a submerged rock where an otter was known to touch, or on a sunken post driven into the river bed near its holt. About once in a season the pack drew the brackish waters of the Ram's-horn duckpond, but an otter was never killed there, as there was impregnable 'holding' among the thick reeds.

I looked at the marshman's face, filled with grim thoughts about the 'heller' (had he got the term from *The History of the Jews?*), and remembered how, only the year before, when an otter had been killed near Branton church, he had confided to me that he did n't care much for 'artter-'unting'; that it was 'not much sport with all they girt dogs agin one small baste.'

'I've got some old rabbit gins,' said the marshman. 'And I'll till them on the clammer, and get that heller, I will.'

I went away to watch the mating flight of the golden plover over the marsh, and the sun had gone down behind the low line of the sand hills to the west when I returned along the sea wall. Three rabbit gins — rusty affairs of open iron teeth and flat iron springs ready to snap up and hold anything that trod on them — lay on the plank. The marshman had bound lengths of twisted brass rabbit wire around the plank and through the ends of the chains, so that, dragged into the leat, the weight of the three gins would drown the struggling otter.

My road home lay along the edge of the leat, which was immediately under the sea wall. Old upturned boats, rusty anchors, rotting bollards of tree trunks, and other gear lay on the wall and its inner grassy slope. Near the pill-head the brown ribs of a ketch, almost broken up, lay above the wall. I came to the hump where the road goes over the culvert; and, leaning on the stone parapet, I watched the water of the little river moving with dark eddies under the fender into the leat, and the overflow tumbling into the concrete basin of the weir and sliding down the short length of the weedy fish-pass into the dull and placid level of the rising tide. It barely rippled. The air was still, silvery with eve-star and crescent moon.

The last cart had left the Great

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Field, the faint cries of lambs arose under the moon, men were all home to their cottages or playing skittles in the village inns. Resting the weight of my body on the stone, I stared vaguely at the water, thinking how many strange impulses and feelings came helter-skelter out of a man, and how easily it was to judge him falsely by any one act or word. The marshman had pitied a hunted otter; he had raged against a hunting otter; he felt tenderly and protectively toward the ducklings; he would complacently wring their necks when the peas ripened, and sell them for as much money as he could get for them. In the future he would not think otter-hunting a cruel sport. And if the otter-hunters heard that he had trapped and drowned an otter they would be sincerely upset that it had suffered such a cruel and, as it were, an unfair death. Perhaps the only difference between animal and man was that the animal had fewer notions. . . .

I was musing in this idle manner, my thoughts slipping away as water, when I heard a sound somewhere behind me. It was a thin piercing whistle, the cry of an otter. Slowly I moved back my head, till only a part of my face would be visible in silhouette from the water below.

I watched for a bubble, a sinuous shadow, an arrowy ripple, a swirl; I certainly did not expect to see a fat old dog-otter come drifting down on his back, swishing with his rudder and bringing it down with great thwacking splashes on the water while he chewed a half-pound trout held in his short forepaws. My breath ceased; my eyes held from blinking. I had a perfect view of his sturdy body, the yellowish-white patch of fur on his belly below his ribs, his sweeping whiskers, his dark beady eyes. Still chewing, he bumped head-on into the sill, kicked himself upright, walked on the concrete, and stood there crunching, while the five pools running from his legs and rudder ran into one. He did not chew, as I had read in books of otters chewing; he just stood there on his four legs, the tail half of the trout sticking out of his mouth, and gulped down the bits. That trout had disappeared in about ten seconds. Then the otter leaned down to the water, and lapped as a cat does.

He was old, slow, coarse-haired, and about thirty pounds in weight — the biggest otter I had seen, with the broadest head.

After quenching his thirst he put his head and shoulders under water, holding himself from falling in by his stumpy webbed forefeet, and his rudder, eighteen inches long, pressing down straight behind. He was watching for fish. As though any fish remained in the water flow after that dreaded apparition had come splashing under the culvert!

With the least ripple he slid into the water. I breathed and blinked with relief, but dared not move otherwise. A head looked up almost immediately, and two dark eyes stared at me. The otter sneezed, shook the water out of his small ears, and sank away under. I expected it to be my last sight of the beast, and, leaning over to see if an arrowy ripple pointed upstream, I knocked a piece of loose stone off the parapet. To my amazement he came up near the sill again, with something in his mouth. He swung over on his back, and bit it in play. He climbed on to the sill and dropped it there, and slipped back into the water. It was the stone that had dropped from the parapet!

I kept still. The otter reappeared with something white in his mouth. He dropped it with a tinkle beside the stone, and the tinkle must have pleased him, for he picked up the china sherd — it looked like part of a teacup, with

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the handle — and rolled over with it in his paws.

As in other Devon waters, the stream was a pitching place for cottage rubbish, and during the time I was standing by the parapet watching the otter at his play he had collected about a dozen objects — rusty salmon tins, bits of broken glass, sherds of clome pitchers and jam jars, and one half of a sheep's jaw. He ranged them on the sill of the weir, tapping the more musical with a paw, as a cat does, until they fell into the water, when he would dive for and retrieve them.

At the end of about half an hour the sea was lapping over the top of the sill and pressing under the fender. Soon the leat began to brim. The taste of salt water must have made the otter hungry again, or perhaps he had been waiting for the tide, for he left his play-things and, dropping into the water, went down the leat toward the marshman's cottage. I crept stealthily along the grassy border of the road, watching the arrowy ripple, gleaming with silver, of the thin curved moon. The hillside under the ruined chapel above the village of Branton began to show yellow speckles of light in the distant houses. The leat being deserted (for the brood of ducklings with their hen had been shut up for the night), why, then, that sudden swirl and commotion in the water by the flag irises, just where the ducklings had been taken before?

Bubbles broke on the water in strings — big bubbles. Then something heaved glimmering out of the leat, flapping and splashing violently. The noises ceased, and more bubbles came up; the water rocked. Suddenly the splashing increased, and seemed to be moving up and down the leat, breaking the surface of the water. Splashes wetted my face. A big struggle was going on there. After a minute there was a new noise — the noise of sappy stalks of the flags being broken. Slap, slap, slap, on the water. I saw streaks and spots of phosphorescence, or moon gleams, by the end of the plank. The flapping went on in the meadow beyond the flags, with a sound of biting.

I stood without moving for some minutes, while the biting and squirming went on steadily. My shoes filled with water. The tide had spread silently half across the road. Then the noises ceased. I heard a dull rap, as of something striking the heavy wooden plank under water; a strange noise of blowing, a jangle of iron and a heavy splash, and many bubbles and faint knocking sounds. The otter had stepped on the plank to drink, and was trapped.

## III

At last the marshman, having closed *The History of the Jews*, placed his spectacles in their case, drawn on his boots, put on his coat, taken his gun off the nails on the ceiling beam and put it back for a fluke-spearing pronged fork in the corner, and lit the hurricane lamp, said with grim triumph, 'Now us will go vor to see something!' He was highly pleased that he had outwitted the otter.

'There be no hurry, midear,' he said. 'Give 'n plenty of time vor to see the water vor the last occasion in his skin.'

We stood awhile by the clammer under the dark and softly shivering leaves of the willow looming over us in the lamplight.

The water had receded from the plank when the last feeble tug had come along the brass wire. The marshman, watched by his dog, hopping round and round on its wooden leg in immense excitement, pulled up the bundle of gins, and the sagging beast held to them by a forepaw. It was quite dead; but the marshman decided to

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leave it there all night, to make certain.

'I see on the paper,' he said, 'that a chap up to Lunnon be giving good money vor the best artter skins'—tapping the spearing handle significantly with his hand.

When it had been dropped in the water again we went a few paces into the meadow with the lamp, and there we saw a conger eel, about four feet long, bitten through the head by the otter. It was thick as a man's arm. Suddenly I thought that it must have come with the high spring tide over the sea wall; and soon afterward the keen-nosed otter, following eagerly its scent where it had squirmed and writhed its way in the grass. The conger had stayed in the leat, hiding in a drain by the flag irises and coming out when the colder salt water had drifted down.

The marshman carried it back to his cottage and cut it open, and then stared into my face with amazement and sadness, for within the great eel were the remains of his ducklings.

# THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY

BY REAR ADMIRAL CARY T. GRAYSON

## I

It is safe to say that primitive man was little concerned about the length of time he had to live. The struggle for existence occupied most of his time and there was little opportunity for reflection, introspection, or speculation about anything but the present or the immediate future. However, as man ascended a little higher in the evolutionary scale he became curious about his span of life. The prayer of the Psalmist, 'Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am,' is one of the early indications of this developing trait.

While he was curious as to the length of his days, there was little evidence that he took any active steps to prolong them. The science of medicine developed slowly, and illness and death were ascribed to the influence of evil spirits rather than to evil germs or to the natural process of senescence.

However, as man became further civilized he finally arrived at the point where it was not necessary to devote his entire time to the struggle for the necessaries of life, and he had leisure to reflect and formulate ideas regarding life and also regarding death and its causes. Medical science began to delve into the abnormal activities of the various organs of the body, and the science of pathology began to show that death was the result of changes in certain of the organs resulting from disease processes. It is rather remarkable that little attempt was made by scientific men in the early days of medicine to investigate changes which occurred in the body by means of post-mortem examination. There was a strong prejudice against allowing this sort of examination to be carried out,

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and the early anatomists were frequently subjected to considerable personal danger by insisting on post-mortem examinations and anatomical dissection.

Up to the time of Vesalius, medical men learned anatomy by a study of Galen instead of by performing anatomical dissections. Practical demonstrations were usually made on lower animals, and the pig was frequently chosen for this purpose. Furthermore, the professor was inclined to occupy an elevated seat and discourse learnedly from the writings of Galen and Avicenna while the demonstrator pointed with a long staff to the various organs and the dissection itself was performed by a barber. Vesalius complained bitterly of this arrangement and remarked that his teacher, Guinterius, never used his knife for any other purpose than to cut his steak.

The populace was decidedly against this means of investigation, and, while this feeling has disappeared to a great extent, it has by no means been eradicated even at the present time. The percentage of autopsies in our modern hospitals has been greatly increased in recent years and medical men are losing no opportunity to perfect themselves and to acquire additional skill and knowledge regarding disease processes by this measure. Our hospitals are now graded partly on the percentage of autopsies obtained. An institution showing a decidedly low percentage of autopsies can hardly be expected to be in good standing in the eyes of the medical profession. The inspectors of such a hospital are inclined to believe that the staff of the institution was probably not particularly concerned about what caused the patient's death.

There is probably no one procedure which will tend to enhance medical knowledge and to further the development of the physician's skill to a greater degree than careful and thorough post-mortem examinations.

As the knowledge of the causes of death was increased, it was but a step for medical men to inquire as to what means might be employed to combat these various causes. It was found that in many instances death was due to an illness which could have been prevented if the weapons known to medical science had been employed at the proper time. From this point the science of preventive medicine began to assume tremendous proportions.

It has only been in comparatively recent years that the germ theory of disease has been definitely established. The magnificent work of Pasteur served to establish beyond any reasonable doubt that many diseases, the origin of which had been obscure up to that time, were due to microörganisms which gained entrance to the body, with dire results to the patient. From this important discovery rapid strides were made, and preventive medicine has now succeeded in controlling in large measure many of the infectious and contagious diseases which only a short time ago caused tremendous havoc. These preventive measures also resulted in a tremendous drop in infant mortality and a consequent increase in the average span of life.

## II

As we ascend in the scale of life and as the organism becomes more complicated and specialized, the power of rejuvenation manifested in some of the lower forms of life becomes lost. Restoration of certain parts which may become lost through violence or disease becomes completely impossible when we reach man. Disability and death are necessary if evolution is to proceed. As the higher organism develops specialized functions of the various

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organs, death becomes inevitable and really serves to advance life further in the evolutionary scale.

The unicellular organism at the bottom of the scale is immortal in the sense that natural death does not occur. With a favorable environment, the Paramecium, a genus of infusorians, has been observed to pass through 8500 generations without a single natural death. However, there was no advancement in these succeeding generations, and to pay for immortality at such a price would be a decidedly poor investment. As life becomes more worth-while and as specialized functions of the various organs become the rule, the capacity for rejuvenescence becomes increasingly less. It is estimated that, in certain species of worms, $\frac{1}{250}$ of the original worm will regenerate and grow into a complete animal. Furthermore, these reconstituted animals appear younger than the parent from which the piece was taken.

In spite of the fact that death is inevitable, man has arrived at the stage where he is devoting considerable time and energy to postponing this change as long as possible. Death still remains a mystery from which the individual instinctively shrinks.

> The weariest and most loathed worldly life
> That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
> Can lay on nature is a paradise
> To what we fear of death.

The transition from life to death does not take place in the twinkling of an eye, and it is often difficult to state at just what moment the actual change occurred. In many instances the heart continues to beat for as much as fifteen minutes after respiration ceases. We know that many of the cells of various organs continue to live after what we term death has occurred. If these cells are placed under proper environmental surroundings, they may continue to live for an indefinite period. Nevertheless the individual, as a whole, has ceased to exist.

Self-preservation, the desire to live, may be considered a universal attribute of the human race, in spite of the fact that there are occasionally isolated examples where this desire to live has ceased. The occasional individual who takes it upon himself to end his existence, or the individual who, through disease or suffering, looks forward eagerly toward death, represents but a small percentage of the human race. However, to well-regulated minds death loses much of its sinister quality and comes to be regarded, in due course, as a fitting climax to human destiny, so that it can be approached with a feeling of resignation much as one, after a hard day, looks forward to evening sleep.

The desire to live long is accompanied by the desire to live efficiently, and any programme which has for its object the prolongation of human life must also have, accompanying this increased span of life, the ability of the individual to engage actively and with some degree of effectiveness in the affairs of life. Merely to live offers little to the individual if he has lost the ability to think, to grieve, or to hope. There is perhaps no more depressing picture than that of the person who remains on the stage after his act is over. To prolong physical life beyond the period of mental activity could hardly be regarded as a worth-while procedure. In other words, in addition to promoting longevity, it becomes essential that a certain degree of health, both mental and physical, be maintained. The term 'health' is a most elastic quality, difficult to define. I can find no more illuminating definition than that given by Culverwell in a treatise published in 1848: —

> He who can see well, hear rightly, can feel his firm purchase on the earth, can fill and

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empty his lungs, knows the pleasing pain of hunger, and possesses the satisfaction of appeasing it; can sleep soundly — can run or jump — whose memory is obedient to what he stores it with — whose heart is light, and whose body carries with it no pain; — is not such a state of existence delightful? for such is health.

Probably at no other time in the history of the human race has so much attention been paid to the problem of prolonging the span of life. This problem is being attacked from many different angles and by workers in widely separated fields. National and international organizations are directing their energies along these lines, and the governments of practically every civilized country are taking steps to promote longevity among their citizens.

Public-health officials are constantly striving to curtail and eventually eliminate the communicable diseases. Quarantine measures to prevent the spread of this type of disease are being rigidly enforced.

Communities have taken it upon themselves to protect the individual health of their citizens, and no political régime could long remain in power which did not have among its primary objectives that of ensuring an adequate supply of good water, an efficient sewage disposal system, a careful sanitary inspection of foods and drinks, and the protection of its citizens against contagious disease which might arise in their midst. These measures, when intelligently employed, have a remarkable effect in lowering the morbidity and mortality rate of the community. The citizens so protected are on a better economic basis, and the community as a whole is decidedly more prosperous.

The result of this work has greatly justified the efforts made, and the expectation of life in practically every civilized country has become greatly lengthened as a result.

## III

From time to time questions are raised about this increase in the span of life, and the Biblical ages are frequently brought forward to disprove the point that man's average length of life is greater at the present time. It is certainly questionable whether the term 'years' used in the Bible had the same significance that we attach to it at present. No doubt there were some individuals, as Moses and Jacob, who lived considerably beyond the average span of life of their times. The old records found in the Egyptian tombs indicate that the expectancy of life about two thousand years ago was only a little over thirty years. The mortality among children and young adults was decidedly higher than now. Among the Romans, the expectancy of life was little better. Rome was notorious for her hatred of doctors. Gradually Greek physicians settled in Rome, but were received with little enthusiasm on the part of the Roman citizenry. Pliny comments on this attitude of the Roman as follows: 'The dignity of the Roman does not permit him to make a profession of medicine, and the few Romans who begin to study it are venal renegades to the Greeks.'

One of the first tables showing the expectancy of life was prepared by the astronomer, Halley, more familiar to us because of the comet bearing his name than as a statistician. Halley showed that the expectancy of life at birth in the city of Breslau in 1691 was approximately thirty-three years. In the middle of the eighteenth century the expectancy of life at birth in England was thirty-nine years. Following the great sanitary awakening which occurred in practically all civilized countries, the span of life has greatly increased, due to the magic wand of preventive medicine.

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At the present time the expectancy of life at birth in the United States has risen to fifty-eight years. These figures represent the trend except for certain countries such as India, where overcrowding and poor sanitation leave the expectancy of life at birth still not more than thirty years.

The desire to prolong life further has resulted in much interesting study, and there is hardly an avenue at present that has not been opened up as a field for investigation to promote longevity still further. In his desire to escape the inevitable as long as possible, man has not always confined himself to strictly scientific measures. Many bizarre, amusing, and even ridiculous measures have been advocated from time to time to ensure longer life.

The secret of life, or the so-called 'elixir of life,' has been sought by many gallant and adventurous spirits in many climes, but always without success. Ponce de Leon's search for the Fountain of Youth is but an instance of man's desire through the ages to escape senescence, decay, and death.

In our own day and age equally startling formulas for escaping senility have been advanced and recommended to an unsuspecting public. Perhaps no one method of ensuring longevity has been oftener advocated by extremists than some sort of dietary régime. The disciples of a strictly vegetarian diet often become very insistent on the virtues of this procedure. One is able to call up a long array of enthusiasts who have recommended first one and then another article of diet as having particular value in promoting longevity. We have advocates of the milk diet, a ration confined to peanuts, a dietary which contains a reasonable amount of alcoholic spirits, and on the other hand a dietary which excludes all alcoholic liquors. No claim is too startling to receive attention and, as a rule, the more unusual the diet which is recommended, the greater hold it has on popular fancy for the moment.

There can be little doubt that food has a material and decided bearing on health and length of life. Many scientific data have been accumulated by experts in this field to show the important bearing which food intake has on health. We know that the absence of certain foods may result in disease and we have also learned that overindulgence in certain foods has a decided tendency to produce disease. The discovery of principles in foods to which the name 'vitamins' has been applied has shown that it is not sufficient to consider merely the caloric value of food, but that this content of vitamins must be considered as practically of equal importance with the calorie intake. There are well-established vitamin-deficiency diseases, such as scurvy, rickets, and beriberi, and the list of diseases due to such food deficiencies will no doubt lengthen as additional knowledge is accumulated.

There are dietary régimes handed down from the earliest recorded time, as panaceas for almost all bodily ills. It is a rather significant fact that the diet of races in different parts of the world differs widely and has become adapted to the varying needs of these particular races.

Among the rules of health laid down by Plutarch, the most important, perhaps, were those dealing with diet. He emphasized particularly the merits of a simple ration, and the observations of this sage can still be applied to the modern dietary with great advantage.

Perhaps next in the frequency with which their value has been stressed come the various forms of exercise which have been recommended for their particular health-giving qualities. The public is

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besieged with importunities to adopt this or that particular system of physical culture, and no claim is too extravagant for some of the advocates of this means of prolonging life.

It is generally recognized that exercise of the various muscles of the body is quite necessary if their tone is to be maintained and if a correct posture is to be ensured. Daily moderate exercise in the open air can be put down as a distinct asset and a health-giving procedure. This need for exercise, however, is a distinct development of civilization. Prehistoric man was compelled to take his exercise if he would procure an adequate supply of food and if he would insure himself against attack by wild animals and molestation by marauding tribes. He had no means of transportation and made his way across country without hope of a lift, with little in the way of trails, with practically no bridges, and often at great personal risk from the elements and from unfriendly neighbors. The unfit physically as well as mentally were unable to keep up with this strenuous pace, and eventually fell by the wayside or were abandoned. A stout heart, good wind, and strong limbs were an absolute necessity if the individual hoped to survive. No hospitals, charitable institutions, or asylums served to keep the unfit alive, and life was little prolonged beyond the useful productive period.

It is difficult to imagine 'Chief Running Bear' assembling his tribe and delivering an address to them on the advantage of regular daily exercise in the open air. These things were as necessary to the survival of the tribe as food or drink, and the natives would no doubt have considered the Chief to be in his dotage if he had delivered such a dissertation — just as much so, perhaps, as if he had advised them to partake daily of food and drink. Modern civilization, however, has made it possible for the individual to survive with less and less in the way of physical exertion. Modern means of transportation, labor-saving devices, the push button, the telephone and telegraph, and finally the radio have made it possible for the individual of even moderate circumstances to procure the necessaries of life and even a certain amount of relaxation and amusement without the necessity of indulging in much physical exertion.

Can you conceive of Governor Winthrop issuing an edict to the early colonists, advising them to assemble each morning for regular setting-up drill? No doubt the colonists, receiving such an order after a hard day in the fields, would have held a meeting and immediately put the Governor down as being stark mad.

Nevertheless, at the present day the necessity for encouraging regular daily exercise is generally recognized. One great life-insurance company, at considerable expense, broadcasts each morning a set of exercises designed to improve bodily health and prolong life. Now life-insurance companies are not exactly philanthropic institutions, but they recognize the fact that regular daily exercise tends to promote health and increase longevity, and as a consequence results in increased savings and greater dividends to the stockholders.

Physiologists have shown the profound influence which many of the glands of the body have on growth and health, and indeed it is not surprising that the glands of reproduction have come in for particularly close investigation. Numerous researches have been made and much experimental work undertaken in an attempt to show that the glands of reproduction have a bearing on longevity.

It can be said without hesitation that



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at the present time there is little or no evidence to show that the so-called 'gland transplantation' has any bearing whatever in promoting the span of productive life. Nevertheless, the claims for this particular procedure are extravagant and spectacular, and the public is reluctant to abandon such a simple method of escaping senescence. It would be nearer the truth to say that normal functional activity of these glands was the result of robust health in the individual rather than the cause of it.

While it is possible at present to prevent, in many instances, death due to contagious or infectious disease, not nearly so much headway has been made in curtailing deaths due to the degenerative diseases, particularly those affecting the heart, blood vessels, and kidneys. A careful study has been instituted in recent years on the hereditary factors in disease; and, while these studies are still in their infancy, it has become increasingly apparent that there is no one factor which has a greater bearing on the span of life than heredity. Long-lived families tend to produce long-lived offspring, and the children of short-lived families show a decided tendency to be short-lived themselves.

It is recognized that every individual comes into the world endowed with a certain quality as well as quantity of cells. In some instances this quality is inferior; in others, the standard is high. Diseases of the heart and blood vessels now lead all other causes of death, and it is a common observation that the children of apoplectic parents are frequently endowed themselves with arterial tubing of an inferior quality. No doubt future studies will show an even greater relationship between heredity and disease tendencies than we are able to establish at present.

## IV

It is interesting to survey the recorded instances where the span of life has been prolonged greatly beyond the average. A careful survey of biographical examples indicates that there is considerable capriciousness with which the gods of longevity select individuals to join their ranks. When the records of many of the so-called 'centenarians' are critically examined, it is found that data regarding their birth often are obscure or impossible to obtain and that the individual himself, although admittedly old, has a tendency to confuse events which he heard about in his childhood and gradually assume that they took place during his early life. Nevertheless, when these instances are eliminated, there still remains a considerable group who have attained an expectancy of life decidedly greater than the average.

It is possible to find to-day many individuals who have passed the age of ninety, and even some who have passed the age of one hundred and whose records leave no doubt as to these facts. However, when we come to examine these individuals closely, we find that they do not conform to any particular type, race, color, or creed. Further, if we question them regarding the secret of their longevity, the answers are often vague, misleading, or absolutely contradictory. One centenarian may attribute his long life to the fact that he never used tobacco or alcoholic liquor, while the very next one interviewed may ascribe his long life to the moderate indulgence in tobacco and alcoholic spirits. We find in some instances that the individual has eaten meat regularly throughout his life and in other instances that he curtailed or entirely abstained from this article of diet. One man may give a history of regular daily exercise, whereas in another

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instance there is little to indicate that he ever took any more exercise than that necessary to go down to the corner store for another cigar.

The mental traits of these centenarians are sometimes advanced as having a distinct bearing on their increased span of life. There can be little doubt that, other things being equal, a calm, placid, and optimistic outlook on life is a health asset. On the other hand, some of our longest livers have been men of impetuous natures, quick to anger, and given to violent emotions. The greatest longevity attained by any of our Presidents was that of John Adams, who was particularly noted for his quarrelsome disposition, hot temper, and violent outbreaks of rage. Yet he lived well into his ninety-first year.

The influence of the mind over the state of bodily well-being is frequently stressed, and there are those who ascribe tremendous weight to this influence. That there is such a relationship no careful investigator questions, but that the mental faculties can of themselves protect the individual against disease, or against the natural processes of senescence, still lacks adequate proof, to say the least.

> For there was never yet philosopher
> That could endure the toothache patiently.

No statistics are available to indicate that this group of individuals are more free from disease or attain any greater longevity than that of the average of their community.

We must admit that the fountain of eternal youth has not been located and that all signs point to the fact that it does not exist. Furthermore, it is undoubtedly to the best interest of the human race that the elixir of life has not and probably never will be compounded. Goethe speaks of death as nature's device for securing an abundance of life.

Nevertheless, efforts to increase longevity and to defer as long as possible the processes of senescence and death will continue to be made, and it is reasonable to assume that man's span of useful life will be still further lengthened as a result of these efforts.

## V

From this brief survey, then, what factors can we stress that may have a favorable influence on longevity? In the first place, if you would attain long life, select your ancestors with great care from long-lived stock and ensure that you are endowed with a good quality of cells whose functional activity will continue through the stress and strain of many years. Having started out in life with this superior equipment, husband your resources carefully. You have at the outset a considerable surplus of functional activity of practically all organs. You have probably at least twice as much kidney substance as is necessary to carry on efficiently the work of these structures. Likewise, the lungs, heart, and other vital organs have a considerable amount of reserve. You may expend this reserve freely and even riotously, or you may conserve it rigidly and even add to the store by careful personal hygiene. To attempt to lay down rules of life regarding work, sleep, play, and rest which all might follow would be particularly futile. Each individual is equipped with an heredity and is surrounded with environmental influences which serve to distinguish him from every other individual. 'One man's meat is another man's poison' contains an element of truth which would serve to discredit a common routine of hygiene for all individuals.

Moderation, temperance, sobriety, are terms somewhat synonymous, but

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are attributes worthy to acquire if one would extend his span of life.

Medical science offers to the individual the opportunity to protect himself against many of the communicable diseases, and there is little excuse for the well-informed person to succumb or to allow his children to succumb to the ravages of such diseases as diphtheria, typhoid fever, smallpox, and scarlet fever.

The science of dietetics has now been placed on a much firmer foundation than at any time in past history, and it behooves the individual to inform himself on these matters.

To hope that medical science will some day bring forth a simple recipe which will ensure health and promote longevity without effort on the part of the individual or the community is distinctly fallacious and misleading.

Public health has passed far beyond the idea of simply preventing contagious disease. The problem of the future will probably be intimately connected with that of heredity. In his early stages of development man was subjected to the process of natural selection, but upon reaching the civilized state he has gotten further and further from this path. The unfit physically as well as mentally are now surrounded by a multitude of protective laws; and tremendous sums are available from charitable organizations and from the public treasury further to perpetuate this group of individuals who, in a primitive state, would quickly be eliminated.

Herbert Spencer, years ago, expressed his fear of these measures as follows: —

> Any arrangements which, in any considerable degree, prevent superiority from profiting by the rewards of superiority, or shield inferiority from the evils it entails — any arrangements which tend to make it as well to be inferior as to be superior, are arrangements diametrically opposed to the progress of organization and the reaching of a higher life.

While no one would advise that these unfortunate individuals be cast out, it might certainly be worth while to inquire as to whether it is not possible to curtail the production of such individuals, or at least to see that such derelicts and incompetents do not perpetuate their stock.

Hardly a week passes without the announcement that some new movement is under way which has as its object the saving of human life. Modern medicine is now being taught throughout the world, and the saving or prolongation of human life will continue to go forward and our humanitarian instincts will continue to dominate our activity.

While the desire to live long is making itself manifest with increasing force, at the same time death has lost much of its terror for the well-trained mind. It can be said that, as a rule, the nearer the individual approaches a natural death, the less repugnant it becomes, and that, having fulfilled his destiny on earth, man, buoyed up by faith and hope, steps off into the Unknown courageously and with firm tread.

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# A FREE MAN

BY ROSALIE HICKLER

PRESSED sorely on all sides, but loath to yield,
Sometimes when it has seemed that I must die
I see your banner, sharp against the sky,
And catch the glitter of your battered shield.
Then, spite of weariness, my arm is steeled
To lift my own discouraged banner high
And gather laughter for a battle cry
To fling against the fiercely crowding field.

I know what friendless struggles you incur,
Faring so carelessly in ways apart,
Still smiling to yourself, unconquered still,
Wielding the lightning blade Excalibur,
Your fair white plume unstained, O Gallant Heart,
Armored in triple mail from every ill.

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# THE SMILING CENSOR

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

SIGMUND FREUD and his disciples have made us all acquainted with the Censor. He is as real a person to our imagination as was the tithing man to the small boys in the Puritan meeting-house. He is the grim guardian of the respectabilities in that anarchic region which we call the mind.

To the old-fashioned psychologist the mind was a well-ordered city, with the streets well paved and lighted and the limits of each ward well defined. Reason was the Lord Mayor, and the various mental faculties formed the Board of Aldermen. If there were any recalcitrant citizens they were promptly jailed.

But it is so no longer. The mind is revealed to us in a state of perpetual insurgency. It is nature in a state of eruption. Instincts, desires, inchoate tendencies, lawless appetites, contend for the chance for expression. It is the realm of chaos and old night, with here and there a gleam of delusive sham rationality. For, the more rational we are in our own eyes, the more we are in error. It appears that our Calvinistic ancestors minimized our inherent depravity. We are prone to do evil even as the sparks are to fly upward. But the sparks are nothing to the smoke that is produced. The subconsciousness, with its love of the forbidden, is all the time conspiring with the remote past against the peace of the present. What would happen if the subconsciousness were not interfered with we do not know. Perhaps we should enjoy that innocence which we attribute to those animals whose instincts do not interfere with our comfort. We all concede that lambs are innocent, though we have our doubts about tigers and rattlesnakes.

But it appears that our instinctive life is sadly interfered with by the Censor. Just how the Censor got his coercive power is a little doubtful to the layman, but there he is. He represents neither nature nor grace, but only an ungracious and unnatural form of social authority. He does not correspond to Wordsworth's Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God. He is stern enough, but there is no claim that he belongs to the nature of things. He seems rather to be imposed on nature to repress it. He represents, not the vital urge for perfection, but only the rigid forms of conventional righteousness. He upholds those restrictions which the social consciousness would impose upon our subconscious selves. 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' Ancestral conflicts whose merits have been forgotten remain to trouble our nerves. Over every pleasant path the Censor writes, 'Verboten.'

The first efforts of the individual at self-expression are thwarted. There is a vague rebelliousness against all the unpleasant things that are good for him, and a hankering after delights that are denied. For the Censor is watchful. Then follows the exciting story of the internal conflicts as the wily instincts seek to escape from the tyranny of their betters. There are all



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sorts of subterfuges. No detective story can compare with the account of what takes place as by symbolism, substitution, and indirection the natural man resists the attempts to improve him. He will not be moralized or rationalized if he can help it. He will not have his mind unified, but insists, like the demoniac in the New Testament, on his wild multitudinousness. 'My name is Legion: for we are many.' His only aim is to outwit the Censor.

In the meantime, amid all the hurly-burly, the Freudian Censor appears like the Phantasm of Jupiter in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*.

> Cruel he looks, but calm and strong,
> Like one who does, not suffers, wrong.

He does wrong to the instincts because he stands for an unnatural righteousness which they do not understand. Let me appeal, reader, to your experience. I shall not ask you to recall a dream in order to give me the pleasure of interpreting it. Neither shall I try to delve into the obscure memory of what happened to you at the age of three. I shall remain in the open and consider what floats on the broad surface of your waking mentality.

Have you never had a thought which at the moment coruscated in your mental firmament like a meteor? Its brilliancy dazzled you; it flattered your ego. It was so unlike the thoughts of other people that it craved instant expression. It was not to be hidden under a bushel; it was something that should be shouted from the housetops. It was a Whitmanesque thought, fit to be uttered with a barbaric yawp from the roofs of the world. And, strangely enough, it was your thought.

Did you utter it? Not at all. No, you concealed it. Why? It was not because you were afraid of public opinion. It was not because you thought it was unconventional, and so might offend. It was because you caught the eye of the quick-witted Censor in your own mind. You saw the warning twinkle, and the suspicious twitching of his lips. The Censor had appraised your unwonted thought. There was no stern rebuke. He did n't declare that your thought was dangerous to the public, or that it was illogical or morally wrong. He simply notified you in advance that what you were about to say was utterly absurd.

And so you did n't say it. Suddenly you saw the abyss of the ridiculous into which you were about to plunge, and drew back. No man looking at you would know how near you were to making a fool of yourself.

One who is not an adept in psychoanalytic lore has no right to deny the existence of the Freudian Censor, or to make light of the unwholesome repressions which come from the fear of his rebuking eye.

But the layman has his rights, too, and may be allowed to make his modest suggestion. The discovery of censors is a game that two can play at. There is a kind of censorship, of which there is some evidence in the working of the normal mind, that is equally effective and much more pleasant.

I should like to draw attention to a censor whose influence is altogether beneficent, but who has real power. His business is not to repress nature in the interest of conventionality, but to repress both nature and conventionality in the interest of health and happiness. I call him the Civilized Censor, as he has to do chiefly with the behavior of more or less civilized people. His only weapon is a wise smile.

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# MEDIÆVAL THINKING

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MODERN MIND

### I

MANY thoughtful men, both lay and clerical, within the Church are convinced that there is some basic flaw in the mode and character of Catholic religious teaching. The Catholic Church professes to be the sole medium of salvation divinely established upon earth. She claims to be the official representative of Christ, naming the Roman Pontiff Christ's vicar on earth. She is known to her adherents as a divine society, perfect in power and authority, the custodian of revelation and of all other means intended by God for the sanctification of mankind. She concedes to no other cult or religion the prerogative of saving souls. She teaches that all men should become her members to be saved. Pope Pius IX condemned this proposition: 'Every man is free to embrace and profess the religion which his reason leads him to think the true religion.' The doctrine 'Without the Church there is no salvation' has been frequently proclaimed. There is, of course, a reasonable theological explanation of this attitude, viewed from the standpoint of Catholic principles.

One sole phase of this teaching concerns us here. By her own profession the Catholic Church assumes responsibility for the world's morality and the sanctification of mankind. Is the Church fulfilling this grave duty to humanity? Let us face the facts unflinchingly. Are Catholics distinguished from other religionists by their virtues? Are they more honorable in politics, more honest in business, more scrupulous in their morals than their fellow citizens? It were preposterous to make this claim. The fact is that not long since a zealous priest conducted a press controversy in which he strove to prove that Catholics have *not more than their numerical proportion of criminals in our penal institutions.* In extenuation of this flagrant fact the author maintained that the criminal reared in the faith simply proved by his crime that he had been unfaithful to his early teachings. Hence, he would have us believe, the large number of Catholic criminals in no wise reflects upon the Church. Yet someone must be responsible for the imperfect moral training of the criminal.

Many are strikingly smug in this regard. In the face of prevalent moral evil, they point to the beauty and sanctity of Catholic doctrine. Yet these holy and beautiful teachings have no consistent value save when expressed in terms of holy and beautiful lives. There are undoubtedly in the country five or six millions of foreign-born Catholics who have abandoned the Church and religion. Are the authorities striving to correct this condition? Ask them about it. They will, if they are reckless enough to express their feelings, say, Let the Pope look after the million or two Italians who have lost the faith in this country. They will tell you that European Catholics are not sufficiently instructed in the


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doctrines of the faith. Ask them, then, how many American Catholics, educated in Catholic schools and colleges, fall away from the faith each year. They have no record of this leakage. On the other hand, there is a list of converts assiduously kept and published annually.

Self-delusion is pathetic in its relation to the individual and tragic when it entails such consequences to the human race. The fact — hard as it is to admit — is that the Catholic Church has never sought to develop intelligent faith. The Church has never encouraged religious thought in the individual Catholic. She demands abject intellectual submission to her teachings. Alleged explanations of doctrine are nothing else than controversial arguments. These too are to be accepted in the humility of obedience due to authority. The intellectual coercion practised in the Church to-day is just as debasing to human dignity as was the physical coercion which the Church practised in the Middle Ages.

Heresy-hunting has been a mania in the Church for many centuries. While she possessed political power, regulations covering heresy were common. In 1229 the Cardinal Legate of Rome published, among others, these ordinances: 'The house in which a heretic has been discovered shall be torn down and the goods confiscated. . . . Laymen should not possess the Old Testament and the New Testament; they shall have only the Psalter, the Breviary and the book of feasts of the Blessed Virgin; furthermore, those books (the Old and New Testaments) shall not be translated into the language of the country. . . . He who is accused of heresy or simply suspected shall not be permitted to practise medicine. . . . Parishioners, especially the husband and wife of each house, shall go to church on Sundays and feasts and assist at the sermon as well as at the whole divine service. . . . Those who fail, without sufficient reason, shall pay a fine of twelve pence of Tours, of which half shall go to the civil lord and half to the priest or the church.'

Another list of regulations published in 1254 contains the following: 'The bishops shall establish inquisitors in each parish (of their diocese), that is, a cleric and a layman whose duty it shall be to seek out, with care, the heretics and denounce them as promptly as possible to the bishop. . . . For each heretic that they shall deliver and make prisoner they shall receive a silver coin. . . . If possible, this money is to be collected from the goods of the heretic. . . . Whoever permits a heretic to dwell on his property, shall lose that property. . . . The bodies of those who die in heresy shall be exhumed and burned.'

These are but a few casual examples of the ecclesiastical ordinances which prevailed in the Middle Ages. The people practised their religion through fear of fines and punishment. They were ever haunted by the dread of being dragged before the Inquisition, where they often had little hope of proving their innocence. An ordinance promulgated by the Archbishop of Tours in 1253 reads: 'He who has been cited before the bishop or the inquisitors and refuses to appear, but remains obstinate in the excommunication which he has thereby incurred, shall be condemned as a heretic even though no proof can be adduced against him.' It is easy to conceive the kind of faith that was engendered in the hearts of the people by these methods.

Yet the same general ecclesiastical policy prevails to-day. Of course the Church no longer has power to fine, imprison, or condemn to death those who are recreant in faith or

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practice. Now the Church is limited to spiritual and moral punishments. He who to-day is suspected of heresy is but morally tortured. The Holy Office of the Inquisition can but excommunicate him or put his writings on the Index, and thereby disgrace him among his coreligionists.

Not long since an American bishop was called to Rome because he had protested against applying to the Roman Curia for permission to grant dispensations and subsequently reporting the granted dispensations to Rome. (Incidentally, the fees given in return for the dispensations are split with Curia officials according to the requisitions.) The Pope received the American bishop kindly, but suggested that he resign within a year. Nevertheless, the day before his departure from Rome he was cited by the Cardinal Vicar and a document outlining his resignation was put before him. He was told that he must either sign on the moment or appear before the Holy Office to answer for his orthodoxy. He signed. Suspension or excommunication is often worse than death for a self-respecting priest or bishop. Similarly, to have a book placed on the Index is generally, for the Catholic writer, to suffer moral death in the sphere of ecclesiastical writing.

Every book on religion or related topics written by Catholics must be submitted to the diocesan bishop for approval. Yet this approval does not insure the writer against the condemnation of the Holy Office and the placing of his work on the Index. True research is therefore impossible with the Catholic author. He must begin with his conclusion. Nor, in all his work, may he ever safely lose sight of this conclusion. In other words, he knows before he begins his studies the deductions which he will have to make to be orthodox. This is particularly true in the sphere of Scriptural study. The student of this subject walks on particularly thin ice. A year or two ago the Abbé Brassac of Paris met a sad fate. His Biblical work has been known for two generations throughout the world, and his texts were used in three or four score of seminaries. Like a thunderbolt the condemnation came. All his books, including some unpublished manuscripts, were put on the Index by the Holy Office.

The people are ruled with the same rigor. It is not uncommon to find bishops in this country denying the sacraments to parents who refuse to send their children to a parochial school. Those who fail to confess their sins to the priest at least once a year are thereby excommunicated, and are not to be accorded Christian burial if they die unshriven. Those who join the Masons or other forbidden societies such as the Odd Fellows and the Knights of Pythias are excommunicated. This rigid spirit is particularly manifest in the laws regarding marriage, especially since the promulgation of the new marriage laws in 1918. Those who go before a civil magistrate or a non-Catholic clergyman to be married are denied the sacraments and their marriage is declared null and void. The marriage of a Catholic with a Protestant or unbeliever is considered null and void, and declared to be sinful, unless it was contracted, by ecclesiastical dispensation, before the parish priest and two witnesses. The non-Catholic party who marries a Catholic party must make a written agreement, signed by witnesses, that all the children of the union shall be reared in the Catholic faith, even though the Catholic party should die while the children are young.

The same mediæval abhorrence for heresy still prevails. It is a mortal sin — a sin sufficient to send a soul to

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Hell — to attend Protestant religious services, though at weddings and funerals the offense is commonly overlooked. It is forbidden under pain of excommunication to read books and pamphlets on religious topics written by non-Catholics. The dead body of a non-Catholic husband or wife, even though the marriage was contracted according to the prescriptions of the Church, may never be buried beside that of the Catholic party in a consecrated Catholic cemetery. If such burial were to take place in consecrated ground, the cemetery would be desecrated and would have to be reconsecrated. It is not permitted to offer public prayers in a Catholic church for departed non-Catholics, even though they be fathers or mothers of devout members.

The people are taught to abhor heresy as a grave sin. In fact, sin and eternal damnation are constantly impressed upon their minds to make them fear the avenging God whom they worship. It is a mortal sin to miss Mass on Sunday or holydays. It is a mortal sin willfully to eat meat on Friday or other days of abstinence. To break the fast on a fast day is a mortal sin. One Moral Theologian says: 'To take four ounces more than the amount permitted for the evening collation breaks the fast.' It is a mortal sin to receive Communion after knowingly taking drink or food. These and a thousand other mortal sins are propounded in Moral Theology.

## II

It is a repressive system, without the constructive elements that appeal to enlightened minds. Indeed, the modern mind is becoming ever more enlightened, all scoffing by ecclesiastics to the contrary notwithstanding. It is common for Catholics to point to the greatness of the Middle Ages. Such works as *The Thirteenth Century, the Greatest of Centuries* propagate the idea. Yet the rest of the world, taking its cue from history, calls those centuries the Dark Ages. Dark indeed they were, dark in the gloom of popular ignorance. Religious instruction was practically unknown for several centuries. The people were herded into the Church like so many cattle. From the fifth to the fifteenth century there is to be found no single text intended for the religious instruction of the people. In all those centuries there is no ecclesiastical legislation which demands of ordinary folk more knowledge of religion than the Our Father and the Apostles' Creed.

For a thousand years popularized dogmatism was considered unnecessary. It was only after the Reformation and after the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century that dogmatic teaching was generally introduced for the Catholic laity. At that time the Catechism was invented 'to offset the heresies that are fast spreading throughout Europe,' as is explained in the preface of the Roman Catechism. According to one American Catholic educator, the Church has been on the defensive for nearly four centuries. Her popular religious instruction is, for the most part, polemical in character. The people are taught definitions and arguments intended primarily as means of confounding heretics. Popular religious works are usually compiled in the same spirit.

There is little in this sort of teaching which will appeal to the modern mind which has learned to think for itself. Some good men of the writer's acquaintance are prone to ridicule the intellectualism of to-day. They are undoubtedly sincere, for they have in mind the academic ideas of bygone ages. But modern thought is based, not

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upon pure academic training, but upon human experience. Even the simplest minds of to-day are enabled to know something of the race and its conditions in all parts of the world. Modern inventions have made this possible. The human race began its progressive career, began to find itself, as soon as the intellectual revolutionists had broken the shackles of traditionalism from the human mind.

In our day it is no longer sufficient to cite the greatness of the past as standards of human thought and achievement. To-day men have lifted their faces to the sun and are peering, with their mind's eye, into the yet undiscovered glory of the future. This is true not only in the sphere of science, education, and social relations, but also in that of religion. The Catholic Church has no sympathy with this spirit. From the Catholic point of view, religious development is unthinkable. The Book of divine revelation closed, indeed, with the death of Saint John, the Apostle. There is no difficulty in that fact. But it is of vital import to consider that the book of Catholic theological thought was closed several centuries ago. For seven hundred years there has been no progress in the field of Catholic Theology. The conclusions formed and enunciated by the Scholastics form the body of religious teaching delivered both to the clergy and to the laity of our day. No new religious experience is possible. The saints of long ago are proposed to the people as the models of their spiritual lives.

Spirituality in the Catholic Church is largely a matter of routine and formalism. Spiritual writers warn the fervents against practices that are not approved by competent authority. Assiduous attendance at divine services, zealous frequentation of the sacraments, tireless devotion in the repetition of ready-made prayers, daily examination of conscience according to the formularies prescribed — these are basic practices of the spiritual life. Thus salvation becomes a matter of control by authority. In fact, salvation in the Catholic Church might be looked upon as an official proceeding. Little is required on the part of the individual save faithful observance of ecclesiastical ordinances. He is most devout and saintly when he is most a child reposing complacently on the bosom of Mother Church.

But the modern mind is no longer satisfied with this infantile state of blessedness. Men have grown up, intellectually. They are embarrassed when they are forced to feed on the pap of intellectual traditionalism. They feel the movement of new powers within their veins. They long for personal religious experience, experience not set down in books, experience not preached at them in theological terms from pulpits.

The modern religious mind has no case against the Gospel of Christ. Most men of to-day, if they had never been antagonized by church organizations, would be inclined to adopt the sweet philosophy of Christ. Most Christians, of whatsoever denomination, would find it easy to accept the doctrines that prevailed in the first three centuries of the Church. Those simple teachings are all contained in that profession of Christian faith known as the Apostles' Creed. The form used in Rome for many centuries is the following: 'I believe in God the Father Almighty; and in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord, who was born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, he was crucified under Pontius Pilate and was buried, the third day he arose from the dead, he ascended into heaven, sits at the right hand of the Father, thence he shall come to judge the living and the dead. And in the

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Holy Ghost, the Holy Church, the remission of sins, the resurrection of the flesh.'

How far afield has the Church gone from this simple statement of truth! How different from this concise outline of Christian doctrine are the theological systems of to-day!

Theology is called the elaboration of Christ's teaching. But Christ's teaching was vital, dynamic. It outlined in simple phrases and examples a beautiful philosophy of life. Theology, on the other hand, is a speculative science which belongs to the academic sphere. It is the rationalistic development of Christian doctrine. It is built upon the framework of pagan philosophy. It has served rather to confuse than to clarify the human mind on the problems of divine truth. It has precipitated the world into a confusion of Christian religions. It has been the occasion, for long centuries, of enmities and bitterness. It prepared the materials for that barbarous institution known as the Inquisition, through which thousands of innocent victims were cast into dungeons, torn limb from limb, or burned at the stake. It set the stage for the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It has made the civilized world a battle ground of religious hatred and bigotry.

Why speculate upon the divine attributes according to the syllogistic method of Aristotle when we have God's own image and His glorious handiwork before us? The great open book of nature portrays God's love and bounty in such terms that all may read and understand. In its beauteous pages there are no obscure passages. There is no heresy possible in that great religious revelation. Modern man, in his new-found intellectual freedom, is just beginning to discover the treasures with which God has filled the universe. Perhaps some future generation will find that the earth itself is the Garden of Eden, lost by man's ignorance, and restored by scientific research to be again a paradise of delights for the human race.

## III

Theology contains no treatise on man. He is but a pawn in the scheme of overorganized religions. Yet in him we have, as Genesis avers, God's own image and likeness. Man is a noble, a godlike creature, made to rule the forces and the powers of earth. 'And He said: Let us make man to our image and likeness; and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth.' By implication theological religion fails to recognize this nobility and this sovereign character in man. Though he is fashioned after divinity itself, he is taught that he is an abject creature fit only to cringe before the very God whom he resembles. Though he possesses intellectual powers that are the same, in kind, as those of God Himself, in speculating about his Creator he is not permitted to use them.

If, therefore, the human mind and heart are but replicas of God's love and intellect, why should we not seek therein to know God? If God's intellect is the infinite prototype of man's finite intellect, both must necessarily love the same truth and both must love it by nature. How glorious, then, should be the quest of truth, both for the individual and for the race. Man on earth is set upon a great adventure, seeking to find and to enjoy as much truth as he may. Instead of trying to determine, by philosophical procedure, the meaning of God's designs, why should we not study the characteristics of the human mind? If the human intellect is a counterpart of God's

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intellect, it must needs reveal to us in its workings the basic trends of the divine mind.

God's image is chiefly in the human soul, says the Catechism. Hence our love must necessarily have the same general qualities as God's love. To understand God's love, then, it is perhaps necessary only to study the nobler elements of human love. How can man sin in his love? True, in his ignorance, he may love unworthy objects. But willfully and maliciously to love evil as evil is just as impossible for his will as it is for his intellect deliberately and perversely to choose error as error. Man, by his nature, can choose nothing else than the good and the true. If he choose evil he must do so under the guise of good. If he choose error he must do so under the guise of truth. Ignorance, then, is the only real evil, the basis of all human misery.

It will be a great day for humanity when the religious organizations consistently and earnestly set about the task of dispelling ignorance from the human mind. The aim of all religious movements should be the perfection of human life. The scope of religious effort should be extended so as to embrace the whole man. It is not fair to teach men purity of soul without at least teaching them to take a bath occasionally. Christian perfection is described as an elusive quality known as supernatural virtue. In its heroic degree it is attainable only at the price of killing all mere human impulses not absolutely necessary to sustain life. A mediæval saint, Joseph Labré, sought to increase his sanctity by collecting vermin and putting them on his body. In his pious zeal he is said not to have bathed throughout his whole life. Let Christian perfection come to mean human perfection. It will then extend to the mind, the heart, the body, the eyes, the teeth, the hands and feet. A man is not perfect when he is suffering from the effects of an abused stomach. Will not men honor God by learning to take food properly? Will it not be a glorious form of worship to develop the intellect and the other powers of the soul, made after the model of God's own powers?

In short, let the churches burn their theologies at the stake and begin their work over on the basis of human life and happiness. Man was created for happiness. Let us, then, have a world religion of joy and gladness. Let all the moral forces of the human race unite to dispel the ignorance which destroys human happiness. Let us have a Christlike teaching which will enable men to taste the fullness of human life and happiness. We have a noble philosophy upon which to base this teaching. It is the philosophy contained in Christ's Gospel.

Christ did not develop His philosophy. He simply applied it to the lives of the simple folk who dwelt in Galilee. Yet it contains the elements upon which the process of human perfection should be based.

This process of perfecting human life undoubtedly was His aim. It was to be developed adown the ages until those godlike qualities in man should become more and more like unto those of His own divine nature. 'Be ye therefore perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect.' When emissaries came from John the Baptist to inquire about His identity and His teaching, He said simply: 'Go and relate to John, what you have heard and seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them.' He Himself announced His mission clearly. 'I am come,' He said, 'that they may have life and may have it more abundantly.' He came to teach men

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to perfect their lives. He saw the nobility of man, saw the divine sovereignty within him, saying, 'The kingdom of God is within you.'

God shall be king in the midst of those godlike powers which He has created in man. This kingdom in the human soul shall be a place of peace, joy, happiness, and love. 'Peace to men of good will,' the angels sang at His coming. At the end of His earthly stay He said to His disciples, 'These things I have spoken to you, that my joy may be in you, and your joy may be filled.'

Christ's eight rules for happiness are, when rightly understood, in accord with the conclusions of modern psychological research. It is now an accepted principle of psychotherapy that those who are moved by uncontrollable quest for wealth, those who are hard and bitter, those who are depressed, those who are cruel, degenerate in morals, quarrelsome, or resentful, are not pathologically normal. Christ, in His Sermon on the Mount, gave the eight rules for a good, normal life. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit. Blessed are the meek. Blessed are they that mourn. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice. Blessed are the merciful. Blessed are the clean of heart. Blessed are the peacemakers. Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice's sake.'

These are the general rules of man's inner kingdom. The one great principle upon which human life is to be perfected is that of love. All Christ's teaching, all the teachings of the prophets and the law, are summed up in that dual law of love: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

This is the basic law of Christianity, the lost art of religious organizations to-day. The followers of Christ were not to be known by their knowledge of doctrine, or by their routine of worship, but by the simple token of love for humanity. 'By this,' declares Christ, 'shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another.'

The Apostles caught this spirit. They grasped the sublimity of that noble teaching. The Christian life was to be a life filled with human love. It is through love alone that men truly live. All the bitterness and hatreds and resentments among men are a sort of death. Saint John expresses it thus: 'We know that we have passed from death to life (we have begun to live) because we love the brethren. He that loveth not, abideth in death.' Love was the only Apostolic Theology. 'Dearly beloved, let us love one another, for charity is of God. And everyone that loveth, is born of God, and *knoweth* God.' According to Saint Paul, 'Love (not dogma) is the fulfilling of the law.' 'He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law.'

## IV

This beautiful teaching of love, which is the soul of the Christian religion, has become a dead letter. It is not even deemed worthy of a place in the Catechism. Charity has been debauched. It has been converted into an organized system in which the giver is honored and the receiver is stigmatized. We all pity those who become objects of charity, in the modern sense. But Christlike charity ennobles both those who give and those who receive, because it is true love for humanity. Had true Christian charity prevailed among Christians, heresy-hunting, bigotry, religious hatred, the Inquisition, religious wars, and many other evils would have been impossible to the followers of Christ.

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Had the Church avoided the intellectual pride of theological speculation, Christ's teaching of love might not have been obscured among Christians. Had men not delved with arrogant vanity into the mysteries of God, Christianity might have remained a brotherhood united by the bond of love.

It is sad to think of the cruelty practised by the followers of our meek Redeemer. It is taken as quite natural even by writers of to-day. In the history of the Crusades, for instance, it is said, 'These holy wars were essentially a papal enterprise.' The capture of Jerusalem is described thus: 'After a general procession which the crusaders made barefooted around the city . . . the attack began. Next day the Christians entered Jerusalem from all sides and slew its inhabitants, regardless of age or sex. . . . The Christian states formed . . . the kingdom of Jerusalem . . . subordinate to the authority of the pope. . . . Through rich and frequent donations the clergy became the largest property holders in the kingdom; they also received from the crusaders important estates situated in Europe. . . . Thus, during the first half of the twelfth century the Christian states of the East were completely organized, and even eclipsed in wealth and prosperity most of the western states.'

The same writer describes the taking of Constantinople: 'By a treaty concluded in March 1204, between the Venetians and the crusading chiefs, it was prearranged to share the spoils of the Greek Empire. On 12 April, 1204, Constantinople was carried by storm, and the next day the ruthless plunder of its churches and palaces was begun. The masterpieces of antiquity, piled up in public places and in the Hippodrome, were utterly destroyed. Clerics, and knights, in their eagerness to acquire famous and priceless relics, took part in the sack of churches . . . and most of the churches of the West were enriched with ornaments stripped from those of Constantinople. . . . At the news of these extraordinary events, in which he had no hand, (Pope) Innocent III bowed as in submission to the designs of Providence and, in the interests of Christendom, determined to make the best of the new conquest.'

These passages are cited, not to depict past evils in the Church, but to show the present attitude toward those evils. They are taken from the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (Vol. IV, pp. 547–550), a work of the highest authority among American Catholics. The author of this article, 'Crusades,' seems to see in all this slaughter nothing contrary to the spirit of Christ, who said, 'Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you . . . that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven.'

The writer quoted is typical of most Catholic writers. Instead of repudiating the cruelty, sacking, and pillage which he is describing, he complacently outlines the benefits derived from the Crusades. He proceeds (p. 556): 'Essentially the work of the popes, these Holy Wars (*sic*) first of all helped to strengthen pontifical authority . . . as early as the end of the twelfth century, the development of general culture in the West was the direct result of these Holy Wars. . . . At a still later date, it was the spirit of the true crusader that animated Christopher Columbus when he undertook his perilous voyage to the then unknown America.' Yet, Christ had said, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'

Concerning the burning of John Hus as a heretic, the same work says simply, 'At Constance he was tried, condemned, and burned at the stake, 6 July, 1415.' (Vol. VII, p. 585) In

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the same manner this high authority treats the subject of the Inquisition. The writer first shows that the killing of heretics was, in the first five centuries of the Church, considered as opposed to the spirit of Christianity. He disclaims any influence of Pope Innocent III in the drafting of the rescript for Lombardy by Frederick II, the first law in which death by fire is contemplated. Yet he says that this edict 'was adopted into ecclesiastical criminal law in 1231, and was soon applied at Rome. It was then that the Inquisition of the Middle Ages came into being.' He has this to say, in extenuation, that the torture of heretics was not authorized until twenty years later. It was introduced by the bull of Innocent IV, May 15, 1252, which was confirmed by Alexander IV, November 30, 1259, and by Clement IV, November 3, 1265. Yet the writer says, 'On the whole the Inquisition was humanely conducted.' (Vol. VIII, p. 33)

Of the Spanish Inquisition he says, 'Its excesses were largely due to the fact that in its administration civil purposes overshadowed ecclesiastical.' Yet Pope Innocent IV in a bull says, 'When those adjudged guilty of heresy have been given up to the civil power by the bishop or his representative, or the Inquisition, the podestà, or chief magistrate of the city, shall take them at once, and shall, within five days at the most, execute the laws made against them.' Moreover, he directs that this bull and the corresponding regulations of Frederick II, quoted above, be entered in every city among the municipal statutes under pain of excommunication, which was also visited on those who failed to execute both the papal and the imperial decrees.

'Nor could any doubt remain,' continues the author in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, 'as to what civil regulations were meant, for the passages which ordered the burning of impenitent heretics were inserted in the papal decretals from the imperial constitutions. The aforesaid bull remained thenceforth a fundamental document of the Inquisition, renewed or reënforced by several popes, Alexander IV (1254–61), Clement IV (1265–68), Nicholas IV (1288–92), Boniface VIII (1294–1303), and others. The civil authorities, therefore, were enjoined by the popes, under pain of excommunication, to execute the legal sentences that condemned impenitent heretics to the stake. It is to be noted that excommunication itself was no trifle, for, if the person excommunicated did not free himself from excommunication within a year, he was held by the legislation of that period to be a heretic, and incurred all the penalties that affected heresy.'

In the end, the zealous writer accuses non-Catholic writers of bigotry in condemning the Inquisition.

## V

It would be undignified and unworthy indeed to touch upon these scandals without an impelling motive. It would be immoral to cite these unsavory passages simply to besmirch the Church. But why should men of our time champion the bloodthirsty Christians of a blighted age? How much more noble it were to repudiate the spirit that prompted those evils and their kind. There might still be hope that the Church would promote human welfare, in a progressive way, if those eager defenders were to expend their energies in an attempt to rehabilitate the spirit of brotherly love which forms the basic principle of Christ's doctrine.

If the popes of the Middle Ages were cruel, if their minions were barbarous,



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it was because they had forgotten those pregnant words of Christ: 'I say to you not to resist evil: But if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other: And if a man will contend with thee in judgment and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him.' The spirit of the Middle Ages still prevails in the Church. The passion for orthodoxy which prompted those mediæval bulls still burns in Rome and throughout the Church. If the Church ever again came into political power, how could we be sure that physical punishment for heresy would not be revived, since the theology of to-day is the theology of the thirteenth century?

No jot or tittle of that teaching has been changed. In fact, the late Pope Benedict XV — of recent memory — decreed that theology in all the seminaries of the world should be taught according to the mind of that great thirteenth-century monk, Saint Thomas. Moreover, no pope has since repealed the mediæval legislation that prescribed corporal punishment for heresy. Conditions have changed in these later centuries. Yet the doctrine proclaiming the union of Church and State remains intact. Pius IX condemned this proposition: 'The Church should be separated from the state and the state from the Church.' (Hurter, *Dogmatic Theology*, vol. I, p. 240) If the governments of the world were Catholic to-day, undoubtedly the popes would still seek to control their policies. For it is taught in all our seminaries that 'the Church is a perfect society, distinct from civil society and far superior to it.' (*Ibid.*) It was upon these principles, and upon the force of excommunication, that the popes for a thousand years based their right to dominate the governments of Europe. Nor will these aspirations be abandoned until the devoted and thoughtful members of the Church demand that there be a return to the simplicity of the Gospel.

As long as men are willing to be dominated there will always be found those who are ready to dominate them. This seems to be particularly true in the sphere of religion. Naturally it is difficult to institute a movement within the Catholic Church. As soon as Rome senses a trend of thought that is not in complete harmony with tradition, she fulminates her excommunication. With one fell blow she transfers the incipient movement from within to without. It was thus Rome dealt with such modernists as Loisy and Fogazzaro.

Were it not for this exquisite power, the Protestant Reformation might have taken place within the Church. Had this happened, the world to-day might have been blessed with a united Christendom. But Protestantism committed suicide when it left its paternal doorstep to wander into the wilderness of religious thought, when it entered upon a long journey without due preparation. All its traditions were Catholic, all its ideas were engendered in mediæval minds. Hence it is not strange that it aped the old tyranny which it had cast off. It was the religious sovietism of the sixteenth century. The movement was based upon the desire to return to the simplicity of the Gospel — wherefore Protestant sects are called the Evangelical churches.

Unfortunately no one knew how to reintroduce evangelical simplicity. Luther and his associates had all been trained in the old school. Christ's philosophy of love did not prevail in that age. Quite naturally, then, they drifted back to doctrinalism. It became a creed, while striving to become the simple religion of Christ. Yet it became a creed without the great defensive weapon of excommunication.

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When doctrinal dissensions arose, they were free to run their course. In due time a new creed was born. Needless to remark how prolific was that Protestant mother church.

In our day the unchurched see little difference between the Protestant and Catholic systems of religion. Both are dogmatic. Both seek to impose their theological conclusions upon the people. The door of religion is, therefore, closed to men of thought and individuality. There are not many intelligent men, it would seem, who desire to form a new religious creed, to discover unknown basic truths in religion. But intelligent men have largely come to look with a certain disdain upon the religious organizations of to-day. They are loath to believe that the last word has been spoken on religious thought and experience. They are becoming more and more unwilling to be mere imitators of old ideas and ancient piety, though they might, under more favorable conditions, love the truths delivered to the ancients. This is particularly true in relation to the Catholic Church.

In a world of progress, the Church is reactionary. Her protagonists still cling to the icons of the past. But at least she is a great organization. She has the faculty of making her members feel that they are the salt of the earth. They are taught to believe that they alone are on the true way of salvation. Indeed, salvation is made easy for them, if we overlook the high cost of churches and schools and their maintenance. In fact, contrary to repute, the Catholic has an easier and more comfortable way to travel than others who seek salvation. In a doctrinal way, he need but memorize the contents of a penny Catechism. His religious worship is likewise prepared and conducted for him. He need not worry much about his venial sins, for the priest is always ready to take them away from his soul, enjoining upon him for penance, perhaps, the recitation of the rosary once or twice. All is formalism.

Nevertheless, the uninitiated should not judge individual Catholics too harshly. They are the victims of a system. They love their religion as they love life, if they be devout. They believe that the Catholic Church is the old, mother Church, the Church established by Christ, the Church over which Saint Peter was the first pope. Yet, many know that something, to them unfathomable, is radically wrong with the system. Let each one of us who loves the Church think and strive as best he may to mend it.

(*The End*)

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# GENTLEMEN FROM INDIANA

BY MORTON HARRISON

## I

A HUNDRED thousand men, most of them wearing flowing white robes and visored cowls, waited patiently about a mound in a field near Kokomo, Indiana. They had been told, 'A new Messiah will be born in the ballot box of Indiana.' Several doctors of divinity had already climbed the mound — or, as they called it, the mount — and exhorted the multitude to smite the Devil. There were allusions to the Prince, the Sermon on the Mount, the Nativity.

Suddenly a Knight flung a trembling hand toward heaven and shouted, 'He's coming!' The sea of white hoods rippled. Every eye was strained toward the southern sky. A flake of the sun itself flashed from behind a cloud.

The Purple Prince was coming to his coronation. Some Knights raised their arms toward him and shouted prayers of thanksgiving. The Prince's chariot of fire was a gilded airplane in which he circled the field and descended in a wide spiral to a stretch of meadow reserved for his advent.

A squat but agile figure clad in a silken robe of purple, embellished with a gold piping and mystic symbols, climbed from the plane and gravely shook hands with several distinctively robed men who stepped forward from the multitude. Armed men cleared a path to the mount. The Prince, bowing stiffly to right and left, was escorted to his dais. He paused until the whole countryside was dead with silence. When every eye was on him he raised his hand so vigorously and imperiously that no sceptre could have improved the effect. With his other hand he flung back his visor, exposing a rosy, chubby face lighted with animal cunning.

'My worthy subjects, citizens of the Invisible Empire, Klansmen all, greetings. It grieves me to be late. The President of the United States kept me unduly long counseling upon vital matters of state. Only my plea that this is the time and place of my coronation obtained for me surcease from his prayers for guidance.

'Here in this uplifted hand, where all can see, I bear an official document addressed to the Grand Dragon, Hydras, Great Titans, Furies, Giants, Kleagles, King Kleagles, Exalted Cyclops, Terrors, and All Citizens of the Invisible Empire of the Realm of Indiana.

'It is done in the executive chambers of His Lordship, the Imperial Wizard, in the Imperial City of Atlanta, Commonwealth of Georgia, on this Tenth Day of the Seventh Month of the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Three, and on the Dismal Day of the Weeping Week of the Hideous Month of the Year of the Klan LVII.

'It is signed by His Lordship, Hiram Wesley Evans, Imperial Wizard, and duly attested.

'It continues me officially in my exalted capacity as Grand Dragon of the Invisible Empire for the Realm of



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Indiana. It so proclaims me by Virtue of God's Unchanging Grace. So be it.'

Thus did David Curtis Stephenson, Texas printer, confirm his boast that he was the most powerful man in Indiana.

He concluded his oration with a plea for straight Americanism, an admonition to avoid violence, and a word of compliment and farewell.

As he turned to leave, a coin was thrown at him. This was a signal for a wild demonstration of fealty and love. Rings, stickpins, pocketbooks, watch charms, coins, were showered upon him. He stood fast until the tribute subsided, motioned his retainers to gather in the treasure, and retired to make merry with his Knights and to discuss the fiscal affairs of his principality.

Ku Klux Klan officials said that this was the greatest assembly of Klansmen in the history of the order. The Klan estimate of the number of people was 200,000. The popular tradition in Indiana is that 100,000 were present.[1]

## II

Stephenson's coronation, or sanctification, raised the curtain on a new era in the Indiana Klan. Stephenson was taken into the Klan for the express purpose of applying high-pressure sales methods to increasing its strength. He was soon sent to Indianapolis to build up the membership, and in a few months he seized the power and later the title of Grand Dragon of the realm by going over the heads of his superiors to the Imperial Wizard himself.

The original purpose of the revived Klan, as defined when William Joseph Simmons gave new life to it during the World War, was to stop immigration. The Ku Klux Kreed, as printed in the Kloran, or 'THE Book of the Invisible Empire,' declared simply for white supremacy and 'the sublime principles of pure Americanism.' The candidate for membership — or, in the language of the Klan, 'for naturalization in the Invisible Empire' — was, however, required to swear, with his left hand over his heart and his right hand raised to heaven, an affirmative answer to these two of eight questions: 'Are you a native-born, white, Gentile American citizen?' and 'Are you absolutely opposed to and free of any allegiance of any nature to any cause, government, people, sect, or ruler that is foreign to the United States of America?'

In the ritual of the Klan there is no incitement of hatred for the Jew, the Catholic, the negro, or the foreign-born. They were excluded from membership as being the polluting undercurrents and backwash of the sparkling stream of Americanism. 'Shut off the poisonous inflow; purify what is here' — that was the battle cry of the Klan as written and preached by its revivalists.

Had the Klan invasion of Indiana been kept on this plane, where it was held until it accumulated a considerable membership of honest men eager to protect the Cross and the Flag, it would have run its course, as it did in neighboring states, thinning out to nothing in the lake-district industrial centres.

The distinctive feature of the Klan of Indiana was the sales plan of D. C. Stephenson. He sold fright, as he had sold coal, in carload lots. If the Klan went fairly well on a diet of fear, how would it flourish on large quantities of it?

He saw in the Klan exclusion feature a combination of the four liveliest prejudices that inspire men to put upon their fellows. These four prejudices he made his 'sales features.'

First came the normal American

[1] The testimony of eyewitnesses as to certain details of this assemblage is conflicting. Historians take note that the purple robe and the proclamation may have figured in later ceremonies, but in substance the report is accurate. — EDITOR

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aversion to alien newcomers speaking a foreign tongue. The war intensified this aversion to a degree never known in the history of the country.

Secondly, the original Klan crushed out of the negro all his dreams of political equality, and left a prejudice which was easily whipped into fury by his invasion of the Northern labor market during the war and the elevation of his economic and social position by the immigration restriction law.

Thirdly, it was easy to make capital of the fact that the Jew money lender and credit merchant is a red flag in every community where he prospers.

The fourth sales feature was the well-known rabble-rousing formula against the Catholic Church. The American Protective Association and various slanderous anti-Catholic weekly newspapers have kept it in working order.

But it is a well-known fact that a man cannot be induced to fear the neighbor near whom he has lived many years in peace and harmony.

The Stephenson sales plan took this fact into consideration. It was the secret of its success. The campaign was directed, not against the little band of negroes who lived together down along the river, worked for the white folks, kept a religious revival in continuous operation, and minded their own business, but against a mythical wave of black labor sweeping up from the South to work for a dollar a day, live in squalor, and commit unspeakable offenses against the white people.

No one was urged to lynch Nick, the smiling and busy Greek confectioner whose ice-cream parlor was a high-school students' meeting place, but a terrifying curse was hurled at an unnamed Greek in the next county who had put an American-born citizen out of business by cutthroat competition, and especially against remote masses of unassimilated aliens in large cities awaiting only a Lenin to show them how to abolish by force the institution of private property.

No voice was lifted against the peace of Solomon Stein, the industrious, amiable clothier, model family man and perhaps faithful attendant, as a visitor, upon the service of the Presbyterian Church, but the welkin rang with invective hurled eastward in the general direction of a Jewish ring of international bankers who started the war and were preparing to foreclose a mortgage on the world, bankrupting Henry Ford and others.

The Catholics were the hard problem. In most Indiana communities there is but one Catholic parish. Catholic children are required by diocesan order to attend Catholic schools. The families live near the church because their religious and educational interest is centred in it. The adults mingle socially but little with the Protestant people, the children less. The Catholic Church ritual is so foreign to anything in the experience of the average American rural Protestant that a skilled agitator can ascribe to it many of the attributes of a pagan incantation and excite religious animosity. But the Catholics are important customers. Acting on the theory that the intensity of a weak man's hatreds is measured directly in terms of his remoteness from his enemy, the Pope was selected as the archenemy of American purity. There are few things a Kokomo Klansman can do with greater safety than stand in the privacy of his own home and shake his fist at Rome, Italy.

For good measure, Stephenson threw in the Devil. To win the Anti-Saloon League, he declared war on bootleggers and 'blind tigers.' He blacklisted roadside 'petting parties' and promised to banish the vice element from every community.

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## III

Until the day Stephenson wrested the leadership of the realm of Indiana from Joe Huffington, there was no plan for a state-wide membership drive. There were small klaverns in several counties, but much of the state was unrepresented. To cover the state in one sweeping campaign, Stephenson cast about for a group of men skilled in the brand of exhortation required to chill with fear. Ruling out the forbidden classes and the politicians, who in nearly every community were classed as allies of the Devil, he came to the Protestant clergymen. He made every Protestant clergyman in Indiana an honorary member of the Klan. Not all availed themselves of the privilege, but in many communities every Protestant clergyman was a Klan leader.

The war chest was a perplexing problem, but Stephenson knew that few things interest a zealous reformer more than easy money. The Klan initiation fee was fixed at ten dollars. This fee was split on a sliding scale, Stephenson giving as much as six dollars to the solicitor who actually got the cash from a new member. The commission was at times much less. It has been estimated that Stephenson's average share was $4.20, out of which he paid all expenses of the state headquarters.

The sale of Klan regalia and klavern equipment netted large profits. Klan robes cost $3.28 each in large quantities and were sold to initiates at an average price of $6.50.

Stephenson's imperative command was that every community must be split into two factions — a large group of Klansmen, a small group of outlanders. He knew that an active enemy would keep every klavern on its toes and presenting a united front for self-preservation. The membership drive cut a new line of cleavage through lodges, clubs, churches, political parties, labor unions, and farm organizations. The intelligent leadership in nearly every group was anti-Klan, openly at first, silently later. The Klan group fought savagely and incessantly. Often it won, and when it did many of the antis joined in fear of losing their clients, patients, and customers.

Stephenson made no attempt to regulate the propaganda or to censor the speeches used by lecturers and evangelists. He turned them loose and let them talk. Many of the most successful had the advantage of years of training in the pulpit. They were especially good at strafing the Pope. One exaggeration led to another until it was declared that the Pope was coming to Washington, D. C., to lead in person the uprising against the United States of America. For some time photographs of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, on Mount Alban, at Washington, were circulated as true pictures of the new Vatican in process of erection. The Cathedral was described as being so placed, four hundred feet above Washington, that field guns could be fired from its vicinity directly upon the Capitol and the White House. Work on the Cathedral being somewhat slow, the orators adopted a detailed description of the Scottish Rite Temple at Washington as the new home of Pope Pius XI. The left-wing leaders even went so far as to move the Pope's new headquarters to Cincinnati, and some Klansmen exhibited pictures of the Jewish Hospital as his headquarters until he could take over a section of the city suitable to his needs.

The climax came when an overzealous lecturer declared to a crowd at North Manchester, a college town, that for all they knew the Pope might come there any day. 'He may even be on the

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north-bound train to-morrow!' shouted the barker. 'He may! He may! Be warned! Prepare! America for Americans! Search everywhere for hidden enemies, vipers at the heart's blood of our sacred Republic! Watch the trains!'

Some fifteen hundred persons met the north-bound train the next day to the great embarrassment of the lone North Manchester passenger, a quietly dressed and somewhat clerical-appearing traveling man who, believing that he was about to play the part of the victim in a lynching party, started to flee and was forced to identify himself by his possessions as not being the Pope.

Klan boycotts were of little effect in the larger cities, but in third-and fourth-class cities and the towns, where each Klansman knew his fellow citizens in the Invisible Empire and could check their buying, they brought disaster to a number of Jewish merchants, unemployment to Roman Catholics, and terror to negroes, many of whom felt that they dared not leave their homes after nightfall.

Indiana once supported a flourishing organization known as the Horsethief Detective Association. Its object was stated in its name, but in some cases it took general law enforcement in its own hands. The Horsethief Detective Association was on the verge of dying for want of horses when Stephenson revived it as the armed rank of the Klan. Its members were sworn in by hundreds as deputy constables. It was they who made the fight against rum runners and roadside petting parties. They became so bold that they halted motor cars indiscriminately, subjected both men and women to search, and in time caused Indiana to be blacklisted by several motor clubs.

Acting on a report that the negro vote in Indianapolis had gone Democratic, they rode through the negro precincts on primary day flourishing revolvers and yelling for law and order at the polls. It was these men who, when the Klan provinces held meetings in fields near towns, blocked the roads for miles, forming lines through which no one was allowed to pass without the magic word and sign.

The Klan's favorite public demonstration was the parade, or, in the language of the Kloran, 'klavalkade.' Two of its largest parades were held in Indianapolis — one past the principal negro district, the other past the residence of the Catholic bishop. Although hundreds of persons in the larger cities who had no direct contact with the Klan felt that the whole movement could be laughed out of existence, few ever expressed that view after seeing a robed Klan parade.

Bystanders watching a night parade of robed Klansmen marching four abreast were immediately quieted by the ghostly spectacle. The column extended, in the glare of one street lamp after another, as far as there was any visibility. White-robed figures with heads and faces covered with pointed hoods, bodies completely draped in loose flowing cassocks — the dead whiteness of the uniforms and the dead silence of the marchers; here and there a float picturing stirring episodes of the Revolutionary War, or in the Christian war for the world. A great profusion of fiery crosses and American shields, held on the floats by unmasked men and women, most of them stiff with self-consciousness, but now and then a youth staring defiantly at the crowd, like a small boy making faces at a securely caged circus lion.

In the great mass of marchers there was not an eye or a face or a hand in sight, nothing to read but a broken ripple of old shoes, — square-toed, cracked, run over at the heel, —

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shuffling in and out of the shadow cast by the robes. Hood tipped forward, each marcher following the old shoes ahead — and at the head of the parade a curious want of pomp and splendor. Grand Dragon Stephenson is not there, nor is Grand Klaliff (Vice Dragon) Walter Bossert, of Liberty (Indiana University, LL.B., 1907), sometime Republican Sixth District chairman, nor the Grand Kludd, or chaplain, the Reverend V. W. Blair, of Plainfield, ordained to minister to the spiritual needs of the Disciples of Christ, but lately without charge, a roving missioner on the Klan's Indiana realm. The Grand Officers are elsewhere, conferring with the Grand Klabee, or treasurer.

The Klan demand for action took the form of demonstrations and Horsethief Detective Association highway patrolling, with now and then a cross-burning near a Catholic church or on some commanding hilltop. A cross was built of lumber, wrapped in burlap, saturated with kerosene, planted upright, and fired. These crosses flashing through dark nights drove many a worthy citizen to the refuge of his home, there to gather his family about him and pray earnestly for deliverance from the wrath of his neighbors.

The Stephenson sales plan got results. Membership cards came in by hundreds. A former Klan organizer testifying in the campaign of Arthur L. Gilliom, Indiana attorney-general, to cancel the charter of the Klan on the ground that it was a political organization disobeying the corrupt-practices law by failing to file an account of its expenditures, testified that the Klan's greatest membership in Indiana was 178,000. It is known from reliable sources, however, that 194,000 names were listed in the roster of the realm at one time. The Klan claimed as many as 250,000 members.

## IV

Stephenson chose to strike, not with the lash, the tar brush, and the torch, but with the ballot. As he came into full sway as Indiana's Klan leader, the governor, Warren T. McCray, a farmer, banker, and cattle breeder, suffered serious financial reverses in the post-war collapse of land values and farm-products prices. He engaged in credit methods which the United States district court regarded as a scheme to use the mails to defraud; he was taken from his office and sent to Atlanta prison. This was the first time in the history of the country that a governor was taken from office to serve a prison sentence on a felony charge. The disgrace shocked and humiliated the state. McCray's misfortune was in no way connected with the Klan, but Stephenson made capital of it. He exploited it as proof of his charge that there was corruption in high political offices.

Ed Jackson, secretary of state, became Stephenson's candidate for governor. Arthur R. Robinson, whose law firm served as Stephenson's attorney in several cases and who was Jackson's close personal friend, spent much time with both men. Charles J. Orbison, a Masonic and Democratic leader, came into the deal. These men developed so much power that Senator James E. Watson, former state president of the Epworth League, was forced to recognize their political power, not as a Klansman, but as a politician forming an army to win an election. There was talk about the five sons — Stephenson, Jackson, Robinson, Orbison, Watson.

Although Stephenson once filed for a Congressional nomination in an Indiana Democratic primary, he turned to the Republican Party to gain his political ends. He won the nomination for Jackson in the primary. In the

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convention a bloc of new faces jumped at the crack of Stephenson's whip and he approved the nomination of every man on the ticket except Arthur L. Gilliom, upstate candidate for attorney-general. In many counties the Klan won a complete primary victory, Democrats by thousands violating the primary law by marking Republican ballots. Stephenson won the state election. He won the Indianapolis city and school elections.

He was so busy winning elections that the old Klan faction outflanked him and persuaded his home klavern at Evansville to banish him from the realm on a charge of immorality. Bossert was elevated to Grand Dragon. The allegiance of the Klan general-assembly bloc was so divided between Stephenson and Bossert that neither could command enough strength to pass the promised laws abolishing private schools, establishing segregated negro districts in cities, requiring New Testament instruction in the public schools, forbidding alien landholding, and other violent class legislation.

Stephenson's goal was the 1928 Republican nomination for President of the United States. He planned to enter the United States Senate as successor to Samuel M. Ralston, Democrat, the incumbent, whose health was rapidly failing. From the Senate he expected to gain enough strength to salt the Republican national convention with a majority Klan bloc, and then, as the Republican nominee, to carry much of the North and nearly all the South, reuniting the country under the rule of the Cross, the Flag, and the Old White Blood.

But when Ralston died Stephenson lay in Noblesville jail, near Indianapolis, awaiting trial on a first-degree murder indictment. The evidence showed that Stephenson kidnapped a girl and so terrified and abused her that she took poison. Her dying statement, admitted as evidence, was that after she took the poison he carried her in his motor car half the length of the state, replying to her appeals for medical attention with a demand on his chauffeur for more speed. She stated that when the chauffeur finally rebelled, saying they would run afoul of the law, Stephenson shouted, 'I am the law!' He left her alone in his garage all night and then had her taken to the home of her parents to die. Instead of going to the Senate, he went to the Indiana state prison for life. Robinson went to the Senate, served until the next election, and won the nomination and election.

Within the next two years John L. Duvall, Klan slate mayor of Indianapolis, was driven out of office with a thirty-day jail sentence over his head, following his conviction on an election law charge; five of the six Republican councilmen elected on the same slate were indicted on bribery charges; and Governor Jackson and two others, including the Marion County (Indianapolis) Republican chairman, were accused by the grand jury of conspiring to bribe McCray, former governor. Jackson stood trial first, and after five witnesses, including McCray, had testified that Jackson had offered the bribe himself and had been a party to causing it to be offered through two other channels, the judge directed the jury to acquit Jackson on the ground that the statute of limitations had run against the alleged crime. Jackson did not take the stand to refute the testimony of his accusers. Nearly all the more influential newspapers in the state demanded that he resign, but he stood fast. Clyde A. Walb, Republican state chairman, was indicted by the Federal grand jury on a statement of evidence relating to the failure of a national bank which he had served as vice president. He resigned the chairmanship.

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The most dramatic crash in the wreck of Stephenson's dream of empire was the impeachment of Judge Clarence W. Dearth, of the Delaware circuit court. Dearth was rated as a rousing Klan orator. The Delaware county seat is at Muncie, where Gerald Chapman and Dutch Anderson lived in luxury and freedom while Federal agents and police throughout the country were hunting them. The city was the home of the notorious Chicken Blood Gang, a troupe of confidence men. They persuaded farmers in distant states to come to Muncie to back the challenger in a fake prize fight. The farmer came expecting to win some easy money from a Muncie banker with more sporting blood than financial acumen. The fights were staged with the cash in a neutral corner of the ring. At the appointed signal, the farmer's fighter went down with blood spurting from his mouth. The fighter achieved this remarkable effect by biting on a rubber sac of chicken blood concealed in his mouth. A doctor then pronounced the fighter dead and the farmer usually put three states behind him before he paused for breath. The town was also a favorite headquarters for fake stock salesmen, politicians, and bank robbers.

But Muncie is endowed with a strong and outspoken better element. One of several families of honorable and successful manufacturers is noted for its generous and wise philanthropies. George Dale, editor of the weekly *Post-Democrat*, challenged the Klan, the underworld, and the politicians. Judge Dearth sent him to the state penal farm, but he returned to continue the fight. He printed an anonymous letter, signed 'One Who Knows,' in which it was charged that Dearth was his own lawmaker in selecting juries and in conducting some trials. It was shown subsequently that the letter was written by a manufacturer who did know. Dearth ordered the paper suppressed, and two hundred and fifty Muncie citizens retaliated with a petition asking the legislature to impeach Dearth. The lower house of the assembly voted the impeachment unanimously in March 1927, the first time in ninety-two years that an Indiana judge was ordered before the bar of the senate for trial.

The climax of the trial came when John Ranes, a fourteen-year-old newsboy, testified that he was selling copies of the *Post-Democrat* when a policeman took him into the courthouse to face Judge Dearth. The judge took the boy's papers.

'Was any writ or any paper of any kind read to you?' asked the prosecution.

'No,' the boy answered.

He faced the senate of his state, fifty men whose interest he did not know was in the law of private property. The floor and galleries were packed with house members, — Dearth's accusers, — newspaper men, spectators. Above the boy on a high platform stood the lieutenant governor, acting as judge. Staring hard at the boy was Judge Dearth.

'Did the judge say anything?'

'He told me to get out and if I sold any more papers he would put me on probation.'

'What did you do then?'

The newspaper men looked up, the senators leaned forward, every eye was fastened upon the boy.

'I went out and got some more papers and sold them till another policeman chased me up an alley and put his hand on his revolver and told me to stop. He took me to the courtroom and smacked me. The judge said nothing more, but sent for my father.'

Here the lieutenant governor rapped

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sharply for order, stopping an outburst of applause.

There were seven counts in the impeachment. A two-thirds vote was required to convict. On five of the counts a majority of the votes were for conviction; but the charge was not sustained on any count, and Dearth was permitted to resume his bench. The trial, however, served its purpose. The boy's testimony alone sounded an effective and timely warning to many judges who were standing with members of the Horsethief Detective Association in raids on private homes without warrant or reason.

All the candidates for Stephenson's mantle failed in some essential respect. Bossert had the title of Indiana Grand Dragon, but he was helpless in the face of an obligation to carry out Stephenson's extravagant promises. He lacked Stephenson's showman instinct.

Stephenson maintained an extensive suite of offices over a five-and-ten-cent store. There he kept all the state Klan records. Over his private office door was a sign promising death to bearers of evil tidings. Lined along the back of his desk was a collection of books on psychology. He called himself the master mass-psychologist of the world. But his chief inspiration was a small bronze bust of Napoleon. He had a fake telephone system and in the company of visitors whom he wished to impress held long mythical conferences with the President, members of the Cabinet, and industrial leaders in all parts of the country. His energy was astounding. He worked fourteen hours a day for weeks at a time.

Within the Klan, Stephenson organized a personal espionage system on the plan used within the army during the war. He had two spies in each precinct. They were rated as intelligence sergeants. Over them was a lieutenant, who was responsible to a captain. At the top of the pyramid was Field Marshal Stephenson. On several occasions he demonstrated that he could get a report on any man in the state within a few hours.

He had the women of the Klan organized under women leaders, one, a Quaker preacher, being particularly successful. The Klan woman's auxiliary proper was known as the Kamelia. Through his own spy system and the 'poison squads of gossiping women' formed in the Kamelia, Stephenson could spread a rumor throughout the state in twenty-four hours.

When no second Stephenson rose to the emergency and Klan members refused to pay dues on the ground that promises had not been kept, the organization fell to pieces. It was estimated that there were fewer than 7000 paid-up members in the state on February 22, 1928, when, by decree of Imperial Wizard Hiram W. Evans, the Klan was unmasked and disbanded and its members ordered to join a new Evans group, the Knights of the Green Forest, pledged to help the country assimilate its alien population.

## V

When the Klan first began to gather strength in Indiana, a few newspapers ridiculed it; but after they discovered that most of the leaders were earnest churchmen bent upon moral and political reform they were silent. It was in this silence that Stephenson recruited his army to war strength. He paid little attention to newspapers. Klan publicity-department statements about parades and other meetings which newspapers could verify through their own men were found to be so exaggerated that no attention was paid to them. No newspaper of any standing upheld the Klan cause.

The *Indianapolis News*, the largest

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newspaper in the state, supported anti-Klan candidates in the primary; and when John L. Duvall was nominated for mayor of Indianapolis on the Klan slate it supported the Democratic nominee, an avowed enemy of the Klan. Twenty members of the Indiana Republican Editorial Association rebelled against Stephenson's rule of the party, and under the leadership of Thomas H. Adams, editor of the *Vincennes Commercial*, conducted an investigation and published charges exposing several Republican leaders as allies of Stephenson. The *Indianapolis Times*, a member of the Scripps-Howard syndicate, first published the bribery story that led to the indictment and trial of Governor Jackson.

Why did so many Hoosiers join the Klan? Many men have prayed for light to answer that question. Many persons joined the Klan in other states. In some states they went further than intimidation and resorted to physical violence. So it may be fairly assumed that a considerable proportion of the American people do hold the prejudices upon which the Klan was built. At least, they did in the decade following the war. Many Klansmen lacked both the social position and the money to join a standard lodge and gratify their yearning for distinction by wearing a plume and sword. Many found the hood and robe a convenient shelter for daydreams and a promise of supernatural power by night. Klan ceremonies, parades, and regalia fed the starving spirit of many nonconformist Protestants nursing a secret and undefined yearning for less scolding and more ritual in the church.

The average public-school graduate had no equipment to protect him from his own preacher when that worthy began to froth at the mouth about a Roman invasion, a new Holy War with the United States serving as the crucified victim. In the lower schools there is no instruction in the history of religious movements, and in the high schools the teachers, if not the textbooks, treat the Protestant Reformation as the real beginning of modern civilization. The school-history fiction of a perfect United States shining against a black cloud known as the rest of the world banded together to put down liberty is not fiction to students who study no further. Lack of modern-language study in country schools has created in the minds of many farmers and villagers an impression that a man who cannot understand English is a person of very inferior mentality. The social subordination of negroes starts in the schoolroom, where they occupy a few back seats in a roomful of white children and learn to keep out of the social and athletic affairs of the white children. The grade-school graduate's ideas about Jews comes from Protestant Sunday-School teachers, and the high-school graduate is familiar with only one Jew — Shylock.

'Drys' went into the Klan to get some little help in their battle against home distilling and brewing, pastimes which have dismayed the prohibitionists since a war-excited Congress allowed numerous harried state politicians to pass the sumptuary liquor-law responsibility to the Federal Government.

Many preachers and not a few ministers went into the Klan not only to buy new Fords, and clothing for their children, but to breathe new life into expiring rural churches and arouse the crusading and sacrificial instincts of militant Christians. Precinct political workers joined to hasten their rise to job-holding stature in the city and county. State political leaders capitulated in self-defense. Thousands took the oath and paid their ten dollars

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without knowing that the Klan was anything more than a new American lodge, and certainly other thousands joined through fear and to keep peace with their neighbors.

The Klan gained more headway in Indiana than in neighboring states because it had in the person of Stephenson a leader who was a natural orator, an efficient organizer, and a fanatical salesman. Had Stephenson kept his senses; had he been above the tricky streak in his makeup which stimulated him to blame the President for his tardiness at his coronation, when he had come direct from his Indianapolis palace; had he been above fake telephone conversations and vague allusions to his long years of study in many universities, he might have given the strength of America's prejudice against the Jew, the Catholic, the negro, and the alien resident a real test. He proved that the prejudice is there. He proved that it is — or was — so strong that it will yield a following to men whose pasts will not bear the most cursory examination; he proved that, under the lash of religious and racial hate, men of old American stock, living in a community essentially American by inheritance and development, will desert lifelong family, political party, lodge, and church teachings to line up with an apostle of hate, violence, bigotry, and night skulking.

The answer to the question why Indiana allowed the Klan to seize its government is in the record. The state went Klan because the Klan prejudice, strong here or weak there, is rampant in fully a tenth of Indiana's white, Gentile, Protestant, native-born people.

# EDUCATION IN GERMANY TO-DAY

BY STEPHEN P. CABOT

## I

In the summer of 1927 a desire to find out what changes in the field of secondary education had taken place in Germany, France, and England since the World War led me to make a personal visit to about thirty-five typical schools, both state and private, and to study the school systems of these countries. As a result of my investigation I found that, whereas changes in the school systems had been made since the war, the most significant reform had occurred in Germany. I shall confine my observations, therefore, chiefly to this country.

Before the war, as far back as 1893, I had been a not infrequent visitor in Germany. I had passed long months in Heidelberg, Freiburg im Breisgau, Marburg, and Berlin. I had traveled over most of Germany, visiting its chief literary and historic shrines. I had tramped in the Black Forest and canoed down the Moselle and the Danube in an Oldtown canvas canoe. I was familiar, therefore, with both the people and their language. But those were the old days — the days of imperial greatness, the goose step, and dueling.

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They were also the days when the universities were as a magnet to American students, when German scholarship was held in high esteem, and when German professors used to keep open house for the young strangers from across the seas. Those of us who once had a chance to enjoy such hospitality mid such a scholarly atmosphere can never forget it.

In 1912, together with many other American teachers, I made an educational tour of Germany. We were received everywhere with the greatest cordiality, and wherever we went the school children would sing for us. As I write this fifteen years later, I can still hear the voices of boys and girls pealing forth their joyous songs; and the refrain of an old sixteenth-century hymn still sounds in my ears as it was sung by a group of poor boys in Jena, perhaps one of the hymns that Luther used to sing when he roamed the streets in the *Currende*. My surprise was great, however, one day on hearing a group of girls, in one of the large girls' schools, sing a song so martial in tone and meaning that I could not refrain from commenting on the fact to the director, who was standing by; whereupon, as all the girls stood erect at attention, he said in a loud voice, 'What else can you expect from these girls who know that they are to beget a race of warriors to defend their Fatherland!' That was in 1912. To-day hardly a soldier in uniform, much less an officer, can be seen on the streets. During my recent stay in Germany, in which I visited many different sections of the country, I saw only one officer. He was walking at the head of a company of troops in Berlin. The military uniform has practically disappeared from Germany except on gala occasions and at special memorial exercises. The absence of military drill in the German schools is in strong contrast to the English public schools, which are nearly all organized into O. T. C. units and where the boys have practice drill in uniform once or twice a week.

The Germans are interested in other things. They believe in building up a strong Germany. But they realize that the future of their country depends primarily on a sound educational system. In no way are their ideals and aims more clearly seen than in their attitude toward education. The old system had shown its inherent weakness. A new and better system must take its place. But how to bring this about? If it were left in the hands of the former educational authorities, the same rigidity and reactionary features would again be incorporated. No, new ideas, new blood, should have their share in all educational reconstruction. The youth of Germany were among the real leaders for a thoroughgoing reform. They saw the weaknesses and defects of the old system. It lacked spiritual, cultural, and educational unity. It was exclusive. It did not recognize the same right to education and culture for all children. It was too rigid. It did not provide for easy transfer from one type of school to another. It failed to develop in the pupil originality, initiative, and responsibility. It left little freedom to the individual teacher. Even before the war, reformers had pointed out many of the fundamental defects of the old system. But their voices were hardly heard in the state schools. Private schools alone were able to introduce certain changes, but they did not touch the fundamental weakness of the state-school system.

Largely, as stated, through the influence of the youth of Germany, a great Federal Education Council was held in Berlin in 1920. Here, after several days of discussion, in which every shade of opinion was expressed, it was decided to make certain fundamental changes in

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the school system. The result was the adoption of the idea of the common school (*Einheitsschule*) with a four-year foundation school (*Grundschule*) which all children between the ages of six and ten should be compelled to attend. By 1929 all private preparatory schools for children between these ages are to be abolished, and all who are physically and mentally normal, rich and poor alike, are to go to the Grundschule. Here is a radical and far-reaching reform. No longer may children between these ages be segregated. No longer may the rich be separately prepared for the secondary schools. They must take the prescribed course in the prescribed way. Entrance to the higher schools can only follow completion of the four-year course. There have been many attempts to get around this law, but so far the authorities have been unyielding except in reducing the time by one year for those who can complete the course in three years instead of four. This German law, however, is very unlike that attempted in Oregon which would have suppressed all private schools in the state. The German law abolishes those public and private elementary schools aiming to prepare pupils for the secondary schools. It does not affect the private secondary schools, of which there are a great many in Germany.

The main purpose of this foundation school 'is to arouse and train all the intellectual and physical forces in the children and equip them with the skill and knowledge needed as the foundation for every type of higher education.' All instruction is to foster relations to the home environment, and the principle of self-activity is to be utilized to its fullest extent for purposes of instruction. The subjects of study are religion, community study (*Heimatkunde*), German, arithmetic, drawing, singing, gymnastics, and, for girls, needlework in the third and fourth year. There are no fixed periods of instruction. Rather is all work to be integrated. The teacher is left great freedom to adapt his work to the particular needs of the locality in which the children live. In the selection of material the right of the child, his intelligence, and his psychological stage of development are carefully considered.

On finishing the Grundschule a pupil may continue for four years more in the elementary school or he may enter the *Mittelschule*, a six-year course preparing for commerce and agriculture and intermediate positions in administrative and industrial enterprises. As its name implies, it stands midway between the Grundschule and the secondary school. Those who can pass the examinations and can afford to pay may pass directly from the Grundschule to the secondary school. It is also possible now by means of a new school, the *Aufbauschule*, to pass from the seventh year of the elementary school to one of the four types of the secondary school. Thus the talented, able boy may receive a secondary education and reduce the expense by three years. Stipends are also available to aid the poor boy. By these two measures — the establishment of the foundation school, which brings all classes together in the formative years and which is an integral part of one single system of education from the earliest years to the university, and the creation of the Aufbauschule, which allows of transfer from the upper years of the elementary school to the secondary school — a great step forward has been taken toward fulfilling the cultural ideal of national unity, making the system more flexible, and developing and conserving the latent talent and ability of the poor country boy for the service of the State.

The dominance of the ideal of service

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to the State, the training of civic consciousness, underlies the whole Prussian idea of political education, which is a recognized part of school education. In this way a new and reunited Germany is to arise. And herein lies the great difference between the old education and the new: this new civic consciousness must come through free devotion and not through compulsion. 'Hence all materials and methods of education must stand the test of whether they succeed in developing responsible free activity, the creative power that is essential, and the ideal objectives that motivate it.'

## II

The four types of secondary schools may be briefly characterized as follows: the humanistic *Gymnasium*, whose special function is to prepare the youth through an intensive study of both Latin and Greek, and their cultural values, for a vigorous intellectuality; the *Realgymnasial* schools, which, while continuing Latin, lay great weight on modern languages as a means of familiarizing the student with the creative thought of Western Europe; the *Oberrealschule*, which has as its characteristic subjects mathematics and the natural sciences, and aims to give an intellectual, philosophical, and scientific training and to accustom the youth to clear, logical thinking, to accuracy and appreciation of the truth; the *Deutsche Oberschule*, which stresses German, history, geography, mathematics, and art, and places the culture of the German people in the centre of its cultural activity. In the first two types the aim is to give the student, through the study of the foreign cultures, a better understanding of the genius of his own race.

The problem of fulfilling the special aim of each type of school, and at the same time of preserving cultural unity, is solved through certain core subjects, to which are assigned not less than one third of the time, and which run through and bind together all types of schools. These subjects are religion, German, history, geography, civics, physical training, and music. The need of preserving the cultural unity necessitates a coördination of all teaching and a complete coöperation between the teachers of different departments. Under the old system there was an attempt to compress too much into the different types of schools. The reform has relieved the pressure by lessening the number of weekly periods from about thirty-six to thirty and by simplifying and unifying the schedule. While the objectives for each separate school are set forth in official Suggestions, great latitude is left to the schools and teachers in the way these objectives should be attained.

Perhaps in no way has the reform struck deeper than in the method of instruction itself. Instead, as under the old system, of trying to implant knowledge, an attempt is being made through activity instruction to develop initiative and independence of judgment, to arouse the imagination, and to strengthen the will. The class itself is organized into an activity group. 'To bridge the natural gap between the acquisition of definite knowledge, without which higher intellectual activity is not possible, and the acquisition of the ability to do independent work, without which knowledge remains unproductive, is the earnest and great purpose of activity instruction.'

The following illustrations taken from the departments of modern languages and geography will suffice to show the kind of work recommended and being done. In all schools, modern-language teaching is by the direct method. Indeed, the Germans were



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pioneers in developing this method, and neither in France nor in England is the teaching of modern languages as effective as it is in Germany. At the end of the course of instruction, the German boy can converse in either French or English, and frequently in both. He can carry on a conversation on ordinary subjects with confidence and a fair degree of fluency. I have frequently spoken English to German boys and they have not only had little difficulty in understanding me, but have kept up their end of the conversation. I have further listened to discussions in English in the classroom. In a fourth-year class in a Berlin school, the subject was 'The film is a quite justified expression of modern civilization, a natural outcome of the age.' The boys, thirty in number, had made notes in English to bring up in class. Each had given his own opinion. There was a class recorder and a class leader, who had arranged the manner of presentation in advance. The work called for thought, criticism, and originality. In another school, a fifth-year class, the twenty pupils were discussing in English the pros and cons of studying two foreign languages at the same time. In a third school in Frankfort, which I visited before the war, a class of boys, about fifteen years old, after listening to a simple story which I told them in English, promptly translated it orally into French and German.

The books suggested for English reading in the upper classes of the schools stressing modern languages include the historians and philosophical writers of the nineteenth century, English ballads, the lyric and epic poets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Dickens, Carlyle, and Ruskin, and the moderns like Chesterton, Wilde, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Wells. Nor were these books to be read merely for their context, but chiefly for their cultural values as representations of typical English characteristics and periods of thought development. For instance: Burns and the English folk song, in connection with music and German and Dutch art, or the spiritual aspect of British imperialism as found in Froude, Kipling, and Wells. For the final examination in French and English the candidate is examined both in writing and orally. In the oral examination he must either translate or explain in the foreign tongue a sight passage, showing that he thoroughly understands the passage in question, not merely in structure and meaning, but in its literary and cultural connections also. I wonder what our private-school upper-class boys would say to a selection of books for study and reading of French authors taken from the following: the great pulpit orators of the seventeenth century, in connection with the history of theological thought; the French philosophical writers from Descartes to Bergson; the French historians, to give insight into the development of civilization; and so forth. These are among the actual Suggestions for reading matter in the highest class of the Realgymnasial schools.

In the study of geography, which is taken up, as is history, in every class, the chief aim is to awaken and cultivate in the pupil a love of the native soil, the home, and the Fatherland. It is to show also that the map is the most important geographical means of expression, and to train the pupil to read maps and use them on excursions. Instruction in geography is given, whenever possible, out of doors, where maps can be used for purposes of orientation, where meteorological and astronomical observations can be made. Excursions through Germany are a chief feature of all geography group activity. In all of

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the schools, once a year in term time, when it can be arranged, the whole school sets forth on a week's *Wanderung*. The school children tramp all over Germany in small groups, generally with a teacher, taking nothing with them but a knapsack. The total cost is rarely over thirty or forty marks, as they live in the utmost simplicity, spending the night in small huts or primitive inns owned by the clubs to which they belong. These trips, while recreational, are undertaken chiefly for educational reasons. They enable the boys of one district to become acquainted with other districts and thus to broaden their horizon. It is on such trips as these that the contour of the land, streams, and mountains is specially studied. On the return from his Wanderung, the pupil renders an account in class of all that he has seen and learned. This may be expressed in drawing, painting, photographs, charts, including map drawing, writing, poetry as well as prose, collections, statistics, and so forth. Such trips also furnish endless opportunity for oral work in the class, both formal and informal.

In the upper classes, geography instruction is to guide the pupil 'gradually to form independent judgment on geographical questions and to enable him to understand and evaluate the development of the people of the earth.' Geography, like history, is closely connected with the other subjects of the curriculum. Geographical instruction, in relation with mathematics, physics, biology, and history, has for its special task 'to show how civilization is deep-rooted in Nature, and demonstrates, by appealing to the universality of law, how culture has been built upon Nature in accordance with her processes; to mature the judgment of the pupils for functional thinking; to train them to a genetic understanding of things; and finally to deepen and vitalize their civic consciousness through an accurate representation of the relation between soil and State, between the earth and mankind.'

## III

By taking up each subject separately, I could show that the boy who goes through the state secondary schools in Germany is much further advanced in practically every subject than are our boys. It is true that the illustrations above have all been taken from Prussian schools, and the Suggestions which I have quoted and freely used are from the Prussian Ministry for Science, Art, and Popular Education. But while the German states are allowed individually to administer their school systems, the same standards, aims, and methods are found in most of the other states.

The reason for the intellectual superiority of the German secondary-school boy over our high-school and private-school boys has several factors. In the first place, the German system is more selective than ours. Far fewer boys attend the secondary schools in Germany than is the case in the United States. 'In 1922 the pupils attending public and private higher secondary schools in Prussia, in the four courses corresponding to the ages between fifteen and eighteen inclusive, numbered 5.4 per cent of the boys and 3.4 per cent of the girls of that age group of the population, as compared with 32.6 per cent of the boys and 37.4 per cent of the girls in the case of pupils in public and private four-year secondary schools in the United States.'[1] In the second place, German boys devote more time to study, both in hours per week and in weeks per year, than do ours. The German vacations aggregate about two months. Thirdly, the German boy

[1] The above figures are taken from the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Learning, Bulletin No. 20, 1927, page 16.

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cannot afford to take his education as casually as does the American boy. His very restricted means are an incentive to hard work. This is particularly the case now, when nearly everyone is feeling the pinch of poverty. Fourthly, the continuity and the unity of aim of the German system make for thoroughness and prevent waste. From the ages of six to nineteen the course is unbroken. Each step leads directly to the next. There is no time lost through transfer, as is so often the case in our private schools. If a student wishes to change from one type of school to another, this can be done up to fourteen without difficulty and without loss or repetition. Transfers may also be arranged, within limits, later than this, but boys cannot elect a subject here and a subject there at random and regardless of the general scheme. The elective principle is limited to the choice of the type of school with its special objective. Lastly, the German teacher is better prepared for his job than the American teacher. He brings to his work a pedagogical and intellectual equipment which would be hard to match anywhere in our country. Before receiving a position in one of the higher secondary schools, he must have devoted four years to advanced work at the university, have passed a comprehensive state examination, and have spent two years of probationary practice and training in some approved secondary school. His course at the university must have included two major subjects and one minor, in addition to philosophy and education. Coming to his class as a master of the subject he is to teach, and remaining with the same boys three or four years, he is able to impart to his pupils something of the spirit of real scholarship.

The aim of German instruction is not to enable the boy to pass examinations. It has for its chief purpose a real understanding and grasp of the subject in hand, its relation to other subjects, and its significance in the development of the intellectual faculties of the boy. As has been already stated, ideals of culture are always present in the German scheme, and methods are used which put a premium on the use of one's thinking powers to develop independent judgment. There is little *memoriter* work required above the lowest sections of the schools, but source work, laboratory and activity work of all kinds, are continually going on. The Germans have a system that might be imitated elsewhere. On offering himself for the final examination to the university, a boy may present, in lieu of one subject for examination, a piece of work which he has prepared outside the school during the previous year. This is called a *Jahresarbeit*, and is to test his ability to do original work of a high order. If it is good enough, it is accepted as part of the required preparation for entering the university. What the examining committee really wants to know is whether a boy is serious about his studies, can think for himself, and has learned something of the scientific attitude toward work. It is not interested in mere knowledge of the subject matter itself.

The scholastic aims of our schools are too apt to be interpreted by the boys in terms of marks, grades, and college units. Our boys lack genuine intellectual interests. One reason for the large mortality in freshman year in many American colleges is that boys who go to them have no real interest in education. They are eager to go to college, but for other reasons. They will work hard to get there, but all too often they have not acquired, before they go, one of the main motives that will help to steer them straight after they have once entered — a genuine interest in education.

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## IV

Significant as the reform of the Prussian school system has been, the state schools seem to many German educators to have made very few fundamental changes and to have clung to ancient methods and traditions of teaching which are not consonant with the latest pedagogical theories. For the last two decades a new reform movement in education has been going on in Germany, as in the United States, and advocates of the reform may now be found in nearly every country, as witness the World Conference on the New Education at Locarno last August, when twelve hundred delegates from forty countries were present. In Germany this movement has resulted in the starting of many new private experimental schools, including a few state schools, and the strengthening of the few pioneer schools that were already in existence before the war.

The new schools have been characterized as 'dynamic,' and the old as 'static.' The new make the child the centre. The new education is not interested in different types of curricula to which the student must adhere, but in the differentiation of courses to suit the individual. It believes in freedom of growth — of motion, action, and expression — with the limits imposed by the rights of the school community. The old schools aimed too exclusively at developing the intellect and neglected the creative, constructive forces in children. It was as a protest against this that Dr. Hermann Lietz, who had taught under Dr. Cecil Reddie at Abbotsholm, England, started his school reform in Germany. He wished to found a school where boys could learn to enjoy the beautiful things in art, science, and nature; to read Shakespeare, Emerson, Molière, and Goethe; to play the violin, use the microscope, and at the same time learn how to pitch hay, wield an axe, play football, and 'withstand temptation as they could the wind and the weather.' Through study and work of this kind, his boys would be able to understand the simple laborer and also the great artist and statesman. Thus would they be able some day to diminish the bitterness between employer and employee. (Saunderson of Oundle had something of the same vision when he insisted that boys who had once learned to enjoy creative work would never consent, when they became industrial leaders, to see the workman remain a mere machine.)

The Lietz schools, six in number, were started to carry out this idea. And they are thriving to-day. I visited two of them, one at Ettersburg near Weimar, and one at Bieberstein near Fulda. They both occupy the sites of old castles and are beautifully situated in the midst of a hilly country of woods and fields. Here the boys live a life of almost Spartan simplicity. Bieberstein takes boys into the upper classes only and Ettersburg into the three middle classes. The other schools for younger children are coeducational. All the boys perform hard manual work two hours a day, four afternoons a week, either on the place or in the workshops, twice at general utility work and twice at work of their own choice; the other two afternoons are free for play. Once a year all the Lietz schools meet at Ettersburg and play each other in sports. The boys rise at six, run a mile, work for a period, and then have breakfast. The rest of the morning they study. Almost all the country boarding schools follow the custom of a run before breakfast. In these schools much attention is given to music, both vocal and instrumental. At one of the schools I visited, the boys, after the mile run and after taking their showers, go every

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morning before breakfast into the assembly hall and listen for twenty minutes to a Bach fugue or to other classical music.

One of the most interesting new schools, founded since the war and partly supported by the city of Berlin, is the School Farm Scharfenberg that occupies an island of about a hundred acres in the Tegel Lake on the outskirts of Berlin. It is connected with the mainland by a ferry operated by the boys themselves. The island was formerly the home of Alexander von Humboldt, where he planted all sorts of rare shrubs and trees which, now grown to full size, make it a place of rare beauty and interest. Here about fifty boys from fifteen to eighteen live a genuine community life, doing practically all their own work, including farming, and at the same time cultivate the arts and receive an education which prepares them for the university. The founder and leader of this school is an idealist who has gone ahead in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles until success now seems assured. The plant is of the simplest — a few very plain buildings, built or made over mostly by the boys, and scattered about the island. The life is plain in the extreme. Only those who are willing to live frugally and work hard for the common good are accepted into the school. Each member of the school has had to struggle to do his share to keep the school going. In this common effort for the common good a spirit of brotherly oneness has grown up which gives the school its special character.

Every boy devotes one afternoon a week from two to seven to hard manual work that is to be done on the farm or about the place. Boys may choose the sort of work they prefer. In addition, two hours on another afternoon are required of every boy for any work that may be called for. This is in addition to the daily chores, which include nearly everything but cooking and washing. The boys rise at six, run around the island, wash, dress, make their beds, and study for an hour and a half until nine, when they have breakfast. One afternoon a week and one half hour daily are given to play. The island school is organized into a council with an executive committee. Everyone has an equal voice in the affairs of the school. All matters concerning it are discussed in weekly evening talks in which both boys and masters take part. The records are kept by the boys in a big book which is open for visitors to read. The only punishment ever meted out is temporary withdrawal of the right to have a vote. In regard to the instruction, there is no strict division into classes. Students at fifteen enter one of the types of school courses already described. A feature of the instruction is the method of concentrating certain work into periods of a week — a language week, a culture week, a science week, a mathematics week, and so forth. This enables the pupil to give his whole time to one difficult bit of work before going on to another. Music and art are not neglected. Musical evenings and Shakespeare plays are frequent. As I watched these boys cheerfully but determinedly going about their work, eating their frugal midday repast, and ready to give a helping hand to one another or to visitors like myself, I thought that here on this island education was really taking place.

Up in the hills above a beautiful little valley leading down to the Rhine plain, midway between Frankfort and Heidelberg, near the hamlet of Oberhambach, is one of the most picturesque and unique schools of Germany — the Odenwald school. Here, if anywhere, idealism has had free rein, and the founder and leader has built up a

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school where boys and girls from six to twenty live happily together in a big family. The noise and bustle of the busy world do not penetrate here.

While the particular genius who guides the fortunes of this school is its founder, Dr. Geheeb, there are five other presiding geniuses, — Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Fichte, and W. von Humboldt, — for whom the five living houses are named and whose birthdays are celebrated every year at a special school festival. These are the patron saints whose silent influence is ever present in the workaday life of the school. 'Fulfill your destiny,' they seem to say to the one hundred boys and girls. *Werde der du bist* — and from early morning until night the process of unfolding and developing goes on. There are more than twenty teachers to help these boys and girls develop true to their highest natures. But to the casual observer the students run the school, or, rather, it seems to run itself. It is one big organism made up of different cells or small families, each a complete unit in itself, consisting of a teacher and some twenty boys and girls of different ages. The whole constitutes an intimate community which exists for the sake of all its members. Its members, however, are to serve it also. Everything is arranged to develop as early as possible a feeling of devotion to the community. And from this devotion springs the sense of responsibility. Everyone shares in the government. All the students and the teachers meet together in common council, and from the youngest to the oldest each has an equal vote. Even the director of the school rules only by virtue of his greater experience, wisdom, and influence.

There is great freedom in this school, yet a sense of order seems to pervade it. The pupils choose, in counsel with their family-group leader, their own courses, which are given for a period of a month at a time — something like the Dalton plan. No student takes more than two main subjects at once, but he concentrates on these for at least a month. At the end of the month a special meeting of the whole school is held in which the student must give account of what he has accomplished; in theoretical work by oral and written reports, and in practical work by producing the object or objects he has made or been working upon during the month. His degree of success is then entered in a special record book. There are no regular classrooms. The workrooms are little museums or laboratories, each given up to some one subject. Everything is offered in this school, including carpentry, manual work, bookbinding, tailoring, sewing, cooking, the fine arts, and so forth. The same values are assigned to the practical courses as to the theoretical courses. The theoretical work is done in the morning and the practical work in the afternoon.

No distinction is made, in this school, of race, creed, or color. Jews and Gentiles work and play together in perfect content. I noticed a negro boy playing with the white boys. They seemed quite unconscious of anything unusual about this. At the Odenwald school, in addition to gymnastics and plenty of hard manual work, fresh-air baths are considered one of the best means to harden one's self against colds and disease. These open-air baths are taken out of doors daily. On inquiring about the health record, I was informed that there had been practically no illness in the school since it was started in 1910.

There is real coeducation at the Odenwald school. The children enter young and grow up together. They work and play and take counsel together. As you watch them, it all

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seems natural, not forced, as in some schools. There is a wonderful spirit among them — it reflects the high ideals of the founder and his staff of devoted men and women who help him in his work. There is nothing institutional in the Odenwald school. One of the main secrets of its success is that the family idea is really preserved, the elder members looking after the younger ones.

There are many features of these and other schools which could be enlarged upon if space permitted. Little has so far been said about sport, but although, as has been shown, games are not played in Germany to anything like the extent to which they are in England and America, they are not neglected and much more time is devoted to them now than formerly. In the regular play periods of the schools, all sorts of games to train the body are carried on and many different kinds of ball games are played. In one of the schools which I visited, the world-famous Dr. Otto Pelzer is the physical director, and a photograph before me shows him conducting an outdoor setting-up drill with his boys before breakfast.

The educational value of sport is emphasized more than play for the sake of playing. In schools where there are near-by waterways, the boys devote a great deal of time to rowing. 'In fact, there is more rowing done in Germany than in England or the United States.' This statement of Dr. Conradin Brinkmann, former Roosevelt exchange professor to this country, seems to be borne out by the official figures. In 1912, 351 schools in Germany went in for rowing, with 7300 rowers and 880 boats. To-day the main School Club, Wannsee, in Berlin, includes 36 clubs with nearly 1500 rowers and more than 200 boats. I went over some of these clubs with Dr. Brinkmann and was amazed at the extent of the equipment and interest in the sport. Since the war, rowing has received a check, owing to lack of funds to keep up the boats, club-houses, and so forth, but by pooling their interests the clubs are still able to keep going. While rowing, like the other sports, is looked upon chiefly for its educational value and races are few, there is an annual regatta in which the different clubs take part.

## V

From the account above given of the state-school system of Prussia and from the examples of a few of the private boarding schools, there would seem to be a double trend in education in Germany to-day. On the one hand, the state schools are chiefly interested in unifying and liberalizing education and in making it more accessible to greater numbers of the German people, in order that the best intellectual forces of Germany may be conserved for service to the State. On the other hand, the private and experimental schools are more concerned with changing the education process itself, to adapt it to the needs of the individual by providing the right milieu for the fullest and freest development of the creative faculties, and for the training of social and civic responsibility through the school community.

The above aims are not necessarily mutually exclusive. Rather do they denote a difference of emphasis. All classes in Germany believe in education, and it is generally realized that the future strength of the new Republic depends more on a sound system of education than on military force.

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# TROTZKY THE REBEL

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

## I

JUST a few days after the Russian Bolshevist Revolution had triumphantly celebrated its tenth anniversary, the Russian Communist Party expelled Leon Trotzky from the ranks of its members. Even historical dates can be dramatic, as one may recognize by comparing chronologically a few incidents in Trotzky's career in those two fateful years, 1917 and 1927.

In September 1917, Trotzky swept into power as President of the Petrograd Soviet. He was borne up on the crest of the wave of stormy radicalism that swelled among the Petrograd workers as a result of General Kornilov's unsuccessful effort to carry out a reactionary coup. In September 1927, Trotzky was expelled from the Executive Committee of the Communist International for persistent opposition to the policies of that body and for defiantly praising a group of opposition Communists who had established an illegal printing shop.

In October 1917, as President of the Petrograd Soviet and member of the Military Revolutionary Committee which was created to prepare and direct the Bolshevist uprising, Trotzky took a leading part in organizing the Petrograd workers and soldiers for the overthrow of the tottering Kerensky Government. In October 1927, for persistent contumacious violations of Party discipline, Trotzky was excluded from the Central Committee of the Communist Party, a body in which he has sat continuously for the last ten years.

In November 1917, the Military Revolutionary Committee swung into action. Most of Petrograd fell into the hands of the Bolsheviki without a struggle. Trotzky, amid bursts of applause, proclaimed to the assembled Soviet Congress that 'the Provisional Government has ceased to exist.' In November 1927, the two highest organs of the Communist Party, the Central and Control Committees, meeting in joint session, decided 'in regard to comrades Trotzky and Zinoviev, who are the main leaders of all this anti-Party activity, which is clearly developing into anti-Soviet activity and undermining the dictatorship of the proletariat . . . to expel Comrades Trotzky and Zinoviev from the ranks of the All-Union Communist Party.'

So a long circle has been completed. The fiery 'tribune of the people' of 1917, the inspiring and magnetic leader of the Red Army which grew up to defend the Revolution against foreign and domestic enemies, is now officially proclaimed a rebel against the Communist Party, is placed outside the pale of Bolshevism in the ranks of the Social Democratic critics of the Soviet régime.

For 1927 is not 1917. In place of the crumbling shadow government of Kerensky stands the Soviet régime, buttressed on a new social order and firmly held together by discipline and organization. The well-trained



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soldiers of the Red Army, performing their complicated evolutions on the Red Square before President Kalinin, War Commissar Voroshilov, and other civilian and military leaders, do not in the least resemble the mutinous, war-weary soldiers of 1917, who were tearing the epaulettes from the shoulders of their officers and streaming homeward from the trenches in a great elemental tide. If 1917 was a year of revolution, 1927 was eminently a year of stabilization.

And this fundamental change in circumstances made Trotzky's activity on November 7, 1927, only a pathetic caricature of the historic rôle which he played ten years ago. He coursed about the streets of Moscow in an automobile, trying to address throngs of demonstrators in various places; but the workers, now well drilled in Communist orthodoxy, howled him down. In 1917 Trotzky was borne along by the swift current of historical development; in 1927 he was doomed to make a vain, if gallant, effort to swim against it.

## II

Of all the heretics who at different times and for different reasons have rebelled against the strict rules of the Communist Party organization, Trotzky is the first and the greatest. Trotzky's disagreement with the principles that go under the name of Bolshevism or Leninism may be traced far back, to the days before the first unsuccessful revolutionary movement of 1905, when Lenin and Trotzky and other exiled revolutionaries carried on in the obscure places of refuge which they found in England and Switzerland and other European countries their endless arguments as to how the Tzarist system should be overthrown.

Even at that time, when no one could accurately foresee the moment and the means of the overthrow of the autocracy, Lenin laid down and strenuously championed certain methods of organization which very much govern the conduct of the All-Union Communist Party to-day. Lenin had little faith in the possibilities of a spontaneous popular revolutionary movement. He insisted that only a party of carefully selected revolutionists, held together by the strongest bonds of discipline, could direct the explosive discontent of the masses into the proper channels and really organize a permanently victorious revolution. Within the Bolshevist, or Communist, Party, as Lenin conceived and moulded it, iron discipline was an all-important characteristic. Every member was as completely at the disposition of the directing Party organs as the soldier in war is at the disposition of his commanding officer. Any decision adopted by a Party congress, or by the Central Committee, which guided the policies of the Party between congresses, was absolutely binding for every member, regardless of whether he might personally agree with it or not.

Now, although Trotzky has always been an orthodox Marxist in his political and economic thinking, there is a strain of intense individualism in his character that made him instinctively chafe against the absolute self-submersion which was demanded by Lenin's programme of Party discipline. He took up the cudgels with Lenin in press and pamphlet, arguing that 'formal discipline' is not the highest virtue and that the revolutionary who differs with the majority of his party has the right and duty to express and advocate his views, even after a definite decision has been taken.

Besides this very important issue of Party organization there were certain theoretical differences which kept Lenin and Trotzky apart in the years before

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1917. Under the influence of the 1905 upheaval, Trotzky propounded his so-called 'theory of permanent revolution,' which has long been regarded as one of the chief heresies in Communist theology. The substance of this theory was that the Russian Revolution, even if victorious, could not create a socialist order, because it would inevitably come into conflict with the property-owning instincts of the peasant majority of the population. Therefore Trotzky regarded the Russian Revolution as the starting point for an era of world revolution, which, by destroying the capitalist system in other countries, would make possible the creation of a socialist state in Russia. This theory was condemned by Lenin; and at the present time, when the Communist revolutionary movement outside of Russia seems to have subsided more or less indefinitely, Lenin's attitude suggests a doubtful appraisal of the socialist character of the Russian Revolution.

The year 1917 brought Lenin and Trotzky together. Emotionally Trotzky is always a revolutionary; and in a time of turmoil and popular upheaval he was almost certain to come to the fore. He formally entered the Bolshevist ranks in the summer of 1917, played a great part in organizing the siezure of power in November 1917, headed the Soviet peace delegation to Brest-Litovsk, and found a post which seemed ideally suited to his temperament and capacity as War Commissar during the embittered civil conflict that raged in Russia until the end of 1920.

It is still not possible to say how far Trotzky was responsible for the strategic conduct of the civil war. But, like Carnot in the French Revolution, he fairly earned the title, 'Organizer of Victory.' His unfailing fiery eloquence, his boundless energy, which found expression in his constant rushing on special trains from one front to another, dashing off hundreds of dramatic orders, appeals, manifestoes, in the time which was spared from his actual military functions — all this played a great part in determining the issue of a struggle in which morale and enthusiasm were more important than ordinary technical military considerations.

During this period of intense revolutionary activity Trotzky, on the whole, worked in harmony with Lenin. There were two important occasions of disagreement. At the time of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations with Germany, Trotzky, in common with a number of other leading Communists, was in favor of prolonging resistance to the German demands to the uttermost, in the hope that this would create sentiment for a 'revolutionary war' among the Russian masses and kindle the flames of revolt in the German and Austrian armies. Lenin appraised the situation more realistically. He knew that no power on earth could drive the Russian soldiers back into the trenches which they had just left en masse, and he felt it was wrong to risk the fate of the young Russian Revolution on the doubtful chance of a revolution in Germany and Austria.

Trotzky's next serious disagreement with Lenin was in the winter of 1920–1921, a time of severe crisis for the Communist Party as a whole. The system of 'military communism' which had prevailed during the civil war had proved a dismal economic failure, and there was still no clear indication of how and in what direction it was to be modified. Trotzky proposed to militarize the trade-unions, practically turning them into organs of state administration. Lenin objected on the ground that this would destroy an important link between the Communist Party and the trade-union masses. Soviet trade-unions, in Lenin's opinion,

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should be not state administrative organs, but 'schools of Communism,' where the non-Party workers could be organized and educated along Communist lines. Lenin's point of view prevailed, and the New Economic Policy, which was adopted in the spring of 1921, soon made the trade-union controversy seem outdated.

It was only after Lenin's second and permanent breakdown in the spring of 1923 that the shadow of Trotzky's past sins against the tenets of Bolshevism began to gather around him again. In spite of his visible eminence as War Commissar, Trotzky was always an isolated, lonely figure in the Communist Party. He had devoted followers and admirers, but no real associates. The most prominent figures of the 'Bolshevist Old Guard,' the men who had grown up with the Party from its origin and boasted of themselves as Leninists of twenty years' standing, looked askance at Trotzky as an outsider, if not a rank interloper. Moreover, there was something in Trotzky's proud, wayward, individualistic character that made it difficult for him to work with other men on a give-and-take basis. Lenin, whom he sincerely admired as the great genius of the Revolution, was able to use Trotzky and to work with him; but between the latter and Lenin's disciples there was always an undercurrent of misunderstanding, if not of actual hostility.

## III

The year 1923, which witnessed Lenin's retirement from the political arena, was a difficult and trying period for the ruling Communist Party. The wheels of Russian industry were just beginning to turn again, and they creaked considerably in the process. The workers complained that their wages were paid in depreciating currency. The peasants had their grievances in the shape of heavy direct taxes and a glaring disproportion between the low grain prices and the high prices for manufactured goods.

Without Lenin's guiding and balancing influence and in the face of these difficult problems, it was natural that sharp differences of opinion should develop as to just what measures would promise the best results. And it was perhaps equally natural that the forces of discontent within the Party should group themselves around the isolated but still towering figure of Trotzky.

For a time the disagreements smouldered behind the locked doors of the Communist Party Central Committee; but, in December 1923, Trotzky published an open letter entitled 'The New Course.' In this letter Trotzky criticized the Communist Party officialdom for pursuing bureaucratic methods calculated to stifle the initiative of the individual Party members, hinted that the old Party leaders were in danger of becoming fossilized, and demanded that the voice of the Party youth should receive more attention.

This letter was treated as a slander upon the Party leadership and as a direct attempt to undermine Communist discipline. Around it raged a prolonged and embittered controversy. At that time Trotzky was still a great name and he enjoyed a good deal of support, especially among the students. But the Party organization, which was then under the leadership of Joseph Stalin, Gregory Zinoviev, and Leo Kamenev, was too strong for him. Party conferences and congresses condemned Trotzky's ideas as inconsistent with Leninism. A nation-wide campaign of speeches, newspaper articles, pamphlets, and books was inaugurated to describe Trotzky's differences with Lenin and to show that the views of the two men were fundamentally at

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variance. Under this persistent attack Trotzky's prestige within the Party ranks steadily dwindled until only a small band of personal friends and followers remained loyal to him.

Stripped of all effective power in the War Commissariat, Trotzky took to writing history as an outlet for his energies. In the autumn of 1924 he published under the title 'Lessons of October' a historical review of the events which led up to the November Revolution, pointedly emphasizing the waverings of Zinoviev and Kamenev on the eve of the uprising. This was taken as ground for a new concerted attack, which culminated in Trotzky's resignation as War Commissar in January 1925. It was at this time that the suggestion to expel Trotzky from the Party was first made; and this was done, curiously enough, by an adherent of Trotzky's present-day ally and companion in expulsion, Gregory Zinoviev, who was then the most embittered of all Trotzky's political opponents.

This extreme suggestion was rejected, and Trotzky lived in retirement for a time in a Caucasian winter resort. In the summer of 1925 two of Trotzky's chief opponents, Zinoviev and Kamenev, had themselves fallen under a cloud of political disfavor and Trotzky returned to public activity, receiving several minor appointments as head of the Concessions Committee, head of the state electrical trust, and president of a commission which determined standards of industrial production.

But Trotzky's return to state activity was not of long duration. The wheel of Communist Party politics took another turn, and he was led into a new career of opposition, which was destined to culminate in his final exclusion from the Party ranks. At the Party Congress, in December 1925, Zinoviev and Kamenev found themselves almost as isolated as Trotzky had been a year before. Stalin was the dominant figure at this gathering; and Zinoviev and Kamenev experienced the novel sensation of having their ideas and proposals rejected as mischievous and anti-Leninist.

For a time Trotzky preserved an attitude of cautious neutrality in the face of this new situation. But by the spring of 1926 it had become evident that Trotzky had made a more or less formal alliance with his old enemies, Zinoviev and Kamenev, for the purpose of opposing the existing Party leadership, in which the outstanding figures, after Stalin, were Premier Rykov and Nikolai Bukharin, editor of *Pravda*. The slogan of this new alliance was 'back to Lenin'; it accused the Party leadership of losing its revolutionary character and demanded more drastic legislative and administrative measures in defense of the interests of the workers and poor peasants and more attention to revolutionary propaganda in foreign countries.

Curiously enough, Trotzky in alliance with Zinoviev attracted a smaller measure of popular support within the Party ranks than Trotzky himself had enjoyed in the winter of 1923–1924. There were several reasons for this. The condition of the country had substantially improved, largely as a result of the stabilization of the currency and the revival of industrial production, so that the opposition was unable to capitalize any very sharp popular discontent. Then the Central Committee majority, since the time of the first Trotzky controversy, had carried out an extensive campaign of propaganda and agitation, thereby supplying the rank-and-file Communists with arguments, facts, and figures to oppose to the heresies of the opposition. Finally, the alliance between Trotzky and Zinoviev, after their former bitter antagonism, seemed unnatural and

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unreal. The Central Committee majority took full advantage of this circumstance, reprinting and circulating in considerable quantities the anti-Trotzky pamphlets which Zinoviev and Kamenev had written in 1924.

The 'new opposition,' as the union of Trotzky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev came to be called, had as its nucleus the personal friends and adherents of these leaders. Most of its supporters were recruited from the Party intelligentsia and from students in Party and state universities. So far as can be judged from the results of the voting on Party resolutions, the opposition received little support from the working-class element in the Party to which it addressed its chief appeal.

The duel between the Party leadership and the opposition went on for about a year and a half before it reached a definite climax. For a long time, while they removed the opposition leaders from responsible posts and eliminated them from the Political Bureau, the inner council which guides the deliberations of the Party Central Committee, Stalin and his associates refrained from the extreme action of expelling them from the Party, or even from the Central Committee.

But in the autumn of 1927 the opposition, under Trotzky's leadership, began to employ systematically and on a wide scale the illegal methods which had been used by all revolutionary groups and parties under the Tzarist régime. The political platform which the opposition was forbidden to publish began to appear in printed form and to circulate through mysterious channels. Speeches which Trotzky and Zinoviev delivered at closed sessions of the Central Committee were spread about in the same way. This surreptitious activity extended beyond the frontiers of the Soviet Union. In Germany there is a group of former Communists, headed by Maslov and Ruth Fischer, recruited from people who have been expelled or who have withdrawn from the German Communist Party for differences of opinion with its leadership and with the policies of the Communist International. This group shares the point of view of the opposition Russian Communists. And its weekly newspaper in Berlin began to receive and print various secret decisions and documents of the Russian Communist Party.

The Control Committee, which supervises discipline and possesses the right to reprimand and expel Party members, soon discovered the agencies through which the opposition was publishing its propaganda. In one instance a secret printing shop had been set up with the coöperation of several non-Party intellectuals, who carried out the technical part of the work. In other cases members of the opposition had added insult to injury by using state printing shops for the publication of their material.

Faced with this challenge to its authority, the Central Committee majority began to act much more vigorously. Whole groups of oppositionists were expelled; the papers were filled with the denunciations of the attempt to create a 'second Trotzkyist party' in opposition to the sole legal Communist Party. Trotzky assumed the fullest responsibility for all the activities of the opposition.

## IV

The true dramatic close of Trotzky's career as a member of the Communist Party came at the special session of the Central and Control Committees of the Party which met in the latter part of October. It was probably Trotzky's last chance to address this highest Communist tribunal, and he made the

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most of it. Undeterred by the rising chorus of angry interruptions that often turned the whole assembly into a roaring tumult, Trotzky lashed out against Stalin and against the whole Party leadership with all the resources of his fiery eloquence.

Trotzky first aroused the ire of his audience, which, in its overwhelming majority, was made up of supporters of the existing Party leadership, by referring to the latter as 'a faction of Stalin and Bukharin, which places in the inner prison of the Gay-Pay-Oo (State Political Police) such splendid Party members as Nechaev, Stickhold, Vasiliev, Schmidt, Fishelev, and many others.' He defiantly added: —

'We told you on the eighth of September that we would bring our platform to the knowledge of the Party, notwithstanding any prohibitions. We have done this and we will carry this work to the end.'

The storm increased when Trotzky dragged into the polemical arena one of the most delicate subjects of Communist Party politics: a letter which Lenin left with instructions that it be read at the first Party Congress after his death. In this letter Lenin commented with great freedom on the personalities of all the leading members of the Central Committee. He characterized Stalin as 'too rough' and advocated his removal from the post of General Secretary of the Party Central Committee. It was this letter that Trotzky invoked when he shouted: —

'The roughness and lack of loyalty about which Lenin wrote are not simply personal qualities; they have become the qualities of the ruling faction, its policy and its régime. . . . That is why Lenin, foreseeing the prospect of his retirement from work, gave the Party the last advice: "Remove Stalin, who can bring the Party to break-up and destruction."'

This elicited a burst of angry outcries, such as 'Old slander!' 'Shame!' 'That's a lie!' As soon as he was able to resume his speech, Trotzky launched out on a bitter indictment of the Party policy, which, as he said, 'shifted its class basis from left to right: from the proletariat to the petty bourgeois, from the worker to the specialist, from the rank-and-file Party member to the official, from the poor peasant and agricultural laborer to the rich peasant, from the Shanghai worker to Chiang Kai-shek. There is the very substance of Stalinism.'

Trotzky went on to accuse the Party leadership of carrying out a mere tactical manœuvre, or zigzag, in recently proclaiming the necessity for stronger measures against the rich peasants. The last words distinguishable above the growing din were: —

'The "left" jubilee zigzag, as soon as it comes to realization, will encounter the fiercest resistance in the ranks of the Party majority itself. To-day the slogan is "Get rich," and to-morrow . . . From the rich peasants bribes come easily. . . . Behind the backs of the extreme Party officials stands the bourgeoisie that is reviving within the country.'

He was not permitted to continue. His voice was submerged in the rising tumult; the presiding official declared an intermission, and the gathering dispersed. Trotzky's swan song was over.

Later in the course of the session, Stalin, the Man of Steel, replied to Trotzky's vehement charges in his customary cold, unemotional, self-possessed style. In regard to Lenin's letter Stalin declared that he had twice offered his resignation since Lenin's death, but, since it had been unanimously rejected, he had no option except to remain at his post. Moreover, in this same letter Lenin had characterized Trotzky as 'not a Bolshevik'

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and observed that the 'mistakes' of Kamenev and Zinoviev at the time of the November Revolution (that is, their opposition to the armed uprising) were 'not accidental.' Stalin added: —

'It is characteristic that there is not one word or one hint in the letter about the mistakes of Stalin. Only the roughness of Stalin is mentioned. But roughness is not and cannot be a defect in the political line or position of Stalin.

'They talk about arrests of disturbers who have been expelled from the Party and who carry on anti-Soviet work. Yes, we arrest and will arrest these people, if they don't cease to undermine the Party and the Soviet power,' he continued, amid applause.

And he coolly declared that if the Party could get on without Plekhanov, the pioneer of Marxism in Russia, who turned conservative in his later years, it could also get on without Trotzky and Zinoviev.

After this session of the Central and Control Committees it was a foregone conclusion that the Party Congress, meeting in December, would pronounce formal sentence of exclusion upon Trotzky and Zinoviev. Menzhinsky, head of the Gay-Pay-Oo, or secret police, raised a new and somewhat sensational count in the indictment against them. A former White officer, now acting as an agent of the Gay-Pay-Oo, had got into touch with Sherbatchev, the non-Party intellectual who worked in the secret printing shop of the opposition, and obtained from him compromising information, indicating that Sherbatchev and his friends would welcome a definitely counter-revolutionary coup. It was not suggested that the opposition itself desired or planned such a coup; but Stalin and his associates pointed to the Sherbatchev incident as furnishing definite proof that the opposition, whether willingly or unwillingly, was becoming a centre around which all the forces of active discontent in the country would rally.

Trotzky did not care to wait for the inevitable decision of the Party Congress. Together with the other opposition leaders, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Rakovsky, Smilga, and Muralov, he displayed feverish activity, arranging special meetings of his adherents in private houses and school buildings, meetings which were quite irregular under the Party constitution and which sometimes led to exchanges of blows with followers of the Central Committee.

The last straw was the counter-demonstration on the streets of Moscow on November 7, the day when a million paraders with countless banners and floats marched in honor of the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevist Revolution. Little groups of oppositionists appeared in various parts of the city, carrying pictures of Trotzky and Zinoviev, and placards inscribed 'Long Live Trotzky and Zinoviev, the Chiefs of the World Revolution,' or 'Back to Lenin.'

The counter-demonstration was not successful. In some places zealous partisans of the Central Committee pelted the opposition speakers with decayed apples and tore down their placards. Trotzky's voice was drowned in the roar of the vast revolutionary anniversary, just as it had been lost two weeks before amid the angry interruptions at the meeting of the Central and Control Committees.

But to go out on the streets with opposition slogans was a heinous and unprecedented offense against Party discipline. Four days later Trotzky and Zinoviev were again haled before the Party Supreme Court — the joint session of the Central and Control Committees. When they defiantly refused a pledge to refrain from further

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subversive activity they were expelled from the Party.

## V

So Bolshevism cast out Trotzky. And, like Satan in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, he has carried hundreds, if not thousands, with him in his fall. Maximilian Jaroslavsky, Secretary of the Control Committee, announced shortly after Trotzky's expulsion that about five hundred Communists had been excluded from the Party for opposition activity; and this number will quite possibly grow considerably before the process of purging is fully completed.

Some day, when Trotzky belongs to history, along with Danton, the man whom he perhaps most resembles in the French Revolution, his career may be the theme of a great novel or a great drama. And perhaps in the perspective of time it will be realized that a significant cause of Trotzky's decline and fall was the fact that in him was something too much of the eternal rebel. The fiery spirit that made him a great tribune of the revolutionary masses in 1917 and a great leader of the revolutionary armies in the years of civil war could not adjust itself to the slow and prosaic processes of economic reconstruction.

Trotzky has shown himself a man who works best under the powerful stimulus of revolutionary exhilaration. Once this is removed, his mind almost inevitably begins to move along critically destructive grooves. He sees the defects and inconsistencies in the Soviet State order more clearly than the achievements which have been reached on the road to socialism. Eager to quicken the pace of Russian economic progress, he is led into views irreconcilable with the realities of the case.

So, in 1920, Trotzky believed that it would be possible to reconstruct Russia's ruined industries by turning the armies of the civil war into labor armies and setting them to work under military discipline. The scheme proved a disastrous failure and was quickly abandoned. In 1923, when the country was in the first stages of reconstruction, he advocated the temporary closing of the big Putilov works and of other factories in Leningrad. This suggestion might have been defensible from the purely economic standpoint, but it would have involved unemployment for thousands of Leningrad workers who had always been a bulwark of the Communist Party and the Soviet power. At the present time Trotzky and the other opposition leaders propose to counteract the tendency of the peasants to hold back their grain and other products from the market by collecting a forced grain loan — a measure which would certainly be politically undesirable and which would most probably only accentuate the difficulties of the problem.

The Tzarist Government sent Trotzky into exile; the Kerensky régime put him in prison, but could not keep him there; now the ruling Communist Party has decided that banishment to a small village in Central Asia has solved the question of how to eliminate Trotzky's subversive influence without making a martyr of him. Politically his future seems dark. If his opposition gained little support in the Party while it was still to some extent lawful, it can scarcely hope for more success when it has fallen under a ban of outlawry, when it is officially classified with the activities of Mensheviki, Social Revolutionists, and other anti-Communist and anti-Soviet parties.

Partly because of his brilliant, vivid personality, partly because he is known to be in conflict with the established powers, Trotzky is undeniably popular with the Russian *obivatyel*, or 'man in the street,' and with certain elements of



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the bourgeoisie and intelligentsia who, under the Soviet system, have little voice in the political life of the country. Herein lies the explanation for the fact that when Trotzky's picture is thrown on the screen during the showing of historical films it attracts a hearty round of applause, accompanied by a few disapproving hisses from orthodox Communists. But one should not attach undue significance to this. In the first place, these classes were thoroughly subdued by the November Revolution. In the second place, it would be at once laughable and pitiable for Trotzky, who thunders against the Central Committee for not being sufficiently revolutionary in its policies, to become the centre of a bourgeois movement against the existing order.

But although he has been banished, perhaps forever, from the political councils of Soviet Russia, it would be a grave mistake to regard Trotzky as a broken and disheartened man. People who have seen him recently (in accordance with the strict rules of Communist polemics he has been debarred from stating his case directly to foreign journalists) testify that he is looking physically better than at any time during the last few years.

For now he is back in an atmosphere that must suggest almost a revival of his youth — an atmosphere of secret meetings, defiant saying of forbidden things, surreptitious circulation of illegal literature. And although the Party in its mass may reject him, although Communist congresses and local organizations all over Russia may condemn him bell, book, and candle, he knows that there is a faithful remnant of Communists and ex-Communists who keep his picture on the walls of their rooms and who will follow him wherever his path may lead.

Trotzky the Soviet War Lord, the imperious Commissar, is only a fading memory. Trotzky the Rebel remains.

# MISREPRESENTATIVE DRAMA

BY IVOR BROWN

## I

HAMLET told his players that they were the abstract and brief chronicles of their time; on the strength of this argument he recommended that they should be well used and well bestowed.

Since Hamlet's time the usage and bestowal of players have undoubtedly improved; when success has come their way they can sleep on silk, and add rank to luxury. The oldest families will hitch their sons to the newest 'stars.' The mime or minstrel who has conquered at home can, in his travels, assume an almost ambassadorial dignity. But are these great ones, either at home or on their travels, the abstracts and brief chronicles of anything but themselves? That their selves may be exquisite to see and hear, that they may be luminous and magnetic, we do not doubt. But are they, on any but

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the rarest occasions, representatives of their race and time?

Were I, a Londoner, to take American plays and players as the voices of American culture and the portrayers of American life, I should certainly have very queer ideas of the Western world. After visiting, for example, *Twelve Miles Out*, *Whispering Wires*, *Broadway*, and *Crime*, which is a typical sample group of American exports, what could I think of New York save that it is populated entirely by murderers and millionaires and that the whole population is given up to the smuggling and peddling of liquor, the stealing of jewels, and the firing of pistols?

No playgoer who stops to think is going to base sociological judgments on the evidence of imported melodramas. But the majority of playgoers who flock to the sensational pieces do not use their brains as much as they use their eyes and ears. On them suggestion, vigorously emphasized by skilled production and working by constant, continual repetition, must be acting powerfully. Thus, if we in England add the effects of the imported American play to those of the imported American film, we can fairly say that the players are anything but brief chronicles. It is only on rare occasions that we see a piece in which the middle-class American life is presented and the American citizen can be seen as a normal person who has to go to work and count his dollars with caution and think how he can make the money do its best for his wife and children. Thus the American majority has no representation and the real America never enters the English playgoer's mind; we get upon the stage no contact with the commuter and the small-town family, with the men and women who elect America's rulers and shape her civilization. We see only the more gaudy absurdities of luxury and lawlessness on the East Coast and the still more frantic and furious fun of the Wildest West.

To this rule there have been, I gladly admit, some honorable exceptions. The best play of 1927 in London was commonly judged to be *The Silver Cord*, that relentless exposure of the too-motherly mother who must always be featuring herself in a position that is as false to facts as it is complimentary to the lady. Sidney Howard's play, to whose success in London the brilliant acting of his wife, Miss Clare Eames, has also contributed, is not essentially American. The vain and greedy mother, who ruins her children's chances while she is professing her devotion to maternity's sacred call, belongs to any and every country. But we can at least be grateful for a piece of American social landscape in which the gunman is not protagonist and the corpses of 'bumped-off' millionaires are not the main attraction. Another play which showed us glimpses of the larger America was Frank Craven's *The First Year*. Further back was Arthur Richman's *Ambush*.

But the exceptions are trifling when set against the steady march of misrepresentative drama with its mystery crooks marshaled in platoons and its 'shoot-at-sight' bootleggers arrayed in battalions. For the fact that the players are such unjust chronicles and misleading abstracts of their time and place neither they nor the playwrights are to blame. The guilty party is the public. With the exception of *The Silver Cord* I can think of no serious play about essential and typical American life which has made money in London. Character pieces like *Potash and Perlmutter* and, more recently, *Is Zat So?* have done well enough in their time, but their case is peculiar, since the main effects depended on skillful partnerships of two players working in a peculiar and

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picturesque idiom. Both plays were really 'turns,' as they say in the world of vaudeville.

On the whole the English playgoer does not want American realism any more than he wants English realism, and a fairly sure way to lose money would be to rent a London theatre and then put on a *Main Street* type of play. The London playgoer has become enraptured by the radiant allure of unrealism; his or her appetite is stimulated by what it feeds on, and craves the drama of hands that clutch incessantly in the night. So we now look to America for an unbroken supply of those savage affairs in which there are show-downs and 'bumpings-off' without end and all the characters are busy 'double-crossing' one another with the frequency of the laces in a hiking boot.

## II

The cause of this is plain enough. There is an art of the theatre which ought to be and can be expressive of the society in which it lives, but this art is a very small and tender plant which has to struggle for existence in that jungle of coarser, hardier shrubs — the industry of entertainment. The vast majority of people in any country dislike the theatre which holds the mirror up to the turmoil of the day or to that monotonous spectacle of the plain day's work and the quiet night's rest. The art of the theatre at its best will take a man into himself. So the popular play is nearly always that which shows the audience the world of the photopress, a world which is larger than life, a world in which nobody has to worry about a hundred dollars and everyone can pop off to the Riviera when the plot demands and make love to his neighbor's wife beneath rays as violet as ever burned upon the isles of Greece and in front of a sea as blue as an advertiser's idea of a fashionable pleasure beach.

In England the normal color of the sky is an unclean and lugubrious gray and the normal state of the atmosphere is humid. Consequently all popular plays about English life are staged in a solar radiance beyond the dreams of California or Monte Carlo. There are usually French windows leading out of a library innocent of books into a garden on which the sun never sets. The characters stroll about in clothes which would only be endurable for a day or two in a whole English summer. If the producer were to say: 'This is a play of English life. Therefore, my dear heroine, you shall make your entrance in mackintosh and rubbers and you, my dear hero, shall go about with a cold in your head, trying to stop up the filthy drafts which English architecture organizes with such devilish efficiency' — well, in that unlikely case, the failure of the play would be certain. The public does not want to see the latest modes in rainproof coatings; if such fashions were realistically on view it would say: 'Why go in there? It's just like being at home. We know all about downpours and drafts and gloom and galoshes; we want blue skies, blue blood, and the Blue Train.' So it would move on to some more solar piece in which the English summer had been taught to behave itself and imitate the Mediterranean, according to theatrical necessity.

This distaste for the verities is not limited to England. Neither the English nor the American public has, in the mass, any desire for a representative theatre in the sense of a theatre which is true to the basic and common facts of the national life. Most people are tired of normality, and there is this to be said for their flight from normality to entertainment. It needs a very great

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artist to make the commonplace significant and to elicit the beauty and the strangeness, the mystery and the adventure, which are hidden underneath the rough, drab surface of everyday affairs. Very great artists are rare, and they have adequate causes for being frightened of the theatre, where the inevitable partnership with producer and with actor may inflict upon them considerable strain and suffering. Consequently the plays which reflect the average life of the community are apt to be of average or less than average ability. The result is drab, unsatisfactory writing about drab, unsatisfactory people.

Of course, if the English and American middle class had its Chekhovs who could show us the beauty and excitement, the fun and the pathos, of seemingly drab households, then we could have our representative drama. Similarly, if figures with an Ibsenite power of penetrating parlor windows appeared with frequency, then we could look to the playhouse for the abstract of our age. But these blessed possibilities remain only possibilities. For the dramatist of ordinary ability the line of least resistance and greatest reward is to take the exceptional case and to build his drama round the unrecognizable gentry who can be relied upon to fill three acts with their sexual or criminal entanglements. When we go to such a play we shall not meet the mirror of ourselves or of our cousins and our aunts; characters will be as remote from reality as climate. We shall never, for instance, meet the person who is moderately untidy — that is to say, the commonest person in the world. If a person is untidy in a popular play, he is deemed to enact a 'character part,' which means that he appears as a walking rag-bag; if he or she is not among the 'character parts,' then he or she is always immaculately dressed, maided, valeted, and coiffured.

The popular stage likes the obvious extremes and abandons the fine shades. The audience commands and the stage obeys. This matter of tidiness may seem a very small affair, but it is symptomatic of the whole atmosphere in which the work goes on. Outside the few exceptional people who really care about fine shades there is the great mass which wants to see what it cannot see in office or domestic hours — that is, unparagoned feminine beauty, sumptuous modes, and deeds of daring. In the old days that daring ran to chivalrous gallantry; now it is limited to the tiresome audacities of law-breaking and seduction. Whatever it is that the popular play provides, it must have a certain extravagance and emphasis. It must be sharply contrasted with the playgoer's routine of work and play. Thus there can, under modern conditions in the industry of entertainment, be no large body of representative drama. In the little theatres, in the select offerings to the select audience, the fine shades of interpretation may creep in and a national culture may become explicit in the play. But with the men and women who make Broadway and Shaftesbury Avenue solvent Wilde's epigram still holds: nothing succeeds like excess.

This may seem, at the first glance, to be extremely morose doctrine. But it is not so in fact. So long as we recognize the embarrassment of the dramatic art when caught amid the crude and cruel commercial rivalries of the traffic in entertainment, we make no charge against the power and value of drama when we admit that while it has to contend with sport, cinema, radio, and similar attractions, four fifths of the stage plays produced must feed the public with the routine illusions which the public appetite demands. The majority of American plays in England

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tell us nothing essential about America for the simple reason that the person who buys a seat is not interested in essentials, and the same is, I suppose, true of English plays in America. Would a large American public tolerate St. John Ervine's *Jane Clegg*, which presents the real England of suburban distress? There is certainly no discrimination against American plays in England on national grounds. Now and again a theatrical gossip writer will denounce them after one or two importations have 'flopped' and say that the American dominion in Shaftesbury Avenue is over. His case is always and immediately disproved by another American success. Everybody who watches theatrical events knows that there is a tremendous amount of luck in the business and that a play which appears to have all the ingredients of triumph will mysteriously meet with a disastrous first night and disappear hurriedly, while far less competent concoctions remain to conquer.

American plays in London share these vicissitudes with English plays. If one happens to meet ill-fortune it is quite absurd to pretend that English playgoers have risen in patriotic fervor and conscious revolt against an invasion of foreign devils. The average playgoer may be a simpleton, but he is not the bigoted zany which this argument supposes. When he deliberately turns down a play he does so because he does n't like it. He is not examining origins and checking the author's passport. Indeed, an intense, idiomatic Americanism may be an actual asset to a piece. When I first listened to the 'backchat' of the New York prize fighters in *Is Zat So?* and strained my ears to catch their weird and elusive argot, I thought that this might be trying the English public too far. As well put on a play in Bulgarian! But I was wrong. The extraordinary vivacity and lucidity of the American acting carried off the strangeness of the dialect, and the piece had a very good run in London.

No play taken from one country to another can be totally misrepresentative. Even though an Englishman has been to six New York crook plays in succession, with the result that he has begun to believe that the sole occupation of New Yorkers is taking in each other's 'booze' and bullets, he may yet get a fair impression of technical resources in the American theatre. A play which does not represent American life will, if it has an American producer and American players, represent American stagecraft. On this score the English theatre has some cause for acknowledging valuable instruction. In the staging of popular shows America has taught us much in the way of speed, slickness, vigor, and the accurate timing of dialogue, movements, and effects. When criminological melodramas first established their present vogue, the American productions were distinctly better than our own, and often also in revue and musical comedy the vigor of American direction was conspicuous and exemplary. Those lessons have now been learned. A good English revue, say one of Mr. Cochran's or Mr. Hulbert's, is usually a model of presentation, and we have screwed up our standards to the American level in speed and tautness of stagecraft.

## III

There is one last point without mention of which a discussion of American representation on the English stage would be incomplete. The publication in England (by a clever and successful publisher) of Eugene O'Neill's plays as they appear has focused excessive attention on that author. The result of this is that

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O'Neill is sometimes talked about as *the* American dramatist.

I, for my part, respect Mr. O'Neill's work, but I consider him to be more often on the verge of greatness than actually achieving it. As a box-office counter he is of little weight in London, but as a name he stands very high with the genuine lovers of theatre art. Only two of Sidney Howard's pieces have been given in London — *They Knew What They Wanted* and *The Silver Cord*. On the strength of these two I should consider him a larger figure than Mr. O'Neill. Perhaps it is the very fact that Mr. Howard's pieces have had good runs that has encouraged the theatre intellectuals to take less notice than they should have done, since the form which snobbishness takes among these people is neglect of any popular and profitable laurels. Thus Mr. O'Neill's stark talent dominates the horizon too much when the uncommercial American drama is under discussion, and among a hundred English devotees of the theatre who know his name there can hardly be any who could mention another serious American dramatist if Sidney Howard be excepted. What do we know, for instance, of Philip Barry?

And with that I return to my original contention that, under existing conditions in the theatre, the serious American dramatist is unlikely to secure a hold upon London's attention for the simple reason that the serious English dramatist also fails as a rule to find listeners. The bulk of playgoers shrink from representative drama now as they did when Ibsen was first opening the doors of bourgeois homes. Sidney Howard has got through this barrier of distrust. *They Knew What They Wanted* was colorful and powerful drama, and *The Silver Cord* delights the ladies who can go and reflect that the appalling figure of the mother is not at all like themselves, but the very image of Mrs. Smith next door. Mr. Howard has been fortunate, and I, for one, am heartily glad of it, for this will encourage managers to give us more of his work and he is certainly one who can be a national deputy in the English theatre. The presence of such deputies on either side of the Atlantic will be a sign that the art of the theatre is increasing its sway within the industry of entertainment and that a national civilization is no longer to be travestied by the export of rubbish and raree-shows.

The representative play, which does not distort manners in order to tickle the moron, but portrays them in order to criticize and to interpret the national culture from which it springs, is our hope for international coöperation in the art of drama. We already know about our various recipes for filling the evenings of the well-dined and eliciting the pocket money of those who are seeking nothing more ambitious than a night out. The representative play is quite another matter. But that is no reason why it should not, in time, increase the narrow foothold which it now possesses in the house of entertainment.

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# THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

## WOMEN ARE N'T FANS

WOMEN now sit beside men in the jury box, in the barbershop, and in the stands of the prize-fight arena. Equality is theirs to make the most of. But they'll never have to build bigger stadiums to accommodate a rush of feminine fans to baseball games and prize fights.

The stuff that fans are made of — frenzied, hysterical, pleading, shouting, swearing fans — is not of the same piece as the pattern from which women are cut.

'Never the twain shall meet' is no more true of East and West than it is of the utterly alien points of view of men and women at a big fight.

For two years the *New York World* gave me costly tickets to the season's major sporting events so that I might observe and report whether or not women were there, and what seemed to be their reactions and interest. I saw the Yankees and the Giants clash for the pennant, and I watched Firpo knock Dempsey into the press box and Dempsey knock Firpo into oblivion (at least I had a $27.50 ringside seat from which I was supposed to see this), not to mention other less thrilling affairs, at all of which my sisters under the skin were conspicuous by their absence or their uncomprehending blankness in the face of the mob frenzy which gripped the male fans.

Why?

Men can lose their self-consciousness. Women can't.

I am a pretty good baseball fan as women go, I flatter myself. I am a long way beyond an acquaintance who blandly inquired of her escort, a well-known sports-writer authority on baseball, 'And what are the men in civilian clothes doing down there?'

I am barely a second behind the gentleman who takes me to ball games in appreciatively applauding a clever double play. When the Babe smacks a long one out to right field which may, by the grace of a good outfield, be a fly instead of a home run, I surge up with the rest of the stands, strain forward, even lift my voice in the general roar.

But it is absolutely inconceivable to me how this same gentleman can rise to his feet when the rest of the section is seated and comparatively quiet, and, cupping his hands, bellow for all the world to hear, 'Pitch to him, you big bum!' and then sit down with the unembarrassed calm of the man who has materially aided in the world's work.

I saw the two opening games of the 1926 World Series in company with a cousin who had come all the way up from the South for just those two games. He was n't stopping to analyze why he thought an apology was necessary, but in the first breathing space after the umpire called, 'Play ball!' he turned deprecatingly to me: 'I hope it won't bother you if I kind of yell some. I'm apt to get pretty excited, you know.'

At the Dempsey-Firpo fight, I was the only woman in the particular ringside section where my seat was located. Several men looked at first surprised and amused, then a bit concerned to see a woman so alone and unprotected. There was one young policeman across the aisle who obviously intended to keep his eye on me and see that I came to no harm.



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Then, as the stadium lights went out, leaving the ring a white magnetic glare in which two perfect men-brutes charged at each other to a roar like the threat of a dam breaking, men climbed on the seats, on the backs of seats; the wooden ring-side benches went down in waves, and black knots struggled cursing and shouting toward the ring they could not see.

I crawled out into the aisle, as a huge breaker of fighting fans swept toward the ring. I was badly frightened. I looked desperately for the young policeman. He was standing on his bench, one arm tightly around the neck of a smaller man beside him, who was completely unaware that he was being slowly strangled. 'Oh, God,' prayed the young policeman, his eyes lifted to the ring in the tremendous exaltation of a religious frenzy, 'oh, God — *God* — GOD — a knockout, a *knockout*, a KNOCKOUT!'

Nobody paid the slightest attention to me or anybody else. Nobody was conscious of anybody else. For a few crashing, tremendous, unforgettable moments there was nothing in the world but the fight, and every man of those thundering thousands *was* the fight.

I was a stranger in a strange land, a woman in a man's world. I had as much right to be there as anyone else. There were no conventions defied, no jealous men's rules to be broken. But I did n't belong. No woman really did.

The child is father to the fan. And the trouble is that girls grow up, definitely and finally, while boys never do, quite. And when you're grown up you can't lose your self-consciousness in a game.

There never was a feminine Peter Pan, and there never will be. There was Wendy, of course, and Wendy was the most joyous of playmates for a while. But the time came when inevitably she left the Never Never Land. Barrie says not to feel sorry for her, because she did n't mind growing up — she wanted to. All girls do.

Nor is it an accident that the world's greatest fairy tales and fantasies, ancient and modern, are written by men, not women.

A child is a fireman, an Indian, a motorman, a Big League player, though equipment be of the most rudimentary or completely lacking. So professional sport draws its thousands — of men. Tied to the routine of desk or of machine, the thrill of actual physical combat or competition, the glory of being a hero to cheering thousands, though it last but a moment, is not for them. But, because no man ever wholly grows up, it is not necessary that he be down there on the diamond. While he strains forward from the seat for which he has stood in line since dawn, while he curses or acclaims every play, for those moments he is in the game. And when he yells, 'Pitch to him, you big bum!' he is the Babe himself daring Sherdel not to pass him.

Somebody will now ask, 'What about football — and the hundreds of young women who attend college games yearly and who manage to show a good deal of excitement when Harvard is on Yale's ten-yard line and vice versa?'

In the first place, the personal element enters in there, and then, as a woman feels it, there's some point to yelling. She wants to see her man and his team win, and it need n't make any difference what the game is, nor how much or little she understands it. For co-eds who go in bunches and who can appreciate the different plays, college spirit is the personal interest that makes such enthusiasm possible.

In the second place, girls go to football games as they go to 'proms,' or any other social functions where invitations are indicative of one's popularity.

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But you don't see the same crowds of women at a professional football game, do you? There are some, of course, just as there are some at any sport affair, and some because they've heard of 'Red' Grange. But it's nothing like the college crowd, for the obvious reason that women aren't interested in football for the sake of the game, but for the sake of the man or the social occasion.

But there are a good many women, as everyone knows, who do go to ball games and prize fights. They go because it's the thing, these days, to be interested in all sport. Society wears evening gowns at fights and hobnobs with professional fighters and ball players and gets a thrill out of it, just as out of any new fad. In these days also, women, in the effort to share in their husbands' interests, go with them to ball games. And as a result some women have come honestly to enjoy the game for itself, and would rather watch good baseball than go to the movies. But few, if any, would go regularly by themselves if their husbands were n't connected with the sport or in any way interested.

Fashion also takes women to the championship tennis and golf matches. But there's another difference here. One enjoys good tennis or golf with one's intelligence, not with one's emotions — that goes for both men and women. Women, who play so well themselves, are naturally no less keenly appreciative here than men. But the gallery does not play with the players; it applauds, it is intelligently critical, pleasantly partisan. There is none of that fighting frenzy which demands victory in a professional and alien struggle, which women do not and cannot understand or share, but which is the breath of life to your true sport fan.

So golf and tennis draw their thousands, but baseball and prize fights draw their tens of thousands and big stadiums are built for them.

There were, it is true, a good many women at the last World's Series who set the alarm clock for an early start and joined the long lines waiting for the unreserved seats to go on sale. That meant nearly the whole day in the stands and considerable devotion either to the game or to the men who took them to see it.

But when the crowd in the bleachers got excited and began throwing paper, — showers of it, pretty to watch; wads of it, not so comfortable to feel, — East spoke to West again, and the women irritably demanded of their escorts why they did n't ask the police to make those rough men quit — their hats were getting knocked askew.

And, come to think of it, did you ever see a woman at a game throw her hat into the air — toss it to the winds in the ultimate gesture of tremendous satisfaction? I never have. Plenty of men would sacrifice brand-new headgear to the greatness of the moment, but can you imagine a ball game meaning more to a woman than a hat? Even if it was an old hat, and she never had liked it, and she was just terribly glad St. Louis had won, her grown-up self, her real woman self, would be gently whispering, 'Even if you don't want the hat, dearie, you can't go home through the streets without it, you know. Why, what would people think?'

### YEW TREES

BENEATH those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

It is the loveliest tree I have ever seen, that yew tree at Stoke Poges. A cathedral of a tree, full of fan traceries

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and mullioned windows where birds look in; its trunk a stalwart column, its branches architraves; not Gothic, tapering to a spire, but squat and strong like a Norman tower; thickly leaved to its very foundations; a monument to the unheadstoned dead who have gathered in its shade. The old fellow, the sexton, said it was mentioned in the Doomsday Book. Perhaps it was. It has an air of immortality about it. The calm magnificence of eternity.

The old fellow urged me into the church. He was not a tree worshiper like myself. He was more concerned with the pew that had held the members of the ancient and honorable Pitt family, with their small traffickings in comfort, the cushions that had eased their backs and the stones that had warmed their feet; with their private entrance through the vestry to save them from exposure to snow or rain, and even more from exposure to the common folk who came in at the front door.

This was September, golden, ruddy, bright. A still sun glossed the dark green leaves of the yew tree and inked them again in gigantic shadow on the grass. In the fields beyond, grain was being harvested. Here in the churchyard was harvest, too. And endless quiet. There was no sound at all to break the repose of that sleeping company. The place made death seem infinitely desirable. I looked back to the church beside which Gray lay in his red brick tomb, unshaded and unlovely. He seemed, like the sexton, to have drawn apart from the yew tree. Yet, I think he would have preferred to lie with the 'unhonoured dead' in the mouldering turf, soil of its soil, dust of its dust. Instead of the storied urn with which Stoke Poges sought to do him honor, the yew tree should have been his headstone. I began to think about yew trees. Why are there so many in the English churchyards? I thought I had the answer to my question when I was told that a statute of Edward I states that the yew trees were planted in churchyards to defend the church against high winds. So they were gallant trees, defenders of the faith, protectors of God and architecture.

Another year in another churchyard at Iffley, where age-old graves undulate about the old Norman door with its dogtooth and its signs of the zodiac, last relic but one of its kind, I saw again a lovely yew tree. Another ancient sexton presided over the place. Why are sextons always old? Is it a bit of dramatic harmony that those who are almost done with life are drawn irresistibly to the service of the dead? This particular ancient looked as if he were steeped in tradition, and as if he might have fancies. So I was moved to ask him my question about yew trees.

'Well, you see, young lady, it's this way,' he began. 'There's very elastic wood in the yew tree, and they do say in the old days it were used for making bows. Sometimes they'd call a bow a yew, for the wood it were made of. But the trees all belonged to the gentry, the earls, and the lords of the manor, and the like. The only land the poor folk owned was the bit of ground they was to be buried in. And, however doughty they was, they dast not strip the trees of their betters for wood for their bows. So they set to and planted their own yew trees in the churchyards, which was common property, and many a stout weapon the peaceful graves gave up, I warrant you.'

The old fellow liked the idea. He started and told it to me all over again. I liked it myself. It went further than my notion that the yew trees were defenders of the property of God against His elements. It made them warriors in their own right. I was glad that, after all, yews were planted not, like the cypress, for the dead, but for the living.

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# THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

**A. Edward Newton** is at home in London and Lichfield. When he travels he prefers to follow the footsteps of Dr. Johnson. But —'I don't think we could do better than to go to Norway and Sweden this summer,' said Mrs. Newton. And so to Scandinavia they went. **Governor Albert C. Ritchie** of Maryland, in addressing himself so frankly to business men, had in mind, as he tells us, 'the tremendous power which the relatively new and almost unregulated forces of credit have placed in the hands of the banker, the political danger both to finance itself and to the nation if this power is not wisely and beneficently exercised, and the duty of the banker to recognize the political responsibilities which this great power has imposed upon him.' ¶Head of an advertising agency of national prominence, **Theodore F. MacManus** of Detroit has received high honor from the Pope for his civic achievements. The recent discussion of Catholic policy in our columns prompted him to send us his article, which has long been in preparation. **Paul Shorey,** for over thirty years head of the Greek Department at the University of Chicago, is known wherever the classics still linger. His present paper is derived from an address delivered at the University of Colorado. **Maristan Chapman** makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic* with a story written in and about his homelands, the Tennessee mountains. Largely self-disciplined, he tells us in a letter of the principles which guide his work:—

I try to get soundness and sureness into simple stories of the mountain people as they are. They have strength and simplicity and much fun, self-reliance, and complete lack of self-pity. Mostly they have fun, and no happening of life can disturb them. My object is to show a class of people, too long looked upon only *as* a class, to be live and knowing individuals; to make their eyes the eyes through which the outlander may see their world, and, thus seeing, experience an understanding kinship with them, and at the same time feel a sense of adventure for himself in seeing an unexplored corner of life. My only effort has been to get the idea across to the outland, and to do this I have only the language we use. This I have bent to the pattern of stories to give voice to a people yet unheard. We have been looked at and talked over, and brave tries have been made to put words into our mouths; but we have never yet spoken.

* * *

**Edwin Muir** is Scotch, of course. A versatile man of letters, he has to his credit a volume of verse, two volumes of critical studies, and a novel, while in company with his wife he has translated from the German several popular books, among them *Power,* by Lion Feuchtwanger. ¶Apart from her teaching at Smith College, **Mary Ellen Chase** is, as she says, 'willfully reminiscent' about the Maine uplands, the scene of her recent novel and essays. **Alfred North Whitehead,** eminent in philosophy as he is in mathematics, has transferred his sphere of influence from the old Cambridge to the new. ¶Walter de la Mare says that what he admires most in **Henry Williamson's** work 'is his intense love of the English country, and all things closely bound up with it—its people, their customs, its wild things, weather, scenery, and mysterious life.' **Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson** was personal physician and friend to Presidents Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson during their days in the White House. ¶From the demands of a busy household **Rosalie Hickler** saves a portion of the night or day for her verse. ¶More than a generation of *Atlantic* readers have loved the **Reverend Samuel McChord Crothers.** He is gone now, but fortunately a few essays remain which he planned to publish and which, through the kindness of Mrs. Crothers, we shall print during the summer and fall. It chances that this first paper in the series is very short, but it is much to the point. ¶The author of the articles on 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' has already been described in earlier issues.



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**Morton Harrison** has witnessed the scenes whereof he writes. **Stephen Cabot**, formerly headmaster of St. George's School, Newport, is organizing trustee of the new Avon School, Connecticut. ¶As Russian correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, **William Henry Chamberlin** has had six years of atmospheric contact with the more stormy figures of modern times. **Ivor Brown** is an English journalist of distinction, following the arts in the interests of the *Manchester Guardian*.

* * *

A friend has sent us for our readers this letter from a Moro chieftain, which has been translated from the Arabic, and which tells its own remarkable story. It should be explained that the Maharaja was taken sick while at work with his men on an American plantation, far from his home.

*From Maharaja Jandi to Lieutenant Commander Price of the U. S. N. Aviation Corps*, ZAMBOANGA, MINDANAO, P. I.

In the last part of the month of Rabbil Awal, as I lay in a friend's house at Pundung on Darmdung Islands, I was very sad, for I felt that my days were numbered, and it is hard even for a strong man to die of sickness, far from his home and from his wife and sons. For a moon and a half my sickness had grown upon me until my body had become like that of a child, and so great was my weakness that my legs would not bear me and my mind was often clouded. The hadji had told me that he could not cure my sickness and I had sent for my wife and oldest son in order that they might be with me when my day came. But it would take three days by vinta and five if the wind was not good, and they had not yet come.

While I was thinking these things, I heard far away a little sound. 'It is a motor boat,' my friends who were in the house said. But after listening I, who had lived in Zamboanga, said, 'No, it is an aeroplane.' The sound grew louder and everyone except my cousin ran out of the house. And then I heard the people shout, 'They turn, they turn!' and out of the sky two aeroplanes came down to the water and stopped there, near the house where I was, like white birds of the sea resting from the storm.

When you and Mr. Worcester came into my house you saw my tears. They came because I was happy to know that I had American friends who were so strong.

But when Mr. Worcester told me that you would take me back to my home in Recodo with the aeroplane I was afraid. I am not ashamed to tell you this for it was only because my body was very weak, and my mind also. It is true that I was with Jikiri before, and if you ask any American officers who knew about him they will tell you that he had brave men only.

Mr. Worcester told me that you were the first of those who drove the aeroplanes and that with you there would be less jumping than in an auto. So I went. And what he said was true. And by the time that a sapit would go with a light wind from Recodo to the dock in Zamboanga we came to Caldera Bay. To me it was like a dream. And the people at Recodo would not believe that we had come from Pundung that morning. But that was true also.

I am in the hospital now. I cannot walk, but the doctor says that I am better. If I get well now I owe my life to you and Mr. Worcester. If I die it will be at home with my wife and children. Money cannot buy these things.

I will remember what you have done until my day comes. My four oldest sons, Talbang, Majili, Sabturani, and Abdurasa, will remember it also because they saw. And they will tell their children: 'Your grandfather was the first Moro who flew from Jolo to Zamboanga, and it was the American officer, Mr. Price, who took him.'

So that you also will remember, I am sending you for a present a barong which belonged to my family in Jolo. This barong is old and it is known as a lucky weapon. It has never fallen from the hand of a dead man. I hope you will take it with you to America when you go and keep it always. I think it will be lucky for you.

I regard you as my son.

That you may have a long and happy life is the wish of

MAHARAJA JANDI

* * *

'I like the *Atlantic*,' writes Mr. William H. Holliday of Philadelphia. 'Its articles are swept often with the same terrible storms as its great vis-à-vis and namesake.' No storm has ever poured in upon us so steady and striking a stream of correspondence as our recent articles on 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind.' This month we have space for but these two contrasting statements: —

FALLSTON, MARYLAND

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC: —

The significance of your Catholic symposium, which you shrewdly entitle 'What Is Catholic Opinion?' is, I suspect, far greater than may at first appear. It is not that your temerity has ruffled the Bishop of North Dakota, though it brought the priceless suggestion that 'our

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Catholic Church has her diocesan synods, her provincial councils, and, most of all, has the Holy See — that is, the Pope with his counselors — to discuss and decide matters of religion.' It is not that you have thrown a humorous light on the Catholic attitude toward anonymity. It is not even that you have demonstrated the loyalty and devotion of intelligent Catholics toward their Church. It is that you have proved beyond a doubt that there exists in the Catholic Church, unknown to the majority of its members, even to so well informed a man as Michael Williams, a potent leaven of Modernism. It is that this American Catholic Modernism, inarticulate till now, has found its voice in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is the assurance that — some day — the Catholic Church of America will be American.

But that day is, I fear, more distant than the ardent priest imagines. In the Protestant churches, where every opinion may be freely expressed if one chooses the right church, the forces of reaction seem to be gaining some ground. What chance, then, has a young priest, however ardent, against diocesan synods, provincial councils, and the Holy See!

The only hope of the Catholic Church in America would seem to be the education of its laymen — from without. It is commonly said by Catholics, and with justice, that Protestants are absurdly ignorant of things Catholic. It may also be said, with equal justice, that even intelligent Catholics are extraordinarily ignorant of what is going on in their own Church.

What is commonly known as the Catholic Modernist Movement is a case in point. That movement was embraced by the choicest spirits of the Catholic Church in England, France, Italy, Germany. It reached articulate expression in George Tyrrell, Albert Houtin, Antonio Fogazzaro, Baron von Hügel. It was ruthlessly suppressed by Pius X before the end of our first decade, and it seems to have had little effect upon Catholic opinion in America. How many American Catholics have read Tyrrell's *Christianity at the Cross Roads* or his impassioned appeal to Cardinal Mercier called *Medievalism?* How many American Catholic priests have read Houtin's *L'Américanisme?* The cause of religious toleration in America would be incalculably advanced if both Protestants and Catholics knew more of the literature of that movement. No Protestant would fear the bright vision of Catholicism that led Tyrrell on through disillusionment and despair; no Catholic would tolerate the language of the Bishop of North Dakota. Would it not be possible for one of the 'younger clergy' — anonymously, of course — to give us the true history of that movement, show us what manner of men these were that feared neither diocesan synod nor provincial council nor even the Holy See, deeming Truth more sacred than them all?

RAYMOND D. MILLER

VALPARAISO, INDIANA

TO THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY: —

If the Mississippi River were all printer's ink and the Rocky Mountains all roll paper and you ran your presses day and night till Boston became a suburb of Chicago, you could n't get ahead of us 'good' Catholics: we are the damnedest prevaricators this side of Hell; you can't catch us.

Our 'major premise' is of reënforced granite: 'The Catholic Church is the only true church; outside its pale there is no salvation.' 'He who is not with me is against me.' Then we have the most complete arsenal of defense: 'He was a bad pope,' or 'a bad priest,' or 'an unfrocked priest,' or 'a bad Catholic,' or 'he left the Church,' or 'that's the human side of the Church,' or 'that's not an article of faith,' or 'that's a bad book,' or 'some infidel said that,' or 'half Catholic, half Protestant.'

Of course your articles on 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' give us food for thought, and you are to be commended and will be commended by some Catholics for 'giving us a look in on our own affairs,' a gospel preached by Wilson, a man dearly loved by 'bad' Catholics. Personally I did n't know there was so much 'infidelity going on.' Like my having 'bad thoughts' years ago, I thought I was about the only kid so afflicted until a blessed (and to me the first consoling) missionary drew me to his knee (it was one of those out-in-the-open confessionals, *prie-dieu*, Mr. Michael Williams) and said, 'My child, that's just as natural as sleep — don't worry about them.' And now, like this good missionary, the *Atlantic* is consoling: I realize I have 'queer ideas' in common with a vast number of truth-loving souls, 'hell bent for election,' if you may, but sustaining company. I'd rather go to confession to that unknown priest who knows more than his breviary or to good Ben Lindsey than make newspaper clippings with Mr. Williams.

You may do as you like about running your presses: it is probably true that nothing is really lost or wasted, and yet also probably true that everyone must find out the truth of things for himself. Many searchers for truth, like Renan, Anatole France, Dean Inge, and George Bernard Shaw, all 'renegades,' went crazy trying to get from us a straight out-and-out answer to some one aspect of the Catholic Church. A man can go 'dippy' searching for truth as he can searching for work. Or, as the Chinaman said to me, 'Same tea, different company.' And to discover that 'our enemies' are 'a little off' is one of our

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best ways of confounding them before the world. If not this, then to show that they 'lost their faith,' or had some sex complex (either sex). So we are not overly interested in any statement of apparent facts that your anonymous priest sets forth. But we are religiously curious to know about him personally: who his ancestors were; whether he did n't have 'some trouble with the bishop'; or whether he did n't have 'a weakness for women.' If we can get him along one of these lines, his facts and arguments go for naught, and 'his name is Dennis.'

A. LAYMAN

(*What's sauce for the goose looks good to me.*)

* * *

## A postscript to 'Pop's Ploughing.'

MODESTO, CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A strange coincidence that I should just have picked up the February *Atlantic* to read the story of 'Pop's Ploughing' of forty years ago.

A mile and a half from my home is a little white farmhouse with a green roof. It stands a hundred feet or so back from the road, in front of it two large far-spreading pepper trees and behind it a tall and wide acacia. The acacia is in full flower. One scents the fragrance of its blossoms from far off.

Until lately I have passed the little farmhouse every day while taking my morning walk. Who the man is I don't know. I've never seen him. Nor have I ever seen the woman. But often, when I have passed by, two small girls have run out to watch me. With them there was always a large black-and-white mongrel dog. Less shy than the children, he often came out to the road, and sometimes nosed my hand. When the elder child called to him he always left me at once and bounded back to the end of the driveway where they stood.

Owing to rainy weather, my daily walks were discontinued a week ago. Three days ago I passed the house again. The children were not there to see me. The dog came out alone and followed me for a little distance, till I bade him go home.

Two days ago I passed the farmhouse again. The children were not there. The dog came to the edge of the road and sat down to watch me by. I wondered why he took no notice when I spoke to him. A mile up the road I met an old thin woman hurrying.

'Did y' hear about them children?' she asked.

'What children?'

'Down there to the white house wi' the green roof,' she answered. 'The one of 'em died last evenin'.'

'Died?' I exclaimed. 'How? What from?'

''T looks like the dipthery to me,' she replied. 'T'other one's sick, too. I'm a-goin' down there now.' And she hurried on.

Yesterday I passed the farmhouse again. The dog was sitting on the front step. He took no notice of me as I went by. A mile and a half up the road I stopped at the house where lives the thin old woman.

'How's that sick child?' I inquired.

'They're a-buryin' of her this afternoon.'

'What doctoring did they have?'

'They did n't have none,' she answered me. 'Their folks' religion's agin' doctorin'.'

This morning I passed the green-roofed house again. The dog was lying on the front step, his nose between his paws. A mocking bird was singing, as a mocking bird is often singing, in the top of the acacia tree.

A little way up the road from the green-roofed house I stopped. A dog was howling. A little way farther on again I met the thin old woman.

'How are the folks at the green house?'

'They're a-movin' out to-day,' she answered.

To-morrow morning I am going to walk a different road.

B. G. A.

* * *

## To meddle or be comfortable.

NEW BEDFORD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

With very much that the Reverend Lloyd C. Douglas writes in the March *Atlantic Monthly* on 'Nonconformity, the Protestant Kaleidoscope,' some of us who are in steady contact with churches of all grades in many denominations find ourselves in thorough agreement. What is said in this article about drifts in the direction of what is purely outward and mechanical among leaders in Protestant churches is none too severe. The noisiness about which just complaint is made also may be a more or less natural corollary of the mechanics.

Only, when Mr. Douglas comes to talk about meddlesomeness, we pause. Curiously enough, within a few months the Right Reverend Charles Fiske, Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, in an outpouring called 'The Confessions of a Troubled Parson,' sounds the same alarm in strikingly similar terms.

Unfortunately there are meddlesome societies, meddlesome secretaries, meddlesome ministers, and meddlesome churches. Very often it seems as if the degree of meddlesomeness were in inverse ratio to the importance of the matters pressed. The latest arrival upon my desk is a ten-page appeal to redeem St. Valentine's day by making it an occasion for sound instruction in social hygiene!

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But it looks as if wholesome reaction against all this may have led the Bishop and our Nonconformist of the article into rather too sweeping banishment of social thinking and social endeavor from the sphere of the church and of the minister.

Forever the Christian Church is on the side of the great human values and must defend these under all conditions to the end, or the Church's position of spiritual leadership is forfeit. It is perfectly true that Jesus upheld the claims of God over against those of Cæsar, as he refused to accept a retainer in a case where covetousness was involved. But it is equally true that without hesitation and with some show of vehemence he condemned those who devoured widows' houses.

Following this example, there is not a line in the recent joint report of Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant commissions on labor conditions as they prevailed a few years ago on the Western Maryland Railroad that should stir the Bishop's fears or that justifies Mr. Douglas's misgiving and strictures. Seasoned opinion is likely to accept the pioneer report of the Federal Council of Churches on the Twelve Hour Day in Industry as both epoch-making and liberating. The very wide-flung education of our generation through the churches concerning the real forces and motives back of armaments would appear to be a refreshing return to the spirit of the Nazarene. If efforts such as these and many more that might be mentioned are open to the charge of meddling, perhaps the Church would do well to accept the epithet. That would be better than to lay herself open to the counter charge of undue timidity or even cowardice.

As much as we admire the straightforwardness and vigor of the Nonconformist, there remains the lingering fear that in his thinking he has not quite escaped that unfortunate separation between the earth and religion, between the State and the Church, between God and the world, that we call dualism, which inflicted so many grievous wounds and left so many rough scars on the life of the nineteenth and preceding centuries.

And it must never be forgotten that social issues are troublesome issues, not to be adjusted without those unpleasant reactions always aroused by creative thinking and constructive endeavor. So far as his own peace of mind is concerned, happy is the man who can keep away from such issues! So there is always a very subtle temptation, often almost completely concealed, to seek refuge in cloisters of our own making and to magnify the importance of what is congenial — in other words, as it has been rather strikingly put, to escape trouble 'by joining the Cult of the Comfortable.'

JOHN MOORE TROUT

Willis E. Collins, of Asheville, N. C., sends us this tale of the poor mountain blacks, told in their own vernacular.

'No suh, ah's a city nigga, ah is. Ah doan want no kentry in mine. Dey's too many ghoses an' hanted houses in de kentry. Hit's a maghty lonesome place — de kentry.'

'How come? What yo' know 'bout de kentry? You ain't fotch up no pints yit agin it. *Ah* nebber seed no ghoses dere. Whatcha talkin' 'bout?'

'Well, ah knows what ah's talkin' 'bout all right. Ah seed a daid man come to life one night in de kentry an' ah ain't been back since. Hit were dis-a-way. Dey were a man pilin' logs back in de woods and a big log rolled ober him an' mashed him right smart. Dey put him in baid an' fotched de doctor, but hit wa'n't no use. He got wusser an' wusser, an' atter a while he died. Den dey ax me eff'n ah would set up wid him an' ah says no, but a yaller gal says she would, so ah says we bof would. I gib her a little poke full o' goobers and we wuz settin' afore de far eatin' um when all of a sudden de daid man jump out o' baid an' yell like he wuz seein' de debbil affer him. Ah high-balled right outen dat place an' ah ain't been back an' ah ain't goin' back.'

'You fool nigga, dat wa'n't de daid man wot jump outen de baid. Dat wuz anoder man. He tole all about hit hissef. He come to dat house lookin' fur a place to sleep. Dey tole him dey wuz full up, but he say he's obleeged to stay caze dey ain't nary house fur miles aroun' and he's skeered to be out atter dark anyhow. So de boss man say eff'n he wants to bunk wid anoder man hit's all right wid him. Den he tuk him to a room an' dere wuz a baid wid de oder man in hit, but dere wa'n't no light in de room cep' in de farplace. So he crawls in de baid an wuz jes' res'n easy when in walks you an' de yaller gal. He seed you-uns a-settin' 'fore de far eatin' goobers outen de poke, but you want bodderin' him, so why should he worry? Purty soon he seed you wuz co'tin de gal an' den he tinks he better stay awake an' git some pinters. He says you wuz a fas' worker an' wuz enjoyin' hissef a heap, so he jes' gib de oder nigga a dig wid his elbow so's he could holp him enjoy de fun, but he could n't wake him up dat-a-way. Den he kotch him by de han', an' bress Peter, hit were as col' as ice. Den he seed he were snugglin' up to a daid man an' hit kinda skeered him. He jump outen dat baid an' yell like de debbil, but hit wa'n't de daid man what jumped up an' you is entirely mistook 'bout dat. An' doan you go runnin' down de kentry. Hit's all right. Eff'n you fool city niggas would 'have yousefs you wouldn' git skeered so quick.'

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